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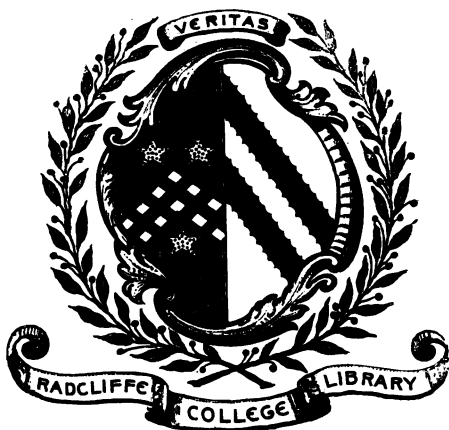
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IN MEMORY OF BESSIE HINCKS
BORN APRIL 11 1865 · DIED JULY 5 1885







Bell's
BRITISH THEATRE;
COMEDIES.



~ L O N D O N ~

*Printed for John Bell near Exeter Exchange in the
Strand and C. Eltherington at York, June 21st 1776.*

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BRITISH THEATRE,

Consisting of the most esteemed

ENGLISH PLAYS.

VOLUME THE FOURTH.

Being the Second VOLUME of COMEDIES.

CONTAINING

The WONDER, by Mrs. CENTLIVRE.

RULE A WIFE and HAVE A WIFE, by BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.

The SUSPICIOUS HUSBAND, by Dr. HOADLEY.

The CONSCIOUS LOVERS, by Sir R. STEELE.

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L O N D O N:

Printed for JOHN BEEL, near *Exeter Exchange*, in the
Strand, and C. ETHERINGTON, at *York*.

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Designed for the Bath Theatre Aug 10th 1776.

M^r KING in the Character of LISSARDO.
"methinks a Diamond Ring is a vast addition
to the little Finger of a Gentleman."

BELL'S EDITION.

THE
W O N D E R!

A
WOMAN keeps a SECRET.

A COMEDY, by Mrs. CENTLIVRE:

AS PERFORMED AT THE
Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane.

Regulated from the Prompt-Book,

By PERMISSION of the MANAGERS,

By Mr. HOPKINS, Prompter.



L O N D O N :

Printed for JOHN BELL, near Exeter-Exchange, in the Strand,
and C. ETHERINGTON, at York.

MDCCLXXVI.



P R O L O G U E.

OUR author fears the critics of the stage,
 Who, like barbarians, spare nor sex, nor age;
 She trembles at those censors in the pit,
 Who think good-nature shews a want of wit.
 Such malice, Oh! what muse can undergo it?
 To save themselves, they always damn the poet.
 Our author flies from such a partial jury,
 As wary lovers from the nymphs of Drury:
 To the few candid judges for a smile
 She humbly sue to recompense her toil,
 To the bright circle of the fair, she next
 Commits her cause, with anxious doubts perplexed.
 Where can she with such hopes of favour kneel,
 As to those judges, who her frailties feel?
 A few mistakes, her sex may well excuse,
 And such a plea, no woman shou'd refuse:
 If she succeeds, a woman gains applause;
 What female but must favour such a cause?
 Her faults——whate'er they are——'em pass 'em by.
 And only on her beauties fix your eye.
 In plays, like vessels floating on the sea,
 There's none so wise to know their destiny:
 In this, howe'er, the pilot's skill appears,
 While by the stars his constant course he steers;
 Rightly our author does her judgment shew,
 That for her safety she relies on you.
 Your approbation, fair-ones, can't but move
 Those stubborn hearts, which first you taught to love:
 The men must all applaud this play of ours,
 For who dare see with other eyes than yours?

D R A M A T I S P E R S O N Æ.

M E N.

Drury-Lane. Covent-Garden.

<i>Don Lopez</i> , a grandee of Portugal,	Mr. Baddeley.	Mr. Dunstall.
<i>Don Felix</i> , his son, in love with <i>Violante</i> , - - -	Mr. Garrick.	Mr. Lewis.
<i>Frederick</i> , a merchant, - - -	Mr. Packer.	Mr. Booth.
<i>Don Pedro</i> , father to <i>Violante</i> , -	Mr. Parsons.	Mr. Quick.
Colonel <i>Briton</i> , a Scotchman, -	Mr. Smith.	Mr. Wroughton.
<i>Gibby</i> , his footman,	Mr. Moody.	Mr. Wilson.
<i>Lissardo</i> , footman to <i>Felix</i> , - - -	Mr. King.	Mr. Woodward.

W O M E N.

<i>Donna Violante</i> , design'd for a nun by her father, in love with <i>Felix</i> ,	Mrs. Yates.	Mrs. Barry.
<i>Donna Isabella</i> , sister to <i>Felix</i> , - -	Miss Hopkins.	Mrs. Mattocks.
<i>Inis</i> , her maid, -	Mrs. Bradshaw.	Mrs. Green.
<i>Flora</i> , maid to <i>Violante</i> , - - -	Mrs. Wrighten.	Mrs. Pitt.

Alguzil, attendants, servants, &c.

S C E N E, L I S B O N.

THE

THE W O N D E R.

A C T I.

SCENE, *a street.*

Enter Don Lopez meeting Frederick.

FREDERICK.

MY lord, Don Lopez.

D. Lop. How d'ye, Frederick?

Fred. At your lordship's service : I am glad to see you look so well, my lord ; I hope Antonio's out of danger ?

D. Lop. Quite contrary ; his fever increases, they tell me ; and the surgeons are of opinion his wound is mortal.

Fred. Your son, Don Felix, is safe, I hope.

D. Lop. I hope so too ; but they offer large rewards to apprehend him.

Fred. When heard your lordship from him ?

D. Lop. Not since he went. I forbade him writing till the public news gave him an account of Antonio's health. Letters might be intercepted, and the place of his abode discovered.

Fred. Your caution was good, my lord ; tho' I am impatient to hear from Felix, yet his safety is my chief concern. Fortune has maliciously struck a bar between us in the affairs of life, but she has done me the honour to unite our souls.

D. Lop. I am not ignorant of the friendship between my son and you. I have heard him commend your morals, and lament your want of noble birth.

Fred. That's nature's fault, my lord ; 'tis some comfort not to owe one's misfortunes to one's self, yet 'tis impossible not to regret the want of noble birth.

D. Lop. 'Tis a pity, indeed, such excellent parts as

' you are master of, should be eclipsed by mean extraction.

' *Fred.* Such commendation would make me vain, my lord, did you not cast in the allay of my extraction.

' *D. Lop.* There's no condition of life without its cares, and it is the perfection of a man to wear 'em as easy as he can; this unfortunate duel of my son's does not pass without impressi^on. But since it's past prevention, all my concern is now, how he may escape the punishment; if Antonio dies, Felix shall for England. You have been there; what sort of people are the English?

Fred. My lord, the English are by nature, what the ancient Romans were by discipline, courageous, bold, hardy, and in love with liberty. Liberty is the idol of the English, under whose banner all the nation lifts; give but the word for liberty, and straight more armed legions would appear, than France and Philip keep in constant pay.

D. Lop. I like their principles; who does not wish for freedom in all degrees of life? Tho' common prudence sometimes makes us act against it, as I am now obliged to do; for I intend to marry my daughter to Don Guzman, whom I expect from Holland every day, whither he went to take possession of a large estate left him by his uncle.

Fred. You will not, surely, sacrifice the lovely Isabella, to age, avarice, and a fool; pardon the expression, my lord; but my concern for your beauteous daughter transports me beyond that good manners which I ought to pay your lordship's presence.

D. Lop. I can't deny the justness of the character, Frederick; but you are not insensible what I have suffered by these wars; and he has two things which render him very agreeable to me for a son-in-law, he is rich, and well-born; as for his being a fool, I don't conceive how that can be any blot in a husband, who is already possessed of a good estate.—A poor fool, indeed, is a very scandalous thing, and so are your poor wits, in my opinion, who have nothing to be vain of, but the inside of their skulls. Now, for Don Guzman, I know I can rule him as I think fit; this is acting the politic part, Frederick, without which it is impossible to keep up the port of this life.

Fred. But have you no consideration for your daughter's welfare, my lord?

D. Lop. Is a husband of twenty thousand crowns a year no consideration? Now I think it a very good consideration.

Fred. One way, my lord. But what will the world say of such a match?

D. Lop. Sir, I value not the world a button.

Fred. I cannot think your daughter can have any inclination for such a husband.

D. Lop. There I believe you are pretty much in the right, tho' it is a secret which I never had the curiosity to enquire into, nor, I believe, ever shall.—Inclination, quotha! Parents would have a fine time on't if they consulted their children's inclinations! 'I'll venture you a wager, that in all the garrison towns in Spain and Portugal, during the late war, there was not three women who have not had an inclination to every officer in the whole army; does it therefore follow, that their fathers ought to pimp for them?' No, no, Sir, it is not a father's business to follow his children's inclinations till he makes himself a beggar.

Fred. But this is of another nature, my lord.

D. Lop. Look ye, Sir, I resolve she shall marry Don Guzman the moment he arrives; tho' I could not govern my son, I will my daughter, I assure you.

Fred. This match, my lord, is more preposterous than that which you proposed to your son, from whence arose this fatal quarrel.—Don Antonio's sister, Elvira, wanted beauty only, but Guzman every thing, but——

D. Lop. Money—and that will purchase every thing; and so adieu. [Exit]

Fred. Monstrous! These are the resolutions which destroy the comforts of matrimony—he is rich, and well-born, powerful arguments indeed! Could I but add them to the friendship of Don Felix, what might I not hope? But a merchant, and a grandee of Spain, are inconsistent names—Lissardo! From whence came you?

Enter Lissardo in a riding habit.

Liss. That letter will inform you, Sir.

Fred. I hope your master's safe?

Liss.

8 THE WONDER.

Liss. I left him so; I have another to deliver, which requires haste—Your most humble servant, Sir. [*Bowing.*

Fred. To Violante, I suppose.

Liss. The same.

[*Exit.*

Fred. [*Reads.*] “Dear Frederick, the two chief blessings of this life, are a friend, and a mistress; to be debarred the sight of those, is not to live. I hear nothing of Antonio’s death, and therefore resolve to venture to thy house this evening, impatient to see Violante, and embrace my friend. Yours,
FELIX.”

Pray Heaven he comes undiscover’d.—Ha! colonel Briton.

Enter colonel Briton in a riding habit.

Col. Frederick, I rejoice to see thee.

Fred. What brought you to Lisbon, colonel?

Col. *La fortune de la guerre*, as the French say; I have commanded these three last years in Spain, but my country has thought fit to strike up a peace, and give us, good Protestants, leave to hope for christian burial; so I resolved to take Lisbon in my way home.

Fred. If you are not provided of a lodging, colonel, pray, command my house, while you stay.

Col. If I were sure I should not be troublesome, I wou’d accept your offer, Frederick..

Fred. So far from trouble, colonel; I shall take it as a particular favour. What have we here?

Col. My footman; this is our country dress, you must know, which, for the honour of Scotland, I make all my servants wear.

Enter Gibby in a Highland dress.

Gib. What mun I de with the horses, and like yer honour? They will tack cold gin they stand in the causeway.

Fred. Oh, I’ll take care of them. What, ho! Vasquez!

Enter Vasquez.

Put those horses, which that honest fellow will shew you, into my stable, do ye hear, and feed them well.

Vas. Yes, Sir.———Sir, by my master’s orders, I am, Sir, your most obsequious humble servant. Be pleas’d to lead the way.

Gib. ’Sbleed, gang yer gate, Sir, and I fall follow ye: Ise tee hungry to feed on compliments.

[*Exit.*
Fred.

T H E W O N D E R.

Fred. Ha, ha! a comical fellow——Well, how do you like our country, colonel?

Col. Why, faith, Frederick, a man might pass his time agreeably enough with-inside of a nunnery; but to behold such troops of soft, plump, tender, melting, wishing, nay, willing girls too, thro' a damn'd grate, give us Britons strong temptations to plunder. Ah, Frederick, your priests are wicked rogues; they immure beauty for their own proper use, and shew it only to the laity to create desires, and inflame accompts, that they may purchase pardons at a dearer rate.

Fred. I own wenching is something more difficult here than in England, where women's liberties are subservient to their inclinations, and husbands seem of no effect, but to take care of the children which their wives provide.

Col. And does restraint get the better of inclination with your women here? No, I'll be sworn not, even in fourscore. Don't I know the constitution of the Spanish ladies?

Fred. And of all the ladies where you come, colonel; you were ever a man of gallantry.

Col. Ah, Frederick, the kirk half starves us Scotchmen. We are kept so sharp at home, that we feed like cannibals abroad. Hark ye, hast thou never a pretty acquaintance, now, that thou wouldst consign over to a friend, for half an hour, ha?

Fred. Faith, colonel, I am the worst pimp in Christendom; you had better trust to your own luck; the women will soon find you out, I warrant you.

Col. Ay, but it is dangerous foraging in an enemy's country; and since I have some hopes of seeing my own again, I had rather purchase my pleasure, than run the hazard of a stiletto in my guts. 'Egad I think I must 'e'en marry, and sacrifice my body for the good of my 'soul;' wilt thou recommend me to a wife, then, one that is willing to exchange her moidores for English liberty; ha, friend?

Fred. She must be very handsome, I suppose.

Col. The handsomer the better——but be sure she has a nose.

Fred. Ay, ay, and some gold.

Col.

Col. Oh, very much gold, I shall never be able to swallow the matrimonial pill, if it be not well gilded.

Fred. Puh, beauty will make it slide down nimbly.

Col. At first, perhaps, it may; but the second or third dose will choak me——I confess, Frederick, women are the prettiest play-things in nature; but gold, substantial gold, gives 'em the air, the mein, the shape, the grace, and beauty of a goddess.

Fred. And has not gold the same divinity in their eyes, colonel?

Col. Too often——‘Money is the very god of marriage; the poets dress him in a saffron robe, by which they figure out the golden deity, and his lighted torch blazons those mighty charms, which encourage us to list under his banner.’

None marry now for love, no, that's a jest:

The self-same bargain serves for wife and beast.

Fred. You are always gay, colonel. Come, shall we take a refreshing glass at my house, and consider what has been said?

Col. I have two or three compliments to discharge for some friends, and then I shall wait on you with pleasure. Where do you live?

Fred. At yon corner house with the green rails.

Col. In the close of the evening I will endeavour to kiss your hand. Adieu. [Exit.]

Fred. I shall expect you with impatience. [Exit.]

SCENE, *a room in Don Lopez' house.*

Enter Isabella and Inis her maid.

Inis. For goodness sake, Madam, where are you going in this pet?

Is. Any where, to avoid matrimony; the thoughts of a husband is as terrible to me, as the sight of a hobgoblin.

Inis. Ay, of an old husband; but if you may chuse for yourself, I fancy matrimony would be no such frightful thing to you.

Is. You are pretty much in the right, Inis; but to be forc'd into the arms of an idiot, ‘a sneaking, snivling, drivling, avaricious fool,’ who has neither person to please the eye, sense to charm the ear, nor generosity to supply

supply those defects. Ah, Inis, what pleasant lives women lead in England, where duty wears no fetter but inclination. The custom of our country inflaves us from our very cradles, first to our parents, next to our husbands; and when heaven is so kind to rid us of both these, our brothers still usurp authority, and expect a blind obedience from us: so that maids, wives, or widows, we are little better than slaves to the tyrant man; therefore, to avoid their power, I resolve to cast myself into a monastery.

Inis. That is, you'll cut your own throat to avoid another's doing it for you. Ah, Madam, those eyes tell me you have no nun's flesh about you! A monastery, quotha! Where you'll wish yourself into the green-sickness in a month.

Isab. What care I, there will be no man to plague me.

Inis. No, nor what's much worse, to please you neither—Odslife, Madam, you are the first woman that e'er despair'd in a Christian country—Were I in your place—

Isab. Why, what would your wisdom do if you were?

Inis. I'd embark with the first fair wind with all my jewels, and seek my fortune on t'other side the water; no shore can treat you worse than your own; there's ne'er a father in Christendom should make me marry any man against my will.

Isab. I am too great a coward to follow your advice, I must contrive some way to avoid Don Guzman, and yet stay in my own country.

Enter Don Lopez.

Lop. Must you so, Mistress? but I shall take care to prevent you. [*Aside.*] Isabella, whither are you going, my child?

Isab. 'Ha! my father!' to church, Sir.

Inis. The old rogue has certainly over-heard her.

[*Aside.*]

Lop. Your devotion must needs be very strong, or your memory very weak, my dear; why vespers are over for this night. Come, come, you shall have a better errand to church than to say your prayers there. Don Guzman is arrived in the river, and I expect him ashore to-morrow.

Isab. Ha, to-morrow!

Lop.

Lop. He writes me word, that his estate in Holland is worth twelve thousand crowns a year, which, together with what he had before, will make thee the happiest wife in Lisbon.

Isab. And the most unhappy woman in the world. Oh, Sir! If I have any power in your heart, if the tenderness of a father be not quite extinct, hear me with patience.

Lop. No objection against the marriage, and I will hear whatsoever thou hast to say.

Isab. That's torturing me on the rack, and forbidding me to groan; upon my knees I claim the privilege of flesh and blood. [Kneels.]

Lop. I grant it, thou shalt have an arm full of flesh and blood to-morrow. Flesh and blood, quotha! Heaven forbid I should deny thee flesh and blood, my girl.

Inis. Here's an old dog for you. [Aside.]

Isab. Do not mistake, Sir; the fatal stroke which separates soul and body, is not more terrible to the thoughts of sinners, than the name of Guzman to my ear.

Lop. Puh, Puh; you lie, you lie.

Isab. My frightened heart beats hard against my breast, as if it sought a passage to your feet, to beg you'd change your purpose.

Lop. A very pretty speech this; if it were turned into blank verse, it would serve for a tragedy. Why, thou hast more wit than I thought thou hadst, child.—I fancy this was all *extempore*, I don't believe thou did'st ever think one word on't before.

Inis. Yes, but she has, my lord, for I have heard her say the same things a thousand times.

Lop. How, how? What do you top your second-hand jests upon your father, hussy, who knows better what's good for you than you do yourself? Remember, 'tis your duty to obey.

Is. [Rising.] I never disobey'd before, and wish I had not reason now; but nature has got the better of my duty, and makes me loathe the harsh commands you lay.

Lop. Ha, ha, very fine! Ha, Ha.

Is. Death itself would be more welcome.

Lop. Are you sure of that?

Is. I am your daughter, my lord, and can boast as strong

strong a resolution as yourself; I'll die before I'll marry Guzman.

Lop. Say you so? I'll try that presently. [*Draws.* Here, let me see with what dexterity you can breathe a vein now. [*Offers her his sword.*] The point is pretty sharp, 'twill do your business, I warrant you.

Inis. Bless me, Sir, what do you mean to put a sword into the hands of a desperate woman?

Lop. Desperate! ha, ha, ha, you see how desperate she is. What art thou frightened, little Bell? ha!

If. I confess, I am startled at your morals, Sir.

Lop. Ay, ay, child, thou hadst better take the man, he'll hurt thee the least of the two.

If. I shall take neither, Sir; death has many doors, and when I can live no longer with pleasure, I shall find one to let him in at without your aid.

Lop. Say'st thou so, my dear Bell? Ods, I'm afraid thou art a little lunatic, Bell. I must take care of thee, child. [*Takes hold of her, and pulls out of his pocket a key.*] I shall make bold to secure thee, my dear. I'll see, if locks and bars can keep thee till Guzman come. Go, get into your chamber.

There I'll your boasted resolution try,

And see who'll get the better, you or I.

[*Pushes her in, and locks the door.*]

END of the FIRST ACT.

A C T II.

SCENE, *a room in Don Pedro's house.*

Enter Donna Violante reading a letter, and Flora following.

FLORA.

WHAT, must that letter be read again?

Vio. Yes, and again, and again, and again, a thousand times again; a letter from a faithful lover can ne'er be read too often; it speaks such kind, such soft, such tender things——

[*Kisses it.*]

Flo. But always the same language.

Vio. It does not charm the less for that.

B

Flo.

Elo. In my opinion nothing charms that does not change; and any composition of the four and twenty letters, after the first essay, from the same hand, must be dull, except a bank note, or a bill of exchange.

Vio. Thy taste is my aversion.—[*Reads.*] “My all that’s charming, since life’s not life exil’d from thee, this night shall bring me to thy arms. Frederick and thee are all I trust. These six weeks absence has been, in love’s account six hundred years. When it is dark, expect the wonted signal at thy window, till when, adieu. Thine more than his own, *Felix.*”

Elo. Who would not have said as much to a lady of her beauty, and twenty thousand pounds?—Were I a man, methinks, I could have said a hundred finer things.

**Vio.* *What would you have said?*

Elo. I would have compar’d your eyes to the stars, your teeth to ivory, your lips to coral, your neck to alabaster, your shape to——

Vio. No more of your bombast; truth is the best eloquence in a lover—What proof remains ungiven of his love? When his father threaten’d to disinherit him, for refusing Don Antonio’s sister, from whence sprung this unhappy quarrel, did it shake his love for me? And now, tho’ strict enquiry runs through every place, with large rewards to apprehend him, does he not venture all for me?

Elo. But you know, Madam, your father Don Pedro designs you for a nun—to be sure you look very like a nun—and says your grandfather left you your fortune upon that condition.

Vio. Not without my approbation, girl, when I come to one and twenty, as I am inform’d. But, however, I shall run the risk of that. Go, call in Lissardo.

Elo. Yes, Madam. Now for a thousand verbal questions. [*Exit, and re-enter with Lissardo.*]

Vio. Well, and how do you do, Lissardo?

* The lines printed in Italics, are not in the original, but are given to the reader, as added in the representation at Drury-Lane theatre.

Liss. Ah, very weary, Madam—Faith, thou look'st wondrous pretty, Flora. [*Aside to Flora.*]

Vio. How came you?

Liss. En Chevalier, Madam, upon a hackney jade, which they told me formerly belonged to an English colonel. But I should have rather thought she had been bred a good Roman catholic all her life-time; for she down'd on her knees to every stock and stone we came along by—My chops water for a kiss, they do Flora.

[*Aside to Flora.*]

Flo. You'd make one believe you are wond'rous fond, now.

Vio. Where did you leave your master?

Liss. Od, if I had you alone, housewife, I'd show you how fond I cou'd be— [*Aside to Flora.*]

Viol. Where did you leave your master?

Liss. At a little farm house, Madam, about five miles off. He'll be at Don Frederick's in the evening—Od, I will so revenge myself of those lips of thine.

[*To Flora.*]

Vio. Is he in health?

Flo. Oh, you counterfeit wond'rous well. [*To Lissardo.*]

Liss. No, every body knows I counterfeit very ill.

[*To Flora.*]

Vio. How say you? Is Felix ill? What's his distemper? Ha!

Liss. A pies on't, I hate to be interrupted—Love, Madam, love—In short, Madam, I believe he has thought of nothing but your ladyship ever since he left Lisbon. I am sure he cou'd not, if I may judge of his heart by my own. [*Looking lovingly upon Flora.*]

Vio. How came you so well acquainted with your master's thoughts, Lissardo?

Liss. By an infallible rule, Madam; words are the pictures of the mind, you know; now to prove he thinks of nothing but you, he talks of nothing but you—for example, Madam, coming from shooting t'other day, with a brace of partridges, Lissardo, said he, go bid the cook roast me these Violante's—I flew into the kitchen, full of thoughts of thee, cry'd, Here, cook, roast me these Flora's.

[*To Flora.*]

Flo. Ha, ha, excellent—You mimic your master then, it seems.

Liss. I can do every thing as well as my master, you little rogue.—Another time, Madam, the priest came to make him a visit, he call'd out hastily, Lissardo, said he, bring a Violante for my father to sit down on—Then he often mistook my name, Madam, and called me Violante; in short, I heard it so often, that it became as familiar to me as my prayers.

Vio. You live very merrily then it seems.

Liss. Oh, exceeding merry, Madam.

[*Kisses Flora's hand.*]

Vio. Ha! exceeding merry; had you treats and balls?

Liss. Oh! Yes, yes, Madam, several.

Flo. You are mad, Lissardo, you don't mind what my lady says to you.

[*Aside to Lissardo.*]

Vio. Ha! balls—Is he so merry in my absence? And did your master dance, Lissardo?

Liss. Dance, Madam! Where, Madam?

Vio. Why, at those balls you speak of.

Liss. Balls! What balls, Madam?

Vio. Why, sure you are in love, Lissardo; did not you say, but now, you had balls where you have been?

Liss. Balls, Madam! Odflife, I ask your pardon, Madam! I, I, I, had mislaid some wash-balls of my master's, t'other day; and because I could not think where I had laid them, just when he ask'd for them, he very fairly broke my head, Madam, and now it seems I can think of nothing else. Alas! he dance, Madam! No, no, poor gentleman, he is as melancholy as an un-braced drum.

Vio. Poor Felix! There, wear that ring for your master's sake, and let him know I shall be ready to receive him.

[*Exit Violante.*]

Liss. I shall, Madam—[*puts on the ring.*] Methinks, a diamond ring is a vast addition to the little finger of a gentleman.

[*Admiring his hand.*]

Flo. That ring must be mine—Well, Lissardo! What haste you make to pay off arrears now? Look how the fellow stands!

Liss. Egad, methinks I have a very pretty hand—and very white—and the shape!—Faith, I never minded

mind it so much before!—In my opinion it is a very fine shaped hand—and becomes a diamond ring, as well as the first grandee's in Portugal.

Flo. The man's transported! Is this your love? This your impatience?

Lis. [*Takes snuff.*] Now in my mind—I take snuff with a very Jantee air—Well, I am persuaded I want nothing but a coach and a title, to make me a very fine gentleman. [*Struts about.*]

Flo. Sweet Mr. Lissardo [*Curtesying.*] if I may presume to speak to you, without affronting your little finger—

Lis. Odsso, Madam, I ask your pardon—Is it to me, or to the ring—you direct your discourse, Madam?

Flo. Madam! Good lack! How much a diamond ring improves one!

Lis. Why, tho' I say it—I can carry myself as well as any body—But what wer't thou going to say, child?

Flo. Why I was going to say, that I fancy you had best let me keep that ring; it will be a very pretty wedding-ring, Lissardo; would it not?

Lis. Humph! Ah! But—but—but—I believe I shan't marry yet awhile.

Flo. You shan't, you say—Very well! I suppose you design that ring for Inis.

Lis. No, no; I never bribe an old acquaintance—Perhaps I might let it sparkle in the eyes of a stranger a little, till we come to a right understanding—but then, like all other mortal things, it would return from whence it came.

Flo. Insolent—Is that your manner of dealing?

Lis. With all but thee—Kiss me, you little rogue you. [*Hugging her.*]

Flo. Little rogue! Prithee, fellow, don't be so familiar; [*Pushing him away.*] if I mayn't keep your ring, I can keep my kisses.

Lis. You can, you say! Spoke with the air of a chambermaid.

Flo. Reply'd with the spirit of a serving man.

Lis. Prithee, Flora, don't let you and I fall out; I am in a merry humour, and shall certainly fall in somewhere.

Flo. What care I, where you fall in.

Enter Violante.

Vio. Why do you keep Lissardo so long, Flora, when you don't know how soon my father may awake? His afternoon naps are never long.

Flo. Had Don Felix been with her, she would not have thought the time long. These ladies consider no body's wants but their own. [*Afide.*]

Vio. Go, go, let him out, and bring a candle.

Flo. Yes, Madam.

Lif. I fly, Madam.

[*Exit Lif. and Flora.*]

Vio. The day draws in, and night, the lover's friend, advances—Night more welcome than the sun to me, because it brings my love.

Flo. [*Sbricks within.*] Ah, thieves, thieves! Murder, murder!

Via. [*Sbricks.*] Ah! defend me, Heaven! What do I hear? Felix is certainly pursu'd, and will be taken.

Enter Flora, running.

Vio. How now! Why dost stare so? Answer me quickly; what's the matter?

Flo. Oh, Madam! as I was letting out Lissardo, a gentleman rushed between him and I, struck down my candle, and is bringing a dead person in his arms into our house.

Vio. Ha! a dead person! Heav'n grant it does not prove my Felix.

Flo. Here they are, Madam.

Vio. I'll retire till you discover the meaning of this accident. [*Exit.*]

Enter Colonel with Isabella in his arms, sets her down in a chair, and addresses himself to Flora.

Col. Madam, the necessity this lady was under, of being conveyed into some house with speed and secrecy, will, I hope, excuse any indecency I might be guilty of, in pressing so rudely into this—I am an entire stranger to her name and circumstances;—would I were so to her beauty too. [*Alide.*] I commit her, Madam, to your care, and fly to make her retreat secure, if the street be clear; permit me to return, and learn from her own mouth, if I can be farther serviceable. Pray, Madam, how is the lady of this house called?

Flo.

Flo. Violante, Senior—‘He is a handsome cavalier, and promises well. [*Aside.*

‘*Col.* Are you she, Madam?

‘*Flo.* Only her woman, Senior.’

Col. Your humble servant, Mistress; pray be careful of the lady— [*Gives her two moidores, and exit.*

Flo. Two moidores! Well, he is a generous fellow. This is the only way to make one careful. ‘I find all countries understand the constitution of a chamber-maid.’

Enter Violante.

Vio. Was you distracted, Flora, to tell my name to a man you never saw! Unthinking wench! Who knows what this may turn to—What, is the lady dead? Ah! defend me, Heaven, ’tis Isabella, sister to my Felix. What has befallen her? Pray Heaven he’s safe.—Run and fetch some cold water.—Stay, stay, Flora—Isabella, friend, speak to me; Oh! speak to me, or I shall die with apprehension.

‘*Flo.* See, she revives.’

If. Oh! hold my dearest father, do not force me, indeed I cannot love him.

Vio. How wild she talks!—

If. Ha! Where am I?

Vio. With one as sensible of thy pain as thou thyself can’st be.

If. Violante! What kind star preserved, and lodg’d me here?

Flo. It was a terrestrial star, call’d a man, Madam; pray Jupiter he proves a lucky one.

If. Oh! I remember now. Forgive me, dear Violante; my thought ran so much upon the danger I escap’d, I forgot.

Vio. May I not know your story?

If. Thou art no stranger to one part of it. I have often told thee that my father design’d to sacrifice me to Don Guzman, who it seems is just return’d from Holland, and expected ashore to-morrow, the day that he has set to celebrate our nuptials. Upon my refusing to obey him, he lock’d me into my chamber, vowing to keep me there till he arriv’d, and force me to consent. I know my father to be positive, never to be won from

his

his design; and having no hope left me, to escape the marriage, I leap'd from the window into the street.

Vio. You have not hurt yourself, I hope.

If. No: a gentleman passing by, by accident, caught me in his arms; at first, my fright made me apprehend it was my father, till he assured me to the contrary.

Flo. He is a very fine gentleman, I promise you, Madam, and a well-bred man, I warrant him. I think I never saw a grandee put his hand into his pocket with a better air in my whole life-time; then he open'd his purse with such a grace, that nothing but his manner of presenting me with the gold cou'd equal.

Vio. There is but one common road to the heart of a servant, and 'tis impossible for a generous person to mistake it—Go leave us, Flora—But how came you hither, Isabella?

If. I know not; I desired the stranger to convey me to the next monastery, but ere I reach'd the door, I saw, or fancy'd that I saw, Lissarde, my brother's man, and the thought that his master might not be far off, flung me into a swoon, which is all that I can remember—Ha! What's here? [*Takes up a letter.*] "For Colonel Briton, to be left at the post-house in Lisbon;" this must be dropt by the stranger which brought me hither.

Vio. Thou art fallen into the hands of a soldier; take care he does not lay thee under contribution, girl.

If. I find he is a gentleman; and if he is but unmarried, I could be content to follow him all the world over.—But I shall never see him more, I fear. [*Sighs and pauses.*]

Vio. What makes you sigh, Isabella?

If. The fear of falling into my father's clutches again.

Vio. Can I be serviceable to you?

If. Yes, if you conceal me two or three days.

Vio. You command my house and secrecy.

If. I thank you, Violante. I wish you would oblige me with Mrs. Flora awhile.

Vio. I'll send her to you—I must watch if dad be still asleep, or here will be no room for Felix. [*Exit.*]

If. Well, I don't know what ails me, methinks I wish I could find this stranger out.

Enter Flora.

Fl. Does your ladyship want me, Madam?

If.

If. Ay, Mrs. Flora, I resolve to make you my confident.

Flo. I shall endeavour to discharge my duty, Madam.

If. I doubt it not, and desire you to accept this as a token of my gratitude.

Flo. Oh, dear Seniors, I should have been your humble servant without a fee.

If. I believe it—But to the purpose—Do you think if you saw the gentleman which brought me hither, you shou'd know him again?

Flo. From a thousand, Madam; I have an excellent memory where an handsome man is concerned. When he went away he said he would return again immediately. I admire he comes not.

If. Here, did you say? You rejoice me—Tho' I'll not see him if he comes. Cou'd not you contrive to give him a letter?

Flo. With the air of a duenna——

If. Not in this house—you must veil and follow him—He must not know it comes from me.

Flo. What do you take me for a novice in love affairs? Tho' I have not practis'd the art since I have been in Donna Violante's service, yet I have not lost the theory of a chambermaid—Do you write the letter, and leave the rest to me—Here, here, here's pen, ink, and paper.

If. I'll do it in a minute. [Sits down to write.]

Flo. So! this is a business after my own heart: love always takes care to reward his labourers, and Great Britain seems to be his favourite country.—Oh, I long to see the other two moidores with a British air—Methinks there's a grace peculiar to that nation in making a present.

If. So I have done; now if he does but find this house again!

Flo. If he should not—I warrant I'll find him if he's in Lisbon; for I have a strong possession that he has two moidores as good as ever was told.

[Puts the letter into her bosom.]

Enter Violante.

Vio. Flora, watch my papa; he's fast asleep in his study: if you find him stir, give me notice. [Colonel taps]

taps at the Window.] Mark, I hear Felix at the window, admit him instantly, and then to your post.

[*Exit Flora.*]

If. What say you, Violante? Is my brother come?

Vio. It is his signal at the window.

If. [*Kneels.*] Oh, Violante! I conjure thee by all the love thou bear'st to Felix; by thy own generous nature; nay more, by that unsported virtue thou art mistress of, do not discover to my brother I am here.

Vio. Contrary to your desire, be assur'd I never shall. But where's the danger?

If. Art thou born in Lisbon, and ask that question? He'll think his honour blemish'd by my disobedience, and would restore me to my father, or kill me; therefore, dear, dear girl—

Vio. Depend upon my friendship; nothing shall draw the secret from these lips; not even Felix, tho' at the hazard of his love. I hear him coming; retire into that closet.

If. Remember, Violante, upon thy promise my very life depends. [*Exit.*]

Vio. When I betray thee, may I share thy fate.

Enter Felix.

My Felix, my everlasting love! [*Runs into his arms.*]

Fel. My life, my soul! my Violante!

Vio. What hazards dost thou run for me? Oh, how shall I requite thee?

Fel. If, during this tedious painful exile, thy thoughts have never wander'd from thy Felix, thou hast made me more than satisfaction.

Vio. Can there be room within this heart for any but thyself? No; if the god of love were lost to all the rest of human kind, thy image wou'd secure him in my breast: I am all truth, all love, all faith, and know no jealous fears.

Fel. My heart's the proper sphere where love resides: could he quit that, he wou'd be no where found; and yet, Violante, I'm in doubt.

Vio. Did I ever give thee cause to doubt, my Felix.

Fel. True love has many fears, and fear as many eyes as fame; yet sure I think they see no fault in thee. [*Colonel taps again.*] What's that? [*Taps again.*]

Vio.

Vio. What? I heard nothing. [*Again.*]

Fel. Ha! What means this signal at your window?

Vio. Somewhat, perhaps, in passing by, might accidentally hit it; it can be nothing else.

Col. [*Within.*] Hift, hift, Donna Violante, Donna Violante.

Fel. They use your name by accident too, do they, Madam?

Enter Flora.

Flo. There is a gentleman at the window, Madam, which I fancy to be him who brought Isabella hither; shall I admit him? [*Aside to Violante.*]

Vio. Admit distraction rather! Thou art the cause of this, unthinking wretch! [*Aside to Flora.*]

Fel. What has Mrs. Scout brought you fresh intelligence? Death, I'll know the bottom of this immediately! [*Offers to go.*]

Flo. Scout! I scorn your words, Senior.

Vio. Nay, nay, nay, you must not leave me.

[*Runs and catches hold of him.*]

Fel. Oh! 'Tis not fair, not to answer the gentleman, Madam. It is none of his fault, that his visit proves unreasonable. Pray let me go, my presence is but a restraint upon you. [*Struggles to get from her.*]

[*The Colonel pats again.*]

Vio. Was ever accident so mischievous! [*Aside.*]

Flo. It must be the colonel—now to deliver my letter to him. [*Exit. The Colonel taps louder.*]

Fel. Hark! he grows impatient at your delay—Why do you hold the man, whose absence would oblige you? Pray let me go, Madam. Consider, the gentleman wants you at the window; confusion! [*Struggles still.*]

Vio. It is not me he wants.

Fel. Death, not you! Is there another of your name in the house? But, come on, convince me of the truth of what you say: open the window. If his business does not lie with you, your conversation may be heard. This, and only this, can take off my suspicion—What, do you pause? Oh, guilt, guilt! Have I caught you? Nay, then I'll leap the balcony. If I remember, this way leads to it.

[*Breaks from her, and goes to the door where Isabella is.*]
Vio.

Vio. 'Oh, Heaven! what shall I do now!' Hold, hold, hold, hold, not for the world——you enter there——Which way shall I preserve his sister from his knowledge? [*Aside.*]

Fel. What have I touch'd you? Do you fear your lover's life?

Vio. I fear for none but you——For goodness' sake, do not speak so loud, my Felix. If my father hear you, I am lost for ever; that door opens into his apartment. What shall I do, if he enters? There he finds his sister——If he goes out, he'll quarrel with the stranger——Felix, Felix!——'Nay do not struggle to be gone, my Felix——If I open the window he may discover the whole intrigue, and yet of all evils we ought to chuse the least.' Your curiosity shall be satisfied. [*Goes to the window, and throws up the jash.*] Whoe'er you are, that with such insolence dare use my name, and give the neighbourhood pretence to reflect upon my conduct, I charge you instantly to be gone, or expect the treatment you deserve.

Col. I ask pardon, Madam, and will obey; but when I left this house to-night——

Fel. Good.

Vio. It is most certainly the stranger. What will be the event of this Heaven knows. [*Aside.*] You are mistaken in the house, I suppose, Sir.

Fel. No, no, he's not mistaken——Pray, Madam, let the gentleman go on.

Vio. 'Wretched misfortune!' Pray be gone, Sir, I know of no business you have here.

Col. I wish I did not know it neither——But this house contains my soul, then can you blame my body for hovering about it.

Fel. Excellent.

Vio. 'Distraction! He will infallibly discover Isabella.' I tell you again you are mistaken; however, for your own satisfaction, call to-morrow.

Fel. Matchless impudence! An assignation before my face——No, he shall not live to meet your wishes.

[*Takes out a pistol and goes towards the window; she catches hold of him.*]

Vio. Ah! [*Sbricks*] hold, I conjure you.

Col.

Col. To-morrow's an age, Madam! May I not be admitted to-night?

Vio. If you be a gentleman, I command your absence. Unfortunate! What will my stars do with me? [*Aside.*]

Col. I have done—Only this—Be careful of my life, for it is in your keeping. [*Exit from the window.*]

Fel. Pray observe the gentleman's request, Madam.

[*Walking off from her.*]

Vio. I am all confusion.

[*Aside.*]

Fel. You are all truth, all love, all faith: Oh, thou all woman!—How have I been deceived? S'death, cou'd you not have impos'd upon me for this one night? Cou'd neither my faithful love, nor the hazard I have run to see you, make me worthy to be cheated on. Oh, thou—

Vio. Can I bear this from you?

[*Weeps.*]

Fel. [*Repeats.*] When I left this house to-night—To-night, the devil! return so soon!

Vio. Oh, Isabella! what hast thou involv'd me in!

[*Aside.*]

Fel. [*Repeats.*] This house contains my soul.

Vio. Yet I resolve to keep the secret.

[*Aside.*]

Fel. [*Repeats.*] Be careful of my life, for 'tis in your keeping.—Damnation!—How ugly she appears!

[*Looking at her.*]

Vio. Do not look so sternly on me, but believe me, Felix, I have not injur'd you, nor am I false.

Fel. Not false, not injur'd me! Oh, Violante, lost and abandoned to thy vice! Not false, Oh, monstrous!

Vio. Indeed I am not—There is a cause which I must not reveal—Oh, think how far honour can oblige your sex—Then allow a woman may be bound by the same rule to keep a secret.

Fel. Honour! What hast thou to do with honour, thou that canst admit plurality of lovers? A secret! ha, ha, ha, his affairs are wondrous safe, who trusts his secret to a woman's keeping; but you need give yourself no trouble about clearing this point, Madam, for you are become so indifferent to me, that your truth and falsehood are the same!

'*Vio.* My love!

[*Offers to take his hand.*]

'*Fel.* My torment!

[*Turns from her.*]

Enter Flora.

Flo. ' So I have deliver'd my letter to the Colonel, and
' receiv'd

'receiv'd my fee. [*Afide.*]' Madam, your father bade me see what noise that was—For goodness sake, Sir, why do you speak so loud!

Fel. I understand my cue, mistress; my absence is necessary, I'll oblige you. [*Going, she takes hold of him.*]

Vio. Oh let me undeceive you first!

Fel. Impossible!

Vio. 'Tis very possible, if I durst.

Fel. Durst! ha, ha, ha! durst, quotha?

Vio. But another time I'll tell the all.

Fel. Nay, now or never——

Vio. Now it cannot be.

Fel. Then it shall never be—Thou most ungrateful of thy sex, farewell. [*Breaks from her and Exit.*]

Vio. Oh, exquisite trial of my friendship! Yet not even this, shall draw the secret from me.

That I'll preserve, let fortune frown or smile,

And trust to love, my love to reconcile.

[*Exit.*]

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT III.

SCENE, *A chamber in Don Lopez's House.*

Enter Don Lopez.

DON LOPEZ.

WAS ever man thus plagu'd! Odsheart, I cou'd swallow my dagger for madness; I know not what to think; sure Frederick had no hand in her escape—She must get out of the window; and she could not do that without a ladder: and who could bring it her, but him? Ay it must be so. 'The dislike he shew'd to Don Guzman, in our discourse to-day, confirms my suspicion, and I will charge him home with it. Sure children were given me for a curse! Why, what innumerable misfortunes attend us parents! when we have employed our whole care to educate, and bring our children up to years of maturity, just when we expect to reap the fruits of our labour, a man shall, in the tinkling of a bell, see one hang'd, and t'other whor'd.' This graceless baggage—But I'll to Frederick immediately; I'll take the Alguzile with

with me and searh his house ; and if I find her, I'll use her
—by St. Anthony, I don't know how I'll use her. [*Exit.*

The Scene changes to the Street.

*Enter Colonel with Isabella's Letter in his hand, and
Gibby following.*

Col. Well, though I could not see my fair incognita, fortune, to make me amends, has flung another intrigue in my way. Oh ! how I love these pretty, kind, coming females, that won't give a man the trouble of racking his invention to deceive them. ' Oh, Portugal ! thou dear ' garden of pleasure—where love drops down his mellow ' fruit, and every bough bends to our hands, and seems ' to cry, come, pull and eat ; how deliciously a man lives ' here without fear of the stool of repentance ! '—This letter I received from a lady in a veil—Some duenna ; some necessary implement of Cupid. I suppose the stile is frank and easy, I hope like her that writ it. [*Reads.*] " Sir, I have seen your person, and like it"—very concise—" And if you'll meet at four o'clock in the morning upon the *Terriero de passa*, half an hour's conversation will let me into your mind.—" Ha, ha, ha, a philosophical wench : this is the first time I ever knew a woman had any business with the mind of a man—" If your intellects answer your outward appearance, the adventure may not displease you. I expect you'll not attempt to see my face, nor offer any thing unbecoming the gentleman I take you for."——Humph, the gentleman she takes me for ! I hope she takes me to be flesh and blood, and then I'm sure I shall do nothing unbecoming a gentleman. Well, if I must not see her face, it shall go hard if I don't know where she lives.—Gibby.

Gib. Here, an lik yer honour.

Col. Follow me at a good distance, do you hear, Gibby ?

Gib. In troth' dee I, weel enough, Sir.

Col. I am to meet a lady upon the *Terriero de passa*.

Gib. The deel an mine eyn gin I kenn her, Sir.

Col. But you will when you come there, firrah.

Gib. Like enough, Sir ; I have as sharp an eyn tul a bony lass, as ere a lad in aw Scotland ; and what mun I dee wi' her, Sir ?

Col. Why, if she and I part, you must watch her home, and bring me word where she lives.

Gib. In troth sal I, Sir, gin the deel tak her not.

Col. Come along then, 'tis pretty near the time—I like a woman that rises early to pursue her inclination.

Thus we improve the pleasures of the day,

Whilst tasteless mortals sleep their time away. [*Exit.*

Scene changes to Frederick's House.

Enter Inis and Lissardo.

Liss. Your lady run away, and you know not whither, say you?

Inis. She never greatly car'd for me after finding you and I together; but you are very grave, methinks, Lissardo.

Liss. [*Looking on the ring.*] Not at all—I have some thoughts indeed of altering my course of living; there is a critical minute in every man's life, which if he can but lay hold of, he may make his fortune.

Inis. Ha! what do I see? A diamond ring! Where the deuce had he that ring? You have got a very pretty ring there, Lissardo.

Liss. Aye, the trifle is pretty enough.—But the lady which gave it to me is a *bona roba* in beauty, I assure you.

[*Cocks his hat and struts.*]

Inis. I can't bear this—The lady! What lady, pray?

Liss. O fye! There's a question to ask a gentleman.

Inis. A gentleman! Why the fellow's spoil'd! Is this your love for me? Ungrateful man, you'll break my heart, so you will.

[*Bursts into tears.*]

Liss. Poor tender-hearted fool.—

Inis. If I knew who gave you that ring, I'd tear her eyes out, so I wou'd.

[*Sobs.*]

Liss. So, now the jade wants a little coaxing. Why what dost weep for now, my dear? ha!

Inis. I suppose Flora gave you that ring; but I'll—

Liss. No, the devil take me if she did; you make me swear now—So, they are all for the ring, but I shall bob 'em. I did but joke, the ring is none of mine, it is my master's; I am to give it to be new set, that's all; therefore pr'ythee dry thy eyes, and kiss me, come.

Enter Flora.

Inis. And do you really speak truth now?

Liss.

Liff. Why, do you doubt it ?

Flo. So so, very well ! I thought there was an intrigue between him and Inis, for all he has forsworn it so often.

[*Aside.*

Inis. Nor han't you seen Flora since you came to town.

Flo. Ha ! how dares she name my name ? [*Aside.*

Liff. No, by this kiss, I han't. [*Kisses her.*

Flo. Here's a dissembling varlet. [*Aside.*

Inis. Nor don't you love her at all ?

Liff. Love the devil ! Why did I not always tell thee she was my aversion ?

Flo. Did you so, villain ? [*Strikes him a box on the ear.*

Liff. Zounds, she here ! I have made a fine spot of work on't. [*Aside.*

Inis. What's that for, ha ? [*Brushes up to her.*

Flo. I shall tell you by and by, Mrs. Frippery, if you don't get about your business.

Inis. Who do you call Frippery, Mrs. Trollop ? Pray get about your business, if you go to that ; I hope you pretend to no right and title here.

Liff. What the devil do they take me for, an acre of land, that they quarrel about right and title to me ? [*Aside.*

Flo. Pray what right have you, mistress, to ask that question ?

Inis. No matter for that, I can shew a better title to him than you, I believe.

Flo. What has he given thee nine months earnest for a living title ? ha, ha.

Inis. Don't fling your flaunting jests at me, Mrs. Bold-face, for I won't take 'em, I assure you.

Liff. So ! now I am as great as the fam'd Alexander. But my dear Statira and Roxana, don't exert yourselves so much about me : now I fancy, if you wou'd agree lovingly together, I might, in a modest way, satisfy both your demands upon me.

Flo. You satisfy ! No, firrah, I am not to be satisfied so soon as you think, perhaps.

Inis. No, nor I neither.—What do you make no difference between us ?

Flo. You pitiful fellow you ! What you fancy, I warrant, that I gave myself the trouble of dogging you out of love to your filthy person ; but you are mistaken, Sirrah—

rah—It was to detect your treachery.—How often have you sworn to me that you hated Inis, and only carried fair for the good cheer she gave you ; but that you could never like a woman with crooked legs, you said.

Inis. How, how, firrah, crooked legs ! Ods, I could find in my heart— [*Snatching up her petticoat a little.*]

Liff. Here's a lying young jade, now ! Prihee, my dear, moderate thy passion. [*Coaxingly.*]

Inis. I'd have you to know, Sirrah, my legs was never—your master, I hope, understands legs better than you do, firrah. [*Passionately.*]

Liff. My master ! so, so. [*Shaking his head and winking.*]

Flo. I am glad I have done some mischief, however.

[*Aside.*]

Liff. [*To Inis*] Art thou really so foolish to mind what an enrag'd woman says ! Don't you see she does it on purpose to part you and I ? [*Runs to Flora.*] Cou'd not you find the joke without putting yourself in a passion ! You silly girl you. Why I saw you follow us plain enough, mun, and said all this, that you might not go back with only your labour for your pains—But you are a revengeful young slut tho', I tell you that ; but come, kifs and be friends.

Flo. Don't think to coax me ; hang your kisses.

Fel. [*Within.*] Lissardo.

Liff. Odsheart, here's my master : the devil take both these jades for me, what shall I do with them ?

Inis. Ha ! 'tis Don Felix's voice ; I would not have him find me here, with his footman, for the world. [*Aside.*]

Fel. [*Within.*] Why, Lissardo, Lissardo !

Liff. Coming, Sir. What a pox will you do ?

Flo. Bless me, which way shall I get out ?

Liff. Nay, nay, you must e'en set your quarrel aside, and be content to be mewed up in this clothes-press together, or stay where you are, and face it out—there is no help for it.

Flo. Put me any where, rather than that ; come, come, let me in. [*He opens the press, and she goes in.*]

Inis. I'll see her hang'd, before I'll go into the place where she is.—I'll trust fortune with my deliverance. Here us'd to be a pair of back stairs, I'll try to find them out.

[*Exit.*]

Enter

Enter Felix and Frederick.

Fel. Was you asleep, firrah, that you did not hear me call?

Liff. I did hear you, and answer'd you, I was coming, Sir.

Fel. Go, get the horses ready; I'll leave Lisbon to night, never to see it more.

Liff. Hey day! what's the matter now? [Exit.

Fred. Pray tell me, Don Felix, what has ruffled your temper thus?

Fel. A woman—Oh, friend, who can name woman, and forget inconstancy!

Fred. This from a person of mean education were excusable, such low suspicions have their source from vulgar conversation; men of your politer taste never rashly censure—Come, this is some groundless jealousy—Love raises many fears.

Fel. No, no; my ears convey'd the truth into my heart, and reason justifies my anger: Oh, my friend! Violante's false, and I have nothing left but thee, in Lisbon, which can make me wish ever to see it more, except revenge upon my rival, of whom I'm ignorant. Oh, that some miracle wou'd reveal him to me, that I might through his heart punish her infidelity!

Enter Lissardo.

Liff. Oh, Sir! here's your father Don Lopez coming up.

Fel. Does he know that I am here?

Liff. I can't tell, Sir, he ask'd for Don Frederick.

Fred. Did he see you?

Liff. I believe not, Sir; for as soon as I saw him, I ran back to give my master notice.

Fel. Keep out of his sight then—And, dear Frederick, permit me to retire into the next room, for I know the old gentleman will be very much displeased at my return without his leave. [Exit.

Fred. Quick, quick, begone, he is here.

Enter Don Lopez, speaking as he enters.

Lop. Mr. Alguzile, wait you without till I call for you. Frederick, an affair brings me here—which—requires privacy—so that if you have any body within ear-shot, pray order them to retire.

Fred.

Fred. We are private, my Lord, speak freely.

Lop. Why then, Sir, I must tell you, that you had better have pitch'd upon any man in Portugal to have injur'd, than myself.

Fel. [*Peeping.*] What means my father ?

Fred. I understand you not, my Lord.

Lop. Tho' I am old, I have a son — Alas ! why name I him ? He knows not the dishonour of my house.

Fel. I am confounded ! The dishonour of his house !

Fred. Explain yourself, my Lord, I am not conscious of any dishonourable action to any man, much less to your Lordship.

Lop. 'Tis false ! you have debauch'd my daughter.

Fel. Debauch'd my sister ! Impossible ! He could not, durst not be that villain.

Fred. My Lord, I scorn so foul a charge.

Lop. You have debauch'd her duty at least, therefore instantly restore her to me, or by St. Anthony I'll make you.

Fred. Restore her, my Lord ! where shall I find her ?

Lop. I have those that will swear she is here in your house.

Fel. Ha ! in this house !

Fred. You are misinformed, my Lord ; upon my reputation I have not seen Donna Isabella, since the absence of Don Felix.

Lop. Then pray, Sir——if I am not too inquisitive, what motive had you for those objections you made against her marriage with Don Guzman yesterday ?

Fred. The disagreeableness of such a match, I fear'd, would give your daughter cause to curse her duty, if she comply'd with your demands ; that was all, my Lord.

Lop. And so you help'd her thro' the window, to make her disobey.

Fel. Ha, my sister gone ! Oh, scandal to our blood !

Fred. This is insulting me, my Lord, when I assure you I have neither seen, nor know any thing of your daughter——If she is gone, the contrivance was her own, and you may thank your rigour for it.

Lop. Very well, Sir ; however my rigour shall make bold to search your house. Here, call in the Alguzile——

Flora.

Flora. [*Peeping.*] The Alguzile! What, in the name wonder, will become of me?

Fred. The Alguzile! My lord, you'll repent this.

Enter Alguzile, and attendants.

Lop. No, Sir, 'tis you that will repent it. I charge you, in the king's name, to assist me in finding my daughter——Be sure you leave no part of the house unsearch'd. Come, follow me.

[*Gets towards the door where Félix is: Frederick draws, and plants himself before the door.*]

Fred. Sir, I must first know by what authority you pretend to search my house, before you enter here.

Alg. How! Sir, dare you presume to draw your sword upon the representative of majesty? I am, Sir, I am his majesty's Alguzile, and the very quintessence of authority——therefore put up your sword, or I shall order you to be knock'd down——For, know, Sir, the breath of an Alguzile is as dangerous as the breath of a demi culverin.

Lop. She is certainly in that room, by his guarding the door—if he disputes your authority, knock him down, I say.

Fred. I shall shew you some sport first! The woman you look for is not here, but there is something in this room, which I'll preserve from your fight at the hazard of my life.

Lop. Enter, I say; nothing but my daughter can be there——Force his sword from him.

[*Felix comes out and joins Frederick.*]

Fel. Villains, stand off! assassinate a man in his own house.

Lop. Oh, oh, oh, Misericordia, what do I see, my son?

Alg. Ha, his son! Here's five hundred pounds good, my brethren, if Antonio dies, and that's in the surgeon's power, and he's in love with my daughter, you know, so seize him——' Don Felix, I command you to surrender yourself into the hands of justice, in order to raise me and my posterity; and in consideration you lose your head to gain me five hundred pounds, I'll have your generosity recorded on your tomb-stone—at my own proper cost and charge—I hate to be ungrateful.'

Lop. Hold, hold! Oh, that ever I was born!

Fred.

Fred. Did I not tell you, you wou'd repent, my lord? What, ho! within there, [*Enter servants.*] arm yourselves, and let not a man in nor out, but Felix.

Fel. Generous Frederick!

Fred. Look ye, Alguzile, when you would betray my friend for filthy lucre, I shall no more regard you as an officer of justice; but, as a thief and robber, thus resist you.

Fel. Come on, Sir, we'll shew you play for the five hundred pounds.

Alg. Fall on, seize the money, right or wrong, ye rogues. [*They fight.*]

Lop. Hold, hold, Alguzile; I'll give you the five hundred pounds; that is, my bond to pay upon Antonio's death, and twenty pistoles however things go, for you and these honest fellows to drink my health.

Alg. Say you so, my lord! Why, look ye, my lord, I bear the young gentleman no ill-will, my lord; if I get but the five hundred pounds, my lord——why, look ye, my lord——'Tis the same thing to me whether your son be hang'd or not, my lord.

Fel. Scoundrels.——

Lop. Ay, well thou art a good-natur'd fellow, that is the truth on't——Come then, we'll to the tavern, and sign and seal this minute. Oh, Felix! *why wouldst thou serve me thus—But I cannot upbraid thee now, nor have I time to talk.* Be careful of thyself, or thou wilt break my heart. [*Exit Lopez, Alguzile, and attendants.*]

Fel. Now, Frederick, though I ought to thank you for your care of me, yet till I am satisfied as to my father's accusation, *for I overheard it all*, I can't return the acknowledgments I owe you. Know you aught relating to my sister?

Fred. I hope my faith and truth are known to you—and here by both I swear, I am ignorant of every thing relating to your father's charge.

Fel. Enough, I do believe thee. Oh, fortune! where will thy malice end?

Enter Vasquez.

Vasq. Sir, I bring you joyful news.

Fel. What's the matter?

Vasq. I am told that Don Antonio is out of danger, and now in the palace.

Fel.

Fel. I wish it be true, then I'm at liberty to watch my rival, and pursue my sister. Pr'ythee, Frederick, inform thyself of the truth of this report.

Fred. I will this minute—Do you hear, let nobody in to Don Felix till my return. [Exit.

Vasq. I'll observe, Sir. [Exit.

Flo. [Peeping.] They have almost frightened me out of my wits—I'm sure—Now Felix is alone, I have a good mind to pretend I came with a message from my lady; but how then shall I say I came into the cupboard?

Enter Vasquez, seeming to oppose the entrance of somebody.

Ser. I tell you, Madam, Don Felix is not here.

Vio. [Within.] I tell you, Sir, he is here, and I will see him.

Fel. What noise is that?

Viol. [breaking in.] You are as difficult of access, Sir, as a first minister of state.

Flo. My stars! My lady here! [Shuts the press close.]

Fel. If your visit was design'd to Frederick, Madam, he is abroad.

Vio. No, Sir, the visit is to you.

Fel. You are very punctual in your ceremonies, Madam.

Vio. Tho' I did not come to return your visit, but to take that which your civility ought to have brought me.

Fel. If my ears, my eyes, and my understanding ly'd, then I am in your debt; else not, Madam.

Vio. I will not charge them with a term so gross, to say they ly'd, but call it a mistake, nay, call it any thing to excuse my Felix—Cou'd I, think ye, cou'd I put off my pride so far, poorly to dissemble a passion which I did not feel, or seek a reconciliation with what I did not love? 'Do but consider, if I had entertained another, shou'd not I rather embrace this quarrel, pleas'd with the occasion that rid me of your visits, and gave me freedom to enjoy the choice which you think I have made? Have I any interest in thee but my love? Or am I bound by aught but inclination to submit and follow thee?'—No law whilst single binds us to obey, but your sex are, 'by nature and education,' obliged to pay a deference to all woman-kind.

Fel. These are fruitless arguments. 'Tis most certain thou

thou wert dearer to these eyes than all that heaven e'er gave to charm the sense of man ; but I would rather tear them out than suffer them to delude my reason, and enslave my peace.

Vio. Can you love without esteem ? And where is the esteem for her you still suspect ? Oh, Felix, there is a delicacy—in love, which equals even a religious faith ! True love never doubts the object it adores, and Sceptics there will disbelieve their fight.

Fel. Your notions are too refined for mine, Madam.

Enter Vasquez.

Fel. How now, firrah, what do you want ?

Vasq. Only my master's cloak out of this press, Sir, that's all.

Fel. Make haste then.

[Vasq. opens the press, sees Flora, and roars out.]

Oh ! the devil, the devil !

[Exit.]

Flo. Discover'd ! Nay then, legs befriend me.

[Flora runs out.]

Vio. Ha ! a woman conceal'd ! Very well, Felix.

Fel. A woman in the press ! *[Enter Lissardo.]* How the devil came a woman there, firrah ?

Liss. What shall I say now ?

Vio. Now, Lissardo, shew your wit to bring your master off.

Liss. Off, Madam ! Nay, nay, nay, there, there needs no great wit to, to, to bring him off, Madam ; for she did, and she did not come as, as, as, a, a, a man may say directly to, to, to, to speak with my master, Madam.

Vio. I see by your stammering, Lissardo, that your invention is at a very low ebb.

Fel. 'Sdeath, rascal ! speak without hesitation, and the truth too, or I shall stick my spado in your guts.

Vio. No, no, your master mistakes, he wou'd not have you speak the truth.

Fel. Madam, my sincerity wants no excuse.

Liss. I am so confounded between one and the other, that I can't think of a lie.

[Aside.]

Fel. Sirrah, fetch me this woman back instantly ; I'll know what business she had here !

Vio. Not a step, your master shall not be put to the blush.

blush.—Come, a truce, Felix! Do you ask me no more questions about the window, and I'll forgive this.

Fel. I scorn forgiveness where I own no crime; but your soul, conscious of its guilt, wou'd fain lay hold of this occasion to blend your treason with my innocence.

Vio. Insolent! Nay, if instead of owning your fault, you endeavour to insult my patience, I must tell you, Sir, you don't behave yourself like that man of honour you wou'd be taken for; you ground your quarrel with me upon your own inconstancy; 'tis plain you are false yourself, and wou'd make me the aggressor——It was not for nothing the fellow opposed my entrance——This last usage has given me back my liberty, and now my father's will shall be obeyed without the least reluctance, and so your servant. [Exit.]

Fel. Oh, stubborn, stubborn heart, what wilt thou do? Her father's will shall be obeyed; ha! that carries her to a cloyster, and cuts off all my hopes at once——By heaven she shall not, must not leave me! No, she is not false, at least my love now represents her true, because I fear to lose her. Ha! villain, art thou here, [Turns upon Lissardo] tell me this moment who this woman was, and for what intent she was here concealed—or—

Liss. Ay, good Sir, forgive me, and I'll tell you the whole truth. [Falls on his knees.]

Fel. Out with it then——

Liss. It, it, it, was Mrs. Flora, Sir, Donna Violante's woman. You must know, Sir, we have had a sneaking kindness for one another a great while.—She was not willing you should know it; so, when she heard your voice, she ran into the clothes-press. I wou'd have told you this at first, but I was afraid of her lady's knowing it; this is the truth, as I hope for a whole skin, Sir.

Fel. If it be not, I'll not leave you a whole bone in it, firrah——Fly, and observe if Violante goes directly home.

Liss. Yes, Sir, yes.

Fel. Fly, you dog, fly. [Exit Liss.] I must convince her of my faith. Oh! how irresolute is a lover's heart! 'My resentments cool'd when her's grew high'—Nor can I struggle longer with my fate; I cannot
D quit

Enter an English soldier passing along.

Gib. Geud mon, did ye see a woman, a lady, ony gate here awa e'en now?

Eng. man. Yes, a great many. What kind of a woman is it you enquire after?

Gib. Geud troth, she's na kenspekle, she's aw in a cloud. —

Eng. man. What! 'tis some Highland monster which you brought over with you, I suppose; I see no such, not I. Kenspekle, quotha!

Gib. Huly, huly, mon; the deel pike out yer een, and then ye'll see the bater, ye Portuigize tike.

Eng. man. What says the fellow? [*Turning to Gibby.*

Gib. Say! I say I am a better fellow than e'er stude upon yer thanks——and gin I heer maer o' yer din, deel o' my faul, Sir, but Ise crack yer croon.

Eng. man. Get you gone, you Scotch rascal, and thank your heathen dialect, which I don't understand, that you han't your bones broke.

Gib. Ay! an ye dinna understond a Scotsman's tongue, Ise see gin ye can understond a Scotsman's gripe. Wha's the better men now, Sir? [*Lays bold of him, strikes up his heels, and gets astride over him.*

Here Violante crosses the stage; Gibby jumps up from the man, and brushes up to Violante.

Gib. I vow, Madam, but I am glad that ye and I are foregather'd.

Vio. What wou'd the fellow have?

Gib. Nothing, away, Madam, wo worthy yer heart, what a muckle deal o' mischief had you like to bring upon poor Gibby?

Vio. The man's drunk——

Gib. In troth am I not——And gin I had na found ye, Madam, the Laird knows when I should; for my maister bad me ne'er gang hame without tydings of ye, Madam.

Vio. Sirrah, get about your business, or I'll have your bones drubb'd.

Gib. Geud faith, my maister has e'en done that t'yer honds, Madam.

Vio. Who is your master, Sir?

Gib. Mony a ane speers the gate they ken right weel. It is no sa lang sen ye parted wi' him. I wish he ken ye hafe as weel as ye ken him.

Vio.

Vio. Pugh, the creature's mad; or mistakes me for somebody else; and I should be as mad as he, to talk to him any longer. [*Violante enters Don Pedro's house.*

Enter Liffardo at the upper end of the stage.

Liff. So, she's gone home, I see. What did that Scotch fellow want with her? I'll try to find it out; perhaps I may discover something that may make my master friends with me again.

Gib. Are ye gone, Madam? A deef scope in yer company; for I'm as weese as I was. But I'll bide and see wha's house it is, gin I can meet with ony civil body to speer at. — 'Weel, of aw men in the warld, I think our Scotsmen the greatest feuls, to leave their weel-favour'd, honest women at hame, to rin watloping after a pack of gycarlings here, that shame to shew their faces; and peur men, like me, are forc'd to be their pimps. A pimp! Godswarbit, Gibby's ne'er be a pimp — And yet, in troth it's a thriving trade; I remember a countrymon o' my ane, that by ganging o' sick like errants as I am now, came to get preferment.' My lad, wot ye wha lives here? [*Turns and sees Liffardo.*

Liff. Don Pedro de Mendosa.

Gib. And did you see a lady gang in but now?

Liff. Yes, I did.

Gib. And d'ye ken her tee?

Liff. It was Donna Violante, his daughter. What the devil makes him so inquisitive? Here is something in it, that's certain. [*Aside.*] 'Tis a cold morning, brother; what think you of a dram?

Gib. In troth, very weel, Sir.

Liff. You seem an honest fellow; pr'ythee let's drink to our better acquaintance.

Gib. Wi' aw my heart, Sir, gang your gate to the next house, and I'll follow ye.

Liff. Come along then.

[*Exit.*

Gib. Don Pedro de Mendosa — Donna Violante, his daughter — That's as right as my leg, now — I'll need na mare; I'll tak a drink, and then to my master. —

I'll bring him news will mak his heart full blee;

Gin he rewards it not, deef pimp for me.

[*Exit.*

END of the THIRD ACT.

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ACT

A C T IV.

SCENE, *Violante's lodgings.**Enter Isabella in a gay temper, and Violante out of humour.*

ISABELLA.

MY dear, I have been seeking you this half hour, to tell you the most lucky adventure.*Vio.* And you have pitched upon the most unlucky hour for it, that you could possibly have found in the whole four-and-twenty.*If.* Hang unlucky hours, I won't think of them; I hope all my misfortunes are past.*Vio.* And mine all to come.*If.* I have seen the man I like.*Vio.* And I have seen the man that I could wish to hate.*If.* And you must assist me in discovering whether he can like me or not.*Vio.* You have assisted me in such a discovery already, I thank ye.*If.* What say you, my dear?*Vio.* I say I am very unlucky at discoveries, Isabella; I have too lately made one pernicious to my ease; your brother is false.*If.* Impossible!*Vio.* Most true.*If.* Some villain has traduc'd him to you.*Vio.* No, Isabella, I love too well to trust the eyes of others; I never credit the ill-judging world, or form suspicions upon vulgar censures; no, I had ocular proof of his ingratitude.*If.* Then I am most unhappy. My brother was the only pledge of faith betwixt us; if he has forfeited your favour, I have no title to your friendship.*Vio.* You wrong my friendship, Isabella; your own merit entitles you to every thing within my power.*If.* Generous maid—But may I not know what grounds you have to think my brother false.*Vio.* Another time—But tell me, Isabella, how can I serve you?*If.* Thus, then—The gentleman that brought me hither, I have seen and talk'd with upon the Terriero de Passa

Pass this morning, and I find him a man of sense, generosity, and good humour; in short, he is every thing that I could like for a husband, and I have dispatch'd Mrs. Flora to bring him hither; I hope you'll forgive the liberty I have taken.

Vio. Hither! to what purpose?

If. To the great, universal purpose, matrimony.

Vio. Matrimony! Why, do you design to ask him?

If. No, Violante, you must do that for me.

Vio. I thank you for the favour you design me, but desire to be excus'd: I manage my own affairs too ill, to be trusted with those of other people; 'besides, if my father should find a stranger here, it might make him hurry me into a monastery immediately.' I can't, for my life, admire your conduct, to encourage a person altogether unknown to you.—'Twas very imprudent to meet him this morning, but much more so to send for him hither, knowing what inconveniency you have already drawn upon me.

If. I am not insensible how far my misfortunes have embarrass'd you; and, if you please, sacrifice my quiet to your own.

Vio. Unkindly urg'd!—Have I not preferr'd your happiness to every thing that's dear to me?

If. I know thou hast—Then do not deny me this last request, when a few hours, perhaps, may render my condition able to clear thy fame, and bring my brother to thy feet for pardon.

Vio. I wish you don't repent of this intrigue. I suppose he knows you are the same woman that he brought in here last night.

If. Not a syllable of that; I met him veil'd, and to prevent his knowing the house, I order'd Mrs. Flora to bring him by the back-door into the garden.

Vio. The very way which Felix comes; if they should meet, there would be fine work—Indeed, my dear, I can't approve of your design.

Enter Flora.

Flo. Madam, the colonel waits your pleasure.

Vio. How durst you go upon such a message, Mistress, without acquainting me?

Flo. So, I am to be buff'd for every thing.

If.

If. 'Tis too late to dispute that now, dear Violante; I acknowledge the rashness of the action——But consider the necessity of my deliverance.

Vio. That indeed is a weighty consideration: well, what am I to do?

If. In the next room I'll give you instructions—in the mean time, Mrs. Flora, shew the colonel into this.

[*Exit Flora one way, and Isabella and Violante another.*]

Re-enter Flora with the Colonel.

Flo. The lady will wait on you presently, Sir. [*Exit.*]

Col. Very well—This is a very fruitful soil. I have not been here quite four-and-twenty hours, and I have three intrigues upon my hands already; but I hate the chase, without partaking of the game. [*Enter Violante veil'd.*] Ha! a fine siz'd woman——Pray Heaven she proves handsome——I am come to obey your ladyship's commands.

Vio. Are you sure of that, colonel?

Col. If you be not very unreasonable, indeed, Madam. A man is but a man. [*Takes her hand and kisses it.*]

Vio. Nay, we have no time for compliments, colonel.

Col. I understand you, Madam——*Montrez moi votre chambre.* [*Takes her in his arms.*]

Vio. Nay, nay, hold, colonel, my bed-chamber is not to be enter'd without a certain purchase.

Col. Purchase! Humph, this is some kept mistress, I suppose, who industriously lets out her leisure hours. [*Aside.*] Look ye, Madam, you must consider we soldiers are not over-stock'd with money——But we make ample satisfaction in love; we have a world of courage upon our hands now, you know——Then pr'ythee use a conscience, and I'll try if my pocket can come up to your price.

Vio. Nay, don't give yourself the trouble of drawing your purse, colonel, my design is levell'd at your person, if that be at your own disposal.

Col. Ay, that it is faith, Madam, and I'll settle it as firmly upon thee——

Vio. As law can do it.

Col. Hang law in love affairs; thou shalt have right and title to it out of pure inclination.——A matrimonial hint again? 'Gad, I fancy the women have a project on 'foot to transplant the union into Portugal.' [*Aside.*]

Vio.

Vio. Then you have an aversion to matrimony, colonel. Did you never see a woman, in all your travels, that you cou'd like for a wife?

Col. A very odd question—Do you really expect that I should speak truth, now?

Vio. I do, if you expect to be dealt with, colonel.

Col. Why, then———Yes.

Vio. Is she in your country, or this?

Col. This is a very pretty kind of a catechism: 'but I don't conceive which way it turns to edification.' In this town, I believe, Madam.

Vio. Her name is———

Col. Ay, how is she call'd, Madam?

Vio. Nay, I ask you that, Sir.

Col. Oh, Oh, why she is call'd—Pray, Madam, how is it you spell your name?

Vio. Oh, colonel, I am not the happy woman, nor do I wish it.

Col. No; I'm sorry for that.—What the devil does she mean by all these questions? *[Aside.]*

Vio. Come, colonel, for once be sincere.—Perhaps you may not repent it.

Col. This is like to be but a silly adventure, here's so much sincerity required. *[Aside.]* Faith, Madam, I have an inclination to sincerity, but I'm afraid you'll call my manners in question.

Vio. Not at all; I prefer truth before compliment, in this affair.

Col. Why then, to be plain with you, Madam, a lady last night wounded my heart by a fall from a window, whose person I could be content to take, as my father took my mother, till death do us part.—But whom she is, or how distinguished, whether maid, wife, or widow, I can't inform you. Perhaps you are she.

Vio. Not to keep you in suspense, I am not she, but I can give you an account of her. That lady is a maid of condition, has ten thousand pounds, and if you are a single man, her person and fortune are at your service.

Col. I accept the offer with the highest transports; but say, my charming angel, art thou not she? *[Offers to embrace her.]* 'This is a lucky adventure. *[Aside.]*

Vio.

Vio. Once again, colonel, I tell you I am not she—But at six this evening you shall find her on the Terrero de Passa, with a white handkerchief in her hand. Get a priest ready, and you know the rest.

Col. I shall infallibly observe your directions, Madam.
Enter Flora hastily, and whispers Violante, who starts, and seems surprised.

Vio. Ha! Felix crossing the garden, say you, what shall I do now?

Col. You seem surpris'd, Madam.

Vio. Oh, colonel, my father is coming hither, and if he finds you here, I am ruin'd.

Col. Od's life, Madam, thrust me any where. Can't I go out this way?

Vio. No, no, no, he comes that way. How shall I prevent their meeting? Here, here, step into my bed-chamber——

Col. *Oh, the best place in the world, Madam.*

Vio. And be still, as you value her you love. Don't stir till you've notice, as ever you hope to have her in your arms.

Col. On that condition, I'll not breathe. [*Exit Col.*
Enter Felix.

Fel. I wonder where this dog of a servant is all this while——But she is at home, I find——How coldly she regards me.——You look, Violante, as if the sight of me were troublesome to you.

Vio. Can I do otherwise, when you have the assurance to approach me, after what I saw to-day?

Fel. Assurance! rather call it good-nature, after what I heard last night. But such regard to honour have I in my love to you, I cannot bear to be suspected, 'nor suffer you to entertain false notions of my truth, without 'endeavouring to convince you of my innocence;' so much good-nature have I more than you, Violante.——Pray, give me leave to ask your woman one question; my man assures me she was the person you saw at my lodgings.

Flo. I confess it, Madam, and ask your pardon.

Vio. Impudent baggage, not to undeceive me sooner; what business cou'd you have there?

Fel. Lissardo and she, it seems, imitate you and I.

Flo.

THE WONDER.

Flo. I love to follow the example of my betters, Madam.

Fel. I hope I am justified——

Vio. Since we are to part, Felix, there needs no justification.

Fel. Methinks you talk of parting as a thing indifferent to you. Can you forget how I have lov'd?

Vio. I wish I could forget my own passion; I shou'd with less concern remember yours—— But, for Mistress Flora——

Fel. You must forgive her——Must, did I say? I fear I have no power to impose, though the injury was done to me.

Vio. 'Tis harder to pardon an injury done to what we love, than to ourselves; but at your request, Felix, I do forgive her. Go watch my father, Flora, lest he should awake and surprize us.

Flo. Yes, Madam.

[Exit Flora.]

Fel. Dost thou then love me, Violante?

Vio. What need of repetition from my tongue, when every look confesses what you ask?

Fel. Oh, let no man judge of love, but those who feel it; what wonderful magic lies in one kind look!—One tender word destroys a lover's rage, and melts his fiercest passion into soft complaint. Oh, the window, Violante, wouldst thou but clear that one suspicion!

Vio. Pr'ythee, no more of that, my Felix, a little time shall bring thee perfect satisfaction.

Fel. Well, Violante, on condition you think no more of a monastery, I'll wait with patience for this mighty secret.

Vio. Ah, Felix, love generally gets the better of religion in us women. Resolutions made in the heat of passion, ever dissolve upon reconciliation.

Enter Flora hastily.

Flo. Oh, Madam, Madam, Madam! my lord your father has been in the garden, and lock'd the back-door, and comes muttering to himself this way.

Vio. Then, we are caught. Now, Felix, we are undone.

Fel. Heavens forbid! This is most unlucky! Let me step into your bed-chamber, he won't look under the bed; there

where I may conceal myself. [*Runs to the door, and pushes it open a little.*]

Vio. My stars! if he goes in there, he'll find the colonel———No, no, Felix, that's no safe place; my father often goes thither, and should you cough, or sneeze, we are lost.

Fel. Either my eye deceiv'd me, or I saw a man within. I'll watch him close.

Flo. Oh, invention, invention! I have it, Madam. Here, here, Sir, off with your sword, and I'll fetch you a disguise. [*Exit Flora.*]

Fel. She shall deal with the devil, if she conveys him out without my knowledge.

Vio. Bless me, how I tremble!

Enter Flora with a riding-hood.

Flo. Here, Sir, put on this.

Fel. Ay, ay, any thing to avoid Don Pedro.

[*She puts it on.*]

Vio. Oh, quick, quick! I shall die with apprehension.

Flo. Be sure you don't speak a word.

Fel. Not for the Indies.——But I shall observe you closer than you imagine. [*Aside.*]

Pedro. [*within.*] Violante, where are you, child? [*Enter Don Pedro.*] Why, how came the garden-door open? Ha! How now! Who have we here?

Vio. Humph; he'll certainly discover him. [*Aside.*]

Flo. 'Tis my mother, and please you, Sir.

[*She and Felix both courtsey.*]

Pedro. Your mother! By St. Andrew she's a strapper; why you are a dwarf to her——How many children have you, good woman?

Vio. Oh! if he speaks we are lost. [*Aside.*]

Flo. Oh! dear senior, she cannot hear you; she has been deaf these twenty years.

Ped. Alas, poor woman!——Why, you muffle her up as if she were blind too.

Fel. Would I were fairly off. [*Aside.*]

Ped. Turn up her hood.

Vio. Undone for ever!——St. Anthony forbid. Oh, Sir, she has the readfullest unlucky eyes.——Pray, don't look upon them. I made her keep her hood shut on purpose——Oh, oh, oh, oh!

Ped

Ped. Eyes ! Why, what's the matter with her eyes ?

Flo. My poor mother, Sir, is much afflicted with the cholick ; and about two months ago she had it grievously in her stomach, and was over-persuaded to take a dram of filthy English Geneva—which immediately flew up into her head, and caused such a defluxion in her eyes, that she could never since bear the day-light.

Ped. Say you so ?—Poor woman !—Well, make her sit down, Violante, and give her a glass of wine.

Vio. Let her daughter give her a glass below, Sir ; for my part, she has frightened me so, I shan't be myself these two hours. I am sure her eyes are evil eyes.

Fel. Well hinted.

Ped. Well, well, do so—Evil eyes ! there are no evil eyes, child.

Flo. Come along, mother.

[*Speaks loud.*

[*Exit Felix and Flora.*

Vio. I'm glad he's gone.

[*Aside.*

Ped. Hast thou heard the news, Violante.

Vio. What news, Sir ?

Ped. Why, Vasquez tells me, that Don Lopez's daughter Isabella is run away from her father ; that lord has very ill fortune with his children—Well, I'm glad my daughter has no inclination to mankind, that my house is plagued with no suitors.

[*Aside.*

Vio. This is the first word ever I heard of it : I pity her frailty.—

Ped. Well said, Violante.—Next week I intend thy happiness shall begin.

Enter Flora.

Vio. I don't intend to stay so long, thank you, papa.

[*Aside.*

Ped. My lady Abbess writes word she longs to see thee, and has provided every thing, in order for thy reception. Thou wilt lead a happy life, my girl—fifty times before that of matrimony, where an extravagant coxcomb might make a beggar of thee, or an ill-natur'd furly dog break thy heart.

Flo. Break her heart ! She had as good have her bones broke as to be a nun ; I am sure I had rather, of the two. You are wonderful kind, Sir ; but if I had such a father, I know what I would do.

E

Ped.

Ped. Why, what wou'd you do, minx, ha?

Flo. I would tell him I had as good a right and title to the law of nature, and the end of the creation, as he had——

Ped. You wou'd, Mistress! who the devil doubts it? A good assurance is a chambermaid's coat of arms; and lying and contriving, the supporters.—Your inclinations are on tip-toe, it seems.—If I were your father, housewife, I'd have a penance enjoin'd you, so strict, that you should not be able to turn you in your bed for a month.—You are enough to spoil your lady, housewife, if she had not abundance of devotion.

Vio. Fie, Flora, are you not ashamed to talk thus to my father? You said yesterday you wou'd be glad to go with me into the monastery.

Flo. Did I! I told a great lie then.

Ped. She go with thee! No, no; she's enough to debauch the whole convent.—Well, child, remember what I said to thee: next week——

Vio. Ay, and what I am to do this, too.— [*Aside.* I am all obedient, Sir; I care not how soon I change my condition.

Flo. But little does he think what change she means.

[*Aside.*

Ped. Well said, Violante.—I am glad to find her so willing to leave the world; but it is wholly owing to my prudent management. Did she know that she might command her fortune when she came at age, or upon day of marriage, perhaps she'd change her note. —But I have always told her that her grandfather left it with this proviso, that she turn'd nun: now a small part of this twenty thousand pounds provides for her in the nunnery, and the rest is my own. There is nothing to be got in this life without policy. [*Aside.*] Well, child, I am going into the country for two or three days, to settle some affairs with thy uncle, and when I return, we'll proceed for thy happiness, child—Good bye, Violante; take care of thyself. [*Exit Ped. and Vio.*]

Flo. So, now for the colonel. Hift, hift, colonel.

Enter Colonel.

Col. Is the coast clear?

Flo. Yes, if you can climb; for you must get over the

the wash-house, and jump from the garden-wall into the street.

Col. Nay, nay, I don't value my neck if my incognita answers but thy lady's promise. [*Exeunt Col. and Flora.*]

Enter Felix.

Fel. I have lain perdue under the stairs, till I watch'd the old man out. [*Violante opens the door.*] S'death I am prevented. [*Exit Felix.*]

Enter Violante.

Vio. Now to set my prisoner at liberty. [*Goes to the door where the Colonel is hid.*] Sir, Sir, you may appear.

Enter Felix, following her.

Fel. May he so, Madam? I had cause for my suspicion I find. Treacherous woman!

Vio. Ha, Felix here! Nay, then all's discover'd.

Fel. [*Draws.*] Villain, whoever thou art, come out, I charge thee, and take the reward of thy adulterous errand.

Vio. What shall I say?—Nothing but the secret which I have sworn to keep can reconcile this quarrel.

[*Aside.*]

Fel. A coward! Nay, then I'll fetch you out; think not to hide thyself; no, by St. Anthony, an altar should not protect thee, 'even there I'd reach thy heart, tho' 'all the saints were arm'd in thy defence.' [*Exit.*]

Vio. Defend me, Heaven! What shall I do? I must discover Isabella, or here will be murder.—

Enter Flora.

Flo. I have help'd the colonel off clear, Madam.

Vio. Say'st thou so, my girl? Then I am arm'd.

Re-enter Felix.

Fel. Where has the devil, in compliance to your sex, convey'd him from my resentment?

Vio. Him! whom do you mean, my dear inquisitive spark? Ha, ha, ha, ha, you will never leave these jealous whims?

Fel. Will you never cease to impose upon me?

Vio. You impose upon yourself, my dear; do you think I did not see you? Yes, I did, and resolved to put this trick upon you.

Fel. Trick!

Vio. Yes, trick. I knew you'd take the hint, and soon relapse

relapse into your wonted error. How easily your jealousy is fired? I shall have a blessed life with you.

Fel. Was there nothing in it, then, but only to try me?

Vio. Won't you believe your eyes?

Fel. *My eyes! no, nor my ears, nor any of my senses, for they have all deceiv'd me.* Well, I am convinc'd that faith is as necessary in love as in religion; for the moment a man lets a woman know her conquest, he resigns his senses, and sees nothing but what she'd have him.

Vio. And as soon as that man finds his love return'd, she becomes as errant a slave, as if she had already said after the priest.

Fel. The priest, Violante, would dissipate those fears which cause these quarrels; when wilt thou make me happy?

Vio. To-morrow, I will tell thee; my father is gone for two or three days to my uncle's, we have time enough to finish our affairs.—But, pr'ythee leave me now, lest some accident should bring my father.

Fel. To-morrow then——

Fly swift, ye hours, and bring to-morrow on——

But must I leave you now, my Violante?

Vio. *You must, my Felix. We soon shall meet to part no more.*

Fel. *Oh, rapturous sounds! Charming woman!*

Thy words and looks have fill'd my heart

With joy, and left no room for jealousy.

Do thou like me each doubt and fear remove,

And all to come be confidence and love.

[Exit.

Enter Isabella.

Isab. I am glad my brother and you are reconciled, my dear, and the colonel escap'd without his knowledge; I was frighted out of my wits when I heard him return.—I know not how to express my thanks, woman—for what you suffered for my sake, my grateful acknowledgment shall ever wait you; and to the world proclaim the faith, truth, and honour of a woman.—

Vio. Pr'ythee don't compliment thy friend, Isabella.

—You heard the colonel, I suppose.

Is. Every syllable, and am pleas'd to find I do not love in vain.

Vio.

' *Vio.* Thou hast caught his heart, it seems ; and an hour hence may secure his person.—Thou hast made hasty work on't, girl.

' *Jf.* From thence I draw my happiness; we shall have no accounts to make up after consummation.

' She, who for years protracts her lover's pain,
' And makes him wish, and wait, and sigh in vain,

' To be his wife when late she gives consent,

' Finds half his passion was in courtship spent ;

' Whilst they who boldly all delays remove,

' Find every hour a fresh supply of love.' [*Exeunt.*

END of the FOURTH ACT.

A C T V.

SCENE, Frederick's House.

Enter Felix and Frederick.

FELIX.

THIS hour has been propitious ; I am reconcil'd to Violante, and you assure me Antonio is out of danger.

Fred. Your satisfaction is doubly mine.

Enter Lissardo.

Fel. What haste you made, firrah, to bring me word if Violante went home.

Lif. I can give you very good reasons for my stay, Sir—Yes, Sir, she went home.

Fred. Oh ! Your master knows that, for he has been there himself, Lissardo.

Lif. Sir, may I beg the favour of your ear ?

Fel. What have you to say ?

[*Whispers, and Felix seems uneasy.*

Fred. Ha, Felix changes colour at Lissardo's news ! What can it be ?

Fel. A Scots footman, that belongs to colonel Briton, an acquaintance of Frederick's, say you ? The devil ! If she be false, by Heaven I'll trace her. Pr'ythee, Frederick, do you know one colonel Briton, a Scotchman ?

Fred. Yes ; why do you ask me ?

Fel. Nay, no great matter ; but my man tells me that

that he has had some little differences with a servant of his, that's all.

Fred. He is a good harmless innocent fellow; I am sorry for it. The colonel lodges in my house; I knew him formerly in England, and met him here by accident last night, and gave him an invitation home. He is a gentleman of good estate, besides his commission; of excellent principles, and strict honour, I assure you.

Fel. Is he a man of intrigue?

Fred. Like other men, I suppose. Here he comes.—
Enter Colonel.

Colonel, I began to think I had lost you.

Col. And not without some reason, if you knew all.

Fel. There's no danger of a fine gentleman's being lost in this town, Sir.

Col. That compliment don't belong to me, Sir. But I assure you I have been very near being run away with.

Fred. Who attempted it?

Col. Faith, I know not—Only that she is a charming woman, I mean as much as I saw of her.

Fel. My heart swells with apprehension.—Some accidental rencounter.—

Fred. A tavern, I suppose, adjusted the matter.

Col. A tavern! No, no, Sir, she is above that rank, I assure you; this nymph sleeps in a velvet bed, and lodgings every way agreeable.

Fel. Ha! a velvet bed!—I thought you said but now, Sir, you knew her not.

Col. No more I don't, Sir.

Fel. How came you then so well acquainted with her bed?

Fred. Aye, aye, come, come, unfold.

Col. Why then, you must know, gentlemen, that I was convey'd to her lodgings, by one of Cupid's emissaries, call'd a chambermaid, in a chair, through fifty blind alleys, who, by the help of a key, let me into a garden.

Fel. 'Sdeath, a garden! This must be Violante's garden. *[Aside.]*

Col. From thence conducted me into a spacious room, then dropt me a curtesy, told me her lady would wait on me presently; so, without unveiling, modestly withdrew.

Fel.

Fel. Damn her modesty ! this was Flora. [*Aside.*

Fred. Well, how then, colonel ?

Col. Then, Sir, immediately from another door issued forth a lady, arm'd at both eyes, from whence such showers of darts fell round me, that had I not been cover'd with the shield of another beauty, I had infallibly fallen a martyr to her charms : for you must know, I just saw her eyes — Eyes, did I say ? No, no, hold, I saw but one eye, though I suppose it had a fellow equally as killing.

Fel. But how came you to see her bed, Sir ? — 'Sdeath, this expectation gives a thousand racks. [*Aside.*

Col. Why, upon her maid's giving notice her father was coming, she thrust me into the bed-chamber.

Fel. Upon her father's coming !

Col. Ay, so she said ; but putting my ear to the key-hole of the door, I found it was another lover.

Fel. Confound the jilt ! 'Twas she, without dispute.

[*Aside.*

Fred. Ah, poor colonel ! ha, ha, ha.

Col. I discover'd they had had a quarrel, but whether they were reconcil'd or not, I can't tell ; for the second alarm brought the father in good earnest, and had like to have made the gentleman and I acquainted, but she found some other stratagem to convey him out.

Fel. Contagion seize her, and make her body ugly as her soul. There is nothing left to doubt of now. — 'Tis plain 'twas she. — Sure he knows me, and takes this method to insult me. 'Sdeath I cannot bear it.

[*Aside.*

Fred. So when she had dispatch'd her old lover, she paid you a visit in her bed-chamber ; ha, colonel ?

Col. No, pox take the impertinent puppy, he spoil'd my diversion, I saw her no more.

Fel. Very fine ! Give me patience, Heaven, or I shall burst with rage.

[*Aside.*

Fred. That was hard.

Col. Nay, what was worse — But, Sir, dear Sir, do hearken to this ; [*To Felix.*] the nymph that introduced me conveyed me out again over the top of a high wall, where I ran the danger of having my neck broke, for the father it seems had locked the door by which I enter'd.

Fel.

Fel. That way I miss'd him :—Damn her invention.
[Aside.] Pray, colone!—*ba, ba, ba, its very pleasant, ba, ba!*—was this the same lady you met upon the Terriero de Passa this morning?

Col. Faith, I can't tell, Sir; I had a design to know who that lady was, but my dog of a footman, whom I had ordered to watch her home, fell fast asleep—I gave him a good beating for his neglect, and I have never seen the rascal since.

Fred. Here he comes.

Enter Gibby.

Col. Where have you been, firrah?

Gib. Troth Ise been seeking ye, an like yer honour, these twa hoors and mare. I bring ye glad teedings, Sir.

Col. What, have you found the lady?

Gib. Geud faith, ha I, Sir—and she's call'd Donna Violante, and her parent, Don Pedro de Mendosa, and gin ye will gang wi' me, an like yer honour, Ise mak ye ken the hooe right weel.

Fel. Oh, torture, torture! *[Aside.]*

Col. Ha! Violante! That's the lady's name of the house where my incognita is, sure it could not be her, at least it was not the same house, I'm confident. *[Aside.]*

Fred. Violante! 'Tis false; I would not have you credit him, colonel.

Gib. The deel burst my bladder, Sir, gin I lee.

Fel. Sirrah, I say you do lie, and I'll make you eat it, you dog, *[Kicks him.]* and if your master will justify you——

Col. Not I, faith, Sir—I answer for nobody's lies but my own; if you please, kick him again.

Gib. But gin he does, Ise na tak it, Sir, gin he was a thousand Spaniards. *[Walks about in a passion.]*

Col. I ow'd you a beating, firrah, and I'm oblig'd to this gentleman for taking the trouble off my hands; therefore say no more, d'ye hear, Sir? *[Aside to Gibby.]*

Gib. Troth de I, Sir, and feel tee.

Fred. This must be a mistake, colonel, for I know Violante perfectly well, and I am certain she would not meet you upon the Terriero de passa.

Col. Don't be too positive, Frederick; now I have some reasons to believe it was that very lady.

Fel. You'd very much oblige me, Sir, if you'd let me know these reasons.

Col. Sir!

Fel. Sir, I say I have a right to enquire into these reasons you speak of.

Col. Ha, ha, really Sir! I cannot conceive how you, or any man, can have a right to enquire into my thoughts.

Fel. Sir, I have a right to every thing that relates to Violante.—And he that traduces her fame, and refuses to give his reasons for't, is a villain. [*Draws.*]

Col. What the devil have I been doing! Now blisters on my tongue, by dozens. [*Aside.*]

Fred. Pr'ythee, Felix, don't quarrel, till you know for what: this is all a mistake, I'm positive.

Col. Look ye, Sir, that I dare draw my sword I think will admit of no dispute——But tho' fighting's my trade, I'm not in love with it, and think it more honourable to decline this business, than pursue it. This may be a mistake; however, I'll give you my honour never to have any affair, directly or indirectly, with Violante, provided she is your Violante; but if there should happen to be another of her name, I hope you would not engross all the Violantes in the kingdom.

Fel. Your vanity has given me sufficient reasons to believe I'm not mistaken. I'll not be impos'd upon, Sir.

Col. Nor I be bully'd, Sir.

Fel. Bully'd! 'sdeath, such another word, and I'll nail thee to the wall.

Col. Are you sure of that, Spaniard? [*Draws.*]

Gib. [*Draws.*] Say na mare, Mon. O' my faul here's twa to twa. Dinna fear, Sir, Gibby stonds by ye for the honour of Scotland. [*Vapours about.*]

Fred. By St. Anthony, you shan't fight [*Interposes.*] on bare suspicion; be certain of the injury, and then—

Fel. That I will this moment, and then, Sir—I hope you are to be found——

Col. Whenever you please, Sir.

[*Exit Felix.*
Gib.]

I disturb you, no doubt; but were I in a better humour I should not commode you less. I am but too well convinc'd you could easily dispense with my visit.

Vio. When you behave yourself as you ought to do, no company so welcome—But when you reserve me for your ill-nature, I waive your merit, and consider what's due to myself—And I must be so free to tell you, Felix, that these humours of yours will abate, if not absolutely destroy, the very principles of love.

Fel. [*Rising.*] And I must be so free to tell you, Madam, that since you have made such ill returns to the respect that I have paid you, all you do shall be indifferent to me for the future, and you shall find me abandon your empire with so little difficulty, that I'll convince the world your chains are not so hard to break as your vanity would tempt you to believe—I cannot brook the provocation you give.

Vio. This is not to be borne—Insolent! You abandon! You! Whom I have so often forbid ever to see me more! Have you not fall'n at my feet? Implor'd my favour and forgiveness? Did not you trembling wait, and wish, and sigh, and swear yourself into my heart? Ungrateful man! If my chains are so easily broke, as you pretend, then you are the silliest coxcomb living, you did not break 'em long ago; and I must think him capable of brooking any thing, on whom such usage could make no impression.

If. [*Peeping.*] A deuce take your quarrels; she'll never think on me.'

Fel. I always believed, Madam, my weakness was the greatest addition to your power; you would be less imperious, had my inclination been less forward to oblige you.—You have, indeed, forbade me your sight, but your vanity even then assured you I would return, and I was fool enough to feed your pride—Your eyes, with all their boasted charms, have acquired the greatest glory in conquering me.—And the brightest passage of your life is, wounding this heart with such arms as pierce but few persons of my rank. [*Walks about in a great pet.*]

Vio. Matchless arrogance! True, Sir, I should have kept measures better with you, if the conquest had been worth preserving; but we easily hazard what gives us

no

no pain to lose.—As for my eyes, you are mistaken if you think they have vanquished none but you; there are men above your boasted rank, who have confess'd their power, when their misfortune in pleasing you made them obtain such a disgraceful victory.

Fel. Yes, Madam, I am no stranger to your victories.

Vio. And what you call the brightest passage of my life, is not the least glorious part of yours.

Fel. Ha, ha, don't put yourself in a passion, Madam, for I assure you after this day I shall give you no trouble.—You may meet your sparks on the Terriero de passa at four in the morning, without the least regard to me—For when I quit your chamber, the world shan't bring me back.

Vio. I am so well pleas'd with your resolution, I don't care how soon you take your leave.—But what you mean by the Terriero de passa at four in the morning, I can't guess.

Fel. No, no, no, not you—You was not upon the Terriero de passa at four this morning.

Vio. No, I was not; but if I was, I hope I may walk where I please, and at what hour I please, without asking your leave.

Fel. Oh, doubtless, Madam! And you might meet colonel Briton there, and afterwards send your emissary to fetch him to your house.—And upon your father's coming in, thrust him into your bed-chamber—without asking my leave. 'Tis no business of mine, if you are exposed among all the footmen in town.—Nay, if they ballad you, and cry you about at a halfpenny a piece—They may, without my leave.

Vio. Audacious! don't provoke me—don't; my reputation is not to be sported with. [*Going up to him.*] at this rate.—No, Sir, it is not. [*Bursts into tears.*] Inhuman Felix!—Oh, Isabella, what a train of ills thou hast brought on me! [*Aside.*]

Fel. Ha! I cannot bear to see her weep.—A woman's tears are far more fatal than our swords. [*Aside.*] Oh, Violante—'Sdeath! What a dog am I! Now have I no power to stir.—Dost not thou know such a person as colonel Briton? Pr'ythee tell me, didst not thou meet him at four this morning upon the Terriero de passa?

Vio. Were it not to clear my fame, I would not answer thee, thou black ingrate!—But I cannot bear to be reproached with what I even blush to think of, much less to act. By Heaven, I have not seen the Terriero de passa this day.

Fel. Did not a Scotch footman attack you in the street neither, Violante?

Vio. Yes, but he mistook me for another, or he was drunk, I know not which.

Fel. And do not you know this Scotch colonel?

Vio. Pray ask me no more questions; this night shall clear my reputation, and leave you without excuse for you base suspicions. More than this I shall not satisfy you, therefore pray leave me.

Fel. Didst thou ever love me, Violante?

Vio. I'll answer nothing.—You was in haste to be gone just now, I should be very well pleas'd to be alone, Sir. *[She sits down and turns aside.]*

Fel. I shall not long interrupt your contemplation, —Stubborn to the last. *[Aside:]*

Vio. Did ever woman involve herself as I have done?

Fel. Now would I give one of my eyes to be friends with her; for something whispers to my soul she is not guilty.—*[He pauses, then pulls a chair, and sits by her at a little distance, looking at her some time without speaking, then draws a little nearer to her.]* Give me your hand at parting, however, Violante, won't you, *[He lays his hand upon her knee several times.]* won't you—won't you—won't you?

Vio. *[Half regarding him.]* Won't I do what?

Fel. You know what I would have, Violante. Oh, my heart!

Vio. *[Smiling.]* I thought my chains were easily broke. *[Lays her hand into his.]*

Fel. *[Draws his chair close to her, and kisses her hand in a rapture.]* Too well thou knowest thy strength—Oh, my charming angel, my heart is all thy own! Forgive my hasty passion, 'tis the transport of a love sincere! Oh, Violante, Violante!

Don Pedro within.

Ped. Bid Sancho get a new wheel to my chariot presently.

Vio.

Vio. Bless me, my father return'd! What shall we do now, Felix! We are ruin'd, past redemption.

Fel. No, no, no, my love; I can leap from the closet window. [*Runs to the door where Isabella is, who claps to the door, and bolts it within side.*]

'*If.* [*Peeping.*] Say you so: but I shall prevent you.'

Fel. Confusion! Somebody bolts the door within side. I'll see who you have conceal'd here, if I die for't. Oh, Violante! hast thou again sacrific'd me to my rival.

[*Draws.*]

Vio. By Heaven, thou hast no rival in my heart, let that suffice—Nay, sure, you will not let my father find you here—Distraction!

Fel. Indeed but I shall, except you command this door to be opened, and that way conceal me from his sight.

[*He struggles with her to come at the door.*]

Vio. Hear me, Felix—Though I were sure the refusing what you ask would separate us for ever, by all that's powerful you shall not enter here. Either you do love me, or you do not. Convince me by your obedience.

Fel. That's not the matter in debate—I will know who is in this closet, let the consequence be what it will. Nay, nay, nay, you strive in vain; I will go in.

Vio. You shall not go in——

Enter Don Pedro.

Ped. Hey day! What's here to do! I will go in, and you shan't go in—and I will go in—Why, who are you, Sir?

Fel. 'Sdeath! What shall I say now!

Ped. Don Felix, pray what's your business in my house? Ha, Sir.

Vio. Oh, Sir, what miracle return'd you home so soon? Some angel 'twas that brought my father back to succour the distress'd—This ruffian, he, I cannot call him gentleman—has committed such an uncommon rudeness, as the most profligate wretch would be ashamed to own.

Fel. Ha, what the devil does she mean! [*Aside.*]

Vio. As I was at my devotion in my closet, I heard a loud knocking at my door, mix'd with a woman's voice, which seem'd to imply she was in danger——

Fel. I am confounded !

[*Aside.*

Vio. I flew to the door with the utmost speed, where a lady, veil'd, rush'd in upon me ; who falling on her knees begged my protection, from a gentleman, who, she said, pursued her. I took compassion on her tears, and lock'd her into this closet ; but in the surprise, having left open the door, this very person whom you see, with his sword drawn, ran in, protesting, if I refus'd to give her up to his revenge, he'd force the door.

Fel. What in the name of goodness does she mean to do ! hang me !

[*Aside.*

Vio. I strove with him till I was out of breath, and had you not come as you did, he must have enter'd—But he's in drink, I suppose, or he could not have been guilty of such an indecorum.

[*Leering at Felix.*

Ped. I'm amaz'd !

Fel. The devil never fail'd a woman at a pinch : what a tale has she form'd in a minute—In drink, quotha ; a good hint ; I'll lay hold on't to bring myself off. [*Aside.*

Ped. Fie, Don Felix ! No sooner rid of one broil, but you are commencing another—to assault a lady with a naked sword, derogates much from the character of a gentleman, I assure you.

Fel. [*Counterfeits drunkenness*] Who ? I assault a lady—upon honour the lady assaulted me, Sir ; and would have seiz'd this body politick upon the king's highway—Lether come out, and deny it, if she can—Pray, sir, command the door to be open'd, and let her prove me a liar, if she knows how. I have been drinking claret, and champaign, and burgundy, and other French wines, Sir, but I love my own country for all that.

Ped. Ay, ay, who doubts it, Sir ? Open the door, Violante, and let the lady come out. Come, I warrant thee, he shan't hurt her.

Fel. No, no, I won't hurt the dear creature. Now which way will she come off.

[*Aside.*

Vio. [*Unlocks the door.*] Come forth, Madam, none shall dare to touch your veil—I'll convey you out with safety, or lose my life—I hope she understands me.

[*Aside.*

Enter Isabella veil'd, and crosses the stage.

Isab. Excellent girl !

[*Exit.*
Fel.

Fel. The devil ! a woman ! I'll see if she be really so.

Vio. [to *Felix*] Get clear of my father, and follow me to the *Terriero de passa*, when all mistakes shall be rectified.

[*Exit with Isabella.*

[*Felix offers to follow her.*

Ped. [*Drawing his sword.*] Not a step, Sir, till the lady be past your recovery ; I never suffer the laws of hospitality to be violated in my house, Sir—I'll keep Don Felix here till you see her safe out, Violante.—Come, Sir, you and I will take a pipe and bottle together.

Fel. Damn your pipe, and damn your bottle, I hate drinking and smoaking, and how will you help yourself, old wiskers ?

Ped. As to smoaking or drinking, you have your liberty ; but you shall stay, Sir.

Fel. But I won't stay—for I don't like your company ; besides, I have the best reason in the world for my not staying.

Ped. Ay !—What's that ?

Fel. Why, I am going to be married, and so good bye.

Ped. To be married ! it can't be ! Why you are drunk, *Felix* !

Fel. Drunk ! Ay to be sure. You don't think I'd go to be married if I was sober—But drunk or sober I am going to be married for all that ; and if you won't believe me, to convince you, I'll shew you the contract, old gentleman.

Ped. Aye, do ; come, let's see this contract then.

Fel. Yes, yes, I'll shew you the contract—I'll shew you the contract—Here, Sir,—here's the contract.

[*Draws a pistol.*

Ped. [*Starting.*] Well, well, I'm convinc'd ; go, go—pray go and be married, Sir.

Fel. Yes, yes, I'll go—I'll go and be married : but shan't we take a bottle first ?

Ped. No, no—pray, dear Sir, go and be married.

Fel. Very well, very well ; [*Going.*] but I insist upon your taking one glass, tho'.

Ped. No, not now—some other time—Consider the lady waits.

Fel. What a cross old fool ! First he will, and then he won't ; and then he will, and then he won't. [*Exit Felix.*

Enter Servant.

Ser. Here's Don Lopez de Pimentell to wait on you, Senior.

Ped. What the devil does he want? He is not going to be married too—Bring him up; he's in pursuit of his son, I suppose.

Enter Don Lopez.

Lop. I am glad to find you at home, Don Pedro; I was told that you was seen upon the road to——this afternoon.

Ped. That might be, my Lord, but I had the misfortune to break the wheel of my chariot, which oblig'd me to return——What is your pleasure with me, my Lord?

Lop. I am inform'd that my daughter is in your house.

Ped. That's more than I know, my Lord; but here was your son just now, as drunk as an emperor.

Lop. My son drunk! I never saw him in drink in my life. Where is he, pray Sir?

Ped. Gone to be married.

Lop. Married! To whom? I don't know that he courted any body.

Ped. Nay, I know nothing of that—but I'm sure he shew'd me the contract——Within there!

Enter Servant.

Bid my daughter come hither, she'll tell you another story, my Lord.

Ser. She's gone out in a chair, Sir.

Ped. Out in a chair! What do you mean, Sir?

Ser. As I say, Sir; and Donna Isabella went in another just before her.

Lop. Isabella!

Ser. And Don Felix followed in another; I overheard them all bid the chair go to the *Terriero de passa*.

Ped. Ha! what business has my daughter there? I am confounded, and know not what to think——Within there. [Exit.]

Lop. My heart misgives me plaguily——Call me an Alguzile, I'll pursue them strait.

Scene changes to the street before Don Pedro's House.

Enter Lissardo.

Liss. I wish I cou'd see Flora——Methinks I have an han-

bankering kindness after the slut——We must be reconcil'd.

Enter Gibby.

Gib. Aw my sol, Sir, but Ise blithe to find yee here now.

Liss. Ha! brother! Give me thy hand, boy.

Gib. No se fast, se ye me——Brether me ne brethers; I scorn a liar as muckle as a thiefe, se ye now, and ye must gang intul this house with me, and justifie to Donna Violante's face, that she was the lady that gang'd in here this morn, se ye me, or the deel ha my sol, Sir, but ye and I shall be twa folks.

Liss. Justify it to Donna Violante's face, quotha; for what? Sure you don't know what you say.

Gib. Troth de I, Sir, as weel as yee de; therefore come along, and make no mair words about it.

Liss. Why, what the devil do you mean? Don't you consider you are in Portugal? Is the fellow mad?

Gib. Fellow! Ise none of yer fellow, Sir; and gin the place were hell, I'd gar ye de me justice. [*Liss. going.*] Nay, the deel a feet ye gang. [*Lays hold of him, and knocks.*]

Liss. Ha! Don Pedro himself, I wish I were fairly off. [*Aside.*]

Enter Don Pedro.

Ped. How now! what makes you knock so loud?

Gib. Gin this be Don Pedro's house, Sir; I wou'd speak with Donna Violante, his daughter.

Ped. Ha! what is it you want with my daughter, pray?

Gib. An she be your daughter, and lik your honour, command her to come out, and answer for herself now, and either justify or disprove what this shield told me this morn.

Liss. So, here will be a fine piece of work. [*Aside.*]

Ped. Why, what did he tell you, ha?

Gib. By my sol, Sir, Ise tell you aw the truth; my master got a pratty lady upon the how de call't——passa——here, at five this morn, and he gar me watch her heam——And in troth I lodg'd her here; and meeting this ill favour'd thiefe, se ye me, I speered wha she was——and he told me her name was Donna Violante, Don Pedro de Mendosa's daughter.

Ped.

Ped. Ha ! My daughter with a man, abroad at five in the morning. Death, hell, and furies, by St. Anthony I'm undone.

Gib. Wounds, Sir; ye put yer Saint intul bonny company.

Ped. Who is your master, you dog you ? 'Adsheart, 'I shall be trick'd of my daughter, and money too, that's 'worst of all.'

Gib. You dog you ! 'Sblead, Sir, don't call names—I won't tell you who my master is, se ye me now.

Ped. And who are you, rascal, that know my daughter so well ? Ha !

[*Holds up his cane.*]

Liff. What shall I say to make him give this Scotch dog a good beating ? [*Aside.*] I know your daughter, Senior ? Not I, I never saw your daughter in all my life.

Gib. [*Knocks him down with his fist.*] Deel ha my sol, Sar, gin ye get no your carich for that lie now.

Ped. What, ho ! Where are all my servants ?

Enter Colonel, Felix, Isabella and Violante.

Raise the house in pursuit of my daughter.

'*Ser.* Here she comes, Senior.'

Col. Hey day ! What's here to do ?

Gib. This is the loon like tik, an lik your honour, that sent me heam with a lie this morn.

Col. Come, come, 'tis all well, Gibby ; let him rise.

Ped. I am thunder-struck—and have no power to speak one word.

Fel. This is a day of jubilee, Lissardo : no quarreling with him this day.

Liff. A pox take his fists :—Egad, these Britons are but a word and a blow.

Enter Don Lopez.

Lop. So, have I found you, daughter ? Then you have not hang'd yourself yet, I see.

Col. But she is married, my Lord.

Lop. Married ! Zounds, to whom ?

Col. Even to your humble servant, my Lord. If you please to give us your blessing.

[*Kneels.*]

Lop. Why, hark ye, mistress, are you really married ?

Isab. Really so, my Lord.

Lop. And who are you, Sir ?

Col. An honest North Briton by birth, and a colonel by commission, my Lord.

Lop. An heretic! the devil! [*Holding up his hands.*]

Ped. She has play'd you a slippery trick indeed, my Lord!—Well, my girl, thou hast been to see thy friend married. —Next week thou shalt have a better husband, my dear. [*To Violante.*]

Fel. Next week is a little too soon, Sir; I hope to live longer than that.

Ped. What do you mean, Sir? You have not made a rib of my daughter too, have you?

Vio. Indeed but he has, Sir; I know not how, but he took me in an unguarded minute—when my thoughts were not over-strong for a nunnery, father.

Lop. Your daughter has play'd you a slippery trick too, Senior.

Ped. But your son shall never be the better for't, my Lord, her twenty thousand pounds was left on certain conditions, and I'll not part with a shilling.

Lop. But we have a certain thing call'd law, shall make you do justice, Sir.

Ped. Well, we'll try that,—my Lord, much good may it do you with your daughter in law. [*Exit.*]

Lop. I wish you much joy of your rib. [*Exit.*]

Enter Frederick.

Fel. Frederick, welcome!—I sent for thee to be partaker of my happiness, and pray give me leave to introduce you to the cause of it.

Fred. Your messenger has told me all, and I sincerely share in all your happiness.

Col. To the right about, Frederick; with thy friend joy.

Fred. I do, with all my soul;—and, Madam, I congratulate your deliverance—Your suspicions are clear'd now, I hope, Felix.

Fel. They are, and I heartily ask the colonel pardon, and wish him happy with my sister; for love has taught me to know, that every man's happiness consists in chusing for himself.

Liss. After that rule, I fix here. [*To Flora.*]

Flo. That's your mistake; I prefer my lady's service, and

and turn you over to her that pleaded right and title to you to-day.

Liss. Chuse, proud fool, I shan't ask you twice.

Gib. What say ye now, lass; will ye ge yer hand to poor Gibby?—'What say you,' will ye dance the reel of bogie with me?

Inis. That I may not leave my lady—I take you at your word—And tho' our wooing has been short, I'll by her example love you dearly. [*Music plays.*]

'*Fel.* Hark! I hear the music; somebody has done 'us the favour to call them in.

'*A country dance.*

'*Gib.* Wounds, this is bonny music—Haw caw ye 'that thing that ye pinch by the craig, and tickle the 'weam, and make it cry, grum, grum?

'*Fred.* Oh! that's a guitar, Gibby.

Fel. Now, my Violante, I shall proclaim thy virtues to the world.

Let us no more thy sex's conduct blame, Since thou'rt a proof to their eternal fame, That man has no advantage, but the name.	}
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END of the FIFTH ACT.



EPILOGUE.

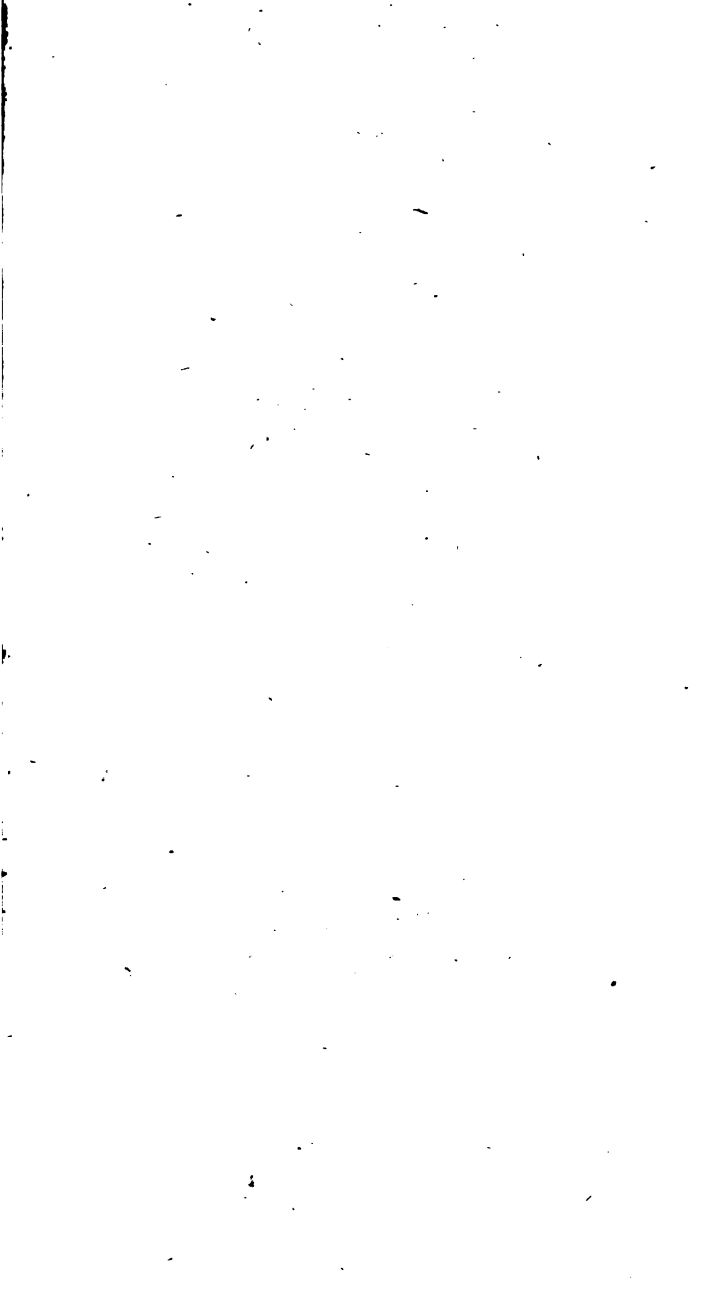
Written by Mr. PHILIPS.

CUSTOM, with all our modern laws combin'd,
 Has given such power despotic to mankind,
 That we have only so much virtue now,
 As they are pleas'd in favour to allow.
 Thus, like mechanic work, we're us'd with scorn,
 And wound up only for a present turn.
 Some are for having our whole sex enslav'd,
 Affirming we've no souls,* and can't be sav'd:
 But were the women all of my opinion,
 We'd soon shake off this false usurp'd dominion;
 We'd make the tyrants own, that we cou'd prove,
 As fit for other business as for love.
 Lord! What prerogative might we obtain,
 Could we from yielding, a few months refrain!
 How fondly wou'd our dangling lovers doat!
 What homage wou'd be paid to petticoat!
 'T wou'd be a jest to see the change of fate,
 How might we all of politicks debate;
 Promise and swear what we ne'er meant to do,
 And, what's still harder, keep our secrets too.
 Ay, marry! Keep a secret, says a beau,
 And sneers at some ill-natur'd wit below;
 But saith, if we shou'd tell but half we know,
 There's many a spruce young fellow in this place,
 Wou'd never more presume to shew his face;
 Women are not so weak, whate'er men prate:
 How many tip top beaus have had the fate,
 To enjoy from mamma's secrets their estate!
 Who, if her early folly had made known,
 Had rid behind the coach that's now their own.
 But here the wond'rous secret you discover;
 A lady ventures for a friend,—a lover.
 Prodigious! for my part, I frankly own,
 I'd spoil'd the wonder, and the woman shown.

* Alluding to an ironical pamphlet, tending to prove that women had no souls.









Roberts del.

Published for Bell's Drury Theatre May 30th 1770.

*M^{rs} ABINGTON in the Character of ESTIFANIA.
And here's a Chain of Whittings Eyes for Pearls,
A Musell monger would have made a better.*

L O N D O N :

Printed for JOHN BELL, near *Exeter-Exchange*, in the Strand,
and C. ETHERINGTON, at *York*.

MDCCLXXVI.

*M^r ABINGTON in the Character of ESTIFANIA.
And here's a Chain of Whittings Eyes for Pearls,
A Musell monger would have made a better.*

BELL'S EDITION.

RULE A WIFE
AND
HAVE A WIFE.

A COMEDY, by BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.

AS PERFORMED AT THE
Theatre-Royal in Dury-Lane.

Regulated from the Prompt-Book,
By PERMISSION of the MANAGERS,
By Mr. HOPKINS, Prompter.



L O N D O N :
Printed for JOHN BELL, near Exeter-Exchange, in the Strand,
and C. ETHERINGTON, at York.

MDCCLXXVI.



P R O L O G U E.

PLEASURE attend ye, and about ye sit
The springs of mirth, fancy, delight, and wit,
To stir you up; do not your looks let fall,
Nor to remembrance our late errors call,
Because this day we're Spaniards all again,
The story of our play, and our scene Spain:
The errors too, do not for this cause hate,
Now we present their wit, and not their state.
Nor ladies, be not angry, if you see
A young fresh beauty wanton, and too free,
Seek to abuse her husband, still 'tis Spain,
No such gross errors in your kingdom reign;
You're Vestals all, and though we blow the fire,
We seldom make it flame up to desire;
Take no example neither to begin,
For some by precedent delight to sin;
Nor blame the poet if he slip aside
Sometimes lasciviously, if not too wide.
But hold your fans close, and then smile at ease,
A cruel scene did never lady please.
Nor, gentlemen, pray be not you displeas'd,
Though we present some men fool'd, some diseas'd,
Some drunk, some mad: we mean not you, you're free,
We tax no farther than our comedy,
You are our friends, fit noble then and see.

D R A M A T I S P E R S O N Æ.

M E N.

Drury-Lane. Covent-Garden.

Duke of <i>Medina</i>	- Mr. Aickin.	Mr. Gardner.
Don <i>Juan de Castro</i> ,		
a Spanish colonel	Mr. Packer.	Mr. Hull.
<i>Sanchio</i> , } officers in	Mr. Hurk.	Mr. Fox.
<i>Alonzo</i> , } the army.	Mr. Usher.	Mr. Wewitzer.
<i>Michael Perez</i> , the		
copper captain	- Mr. King.	Mr. Woodward.
<i>Leon</i> , brother to		
<i>Altea</i> , and by her		
contrivance mar-		
ried to <i>Margaritta</i>	Mr. Garrick.	Mr. Smith.
<i>Cacafogo</i> , a rich		
usurer, - - -	Mr. Moody.	Mr. Dunfall.

W O M E N.

<i>Margaritta</i> , a wan-		
ton lady, married		
to <i>Leon</i> , by whom		
she is reclaimed;	Miss Sherry.	Mrs. Baker.
<i>Altea</i> , her servant,	Mrs. Love.	Mrs. Gardner.
<i>Clara</i> , a Spanish lady,	Mrs. Whitefield.	Miss Helme.
<i>Estifania</i> , a woman		
of intrigue, - -	Mrs. Abington.	Miss Barfanti.
An old woman,	Mr. Baddeley.	Mrs. Pitt.
Maid,	Mr. Waldron.	Mrs. White.
Visiting ladies.		

S C E N E, S P A I N.

RULE

Rule a Wife, and have a Wife.

ACT I.

SCENE, a chamber.

Enter Juan de Castro and Michael Pérez.

MICHAEL.

ARE your companies full, colonel?

Juan. No, not yet, Sir.

Nor will not be this month yet, as I reckon.

How rises your command?

Mich. We pick up still,
And as our monies hold out, we have men come.

About that time I think we shall be full too;

Many young gallants go.

Juan. And unexperienc'd.

'The wars are dainty dreams to young hot spirits,

'Time and experience will allay those visions.

'We have strange things to fill our numbers;

There's one Don Leon, a strange goodly fellow,

Commended to me from some noble friends,

For my Alferes.

Mich. I've heard of him, and that he hath serv'd before too.

Juan. But no harm done, nor ever meant, Don Michael,

That came to my ears yet; ask him a question,

He blushes like a girl, and answers little,

To the point less? 'he wears a sword, a good one,

'And good clothes too; he's whole-skin'd, has no hurt yet,

'Good promising hopes; I never yet heard certainly

Of any gentleman that saw him angry.

Mich. Preserve him, he'll conclude a peace if need be,

Many as stout as he will go along with us,

'That swear as valiantly as heart can wish.

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Their mouths charg'd with fix oaths at once, and whole ones,

That make the drunken Dutch creep into mole-hills.

Juan. 'Tis true, such we must look for: but, Michael Perez,

When heard you of Donna Margaritta, the great heiress?

Mich. I hear every hour of her, though I ne'er saw her, She is the main discourse. Noble Don Juan de Castro, How happy were that man could catch this wench up, And live at ease! She's fair and young, and wealthy, Infinite wealthy, and as gracious too In all her entertainments, as men report.

Juan. But she is proud, Sir, that I know for certain, And that comes seldom without wantonness; He that shall marry her, must have a rare hand.

Mich. Wou'd I were married, I wou'd find, that wisdom, With a light rein to rule my wife. If e'er woman Of the most subtile mould went beyond me, I'd give boys leave to hoot me out o' the parish.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Sir, there be two gentlewomen attend to speak with you.

Juan. Wait on 'em in.

Mich. Are they two handsome women?

Ser. They seem so, very handsome, but they're veil'd, Sir.

Mich. Thou puttest sugar in my mouth. How it melts with me!

I love a sweet young wench.

Juan. Wait on them in, I say.

[Exit servant.]

Mich. Don Juan.

Juan. Michael, how you burnish?

Will not this soldier's heat out of your bones yet?

Mich. There be two.

Juan. Say honest, what shame have you then?

Mich. I wou'd fain see that;

I've been in the Indies twice, and have seen strange things, But for two honest women; ——— one I read of once.

Juan. Pr'ythee, be modest.

Mich. I'll be any thing.

Enter servant, Donna Clara, and Estifania, veil'd.

Juan. You're welcome, ladies.

Mich.

Mich. Both hooded ! I like 'em well though ;
They come not for advice in law sure hither ;
' May be they'd learn to raise the pike, I'm for 'em.'
They're very modest ; 'tis a fine prelude.

Juan. With me, or with this gentleman, wou'd you
speak, lady ?

Cla. With you, Sir, as I guess, Juan de Castro.

Mich. Her curtain opens, she is a pretty gentlewoman.

Juan. I am the man, and shall be bound to fortune,
I may do any service to your beauties.

Cla. Captain, I hear you're marching down to Flanders,
To serve the Catholic king.

Juan. I am, sweet lady.

Cla. I have a kinsman, and a noble friend,
Employ'd in those wars ; may be, Sir, you know him,
Don Campufano, captain of Carbines,
To whom I wou'd request your nobleness,
To give this poor remembrance.

[Gives a letter]

Juan. I shall do it ;

I know the gentleman, a most worthy captain.

Cla. Something in private.

Juan. Step aside : I'll serve thee.

[Exeunt Juan and Clara.]

Mich. Pr'ythee, let me see thy face.

Estif. Sir, you must pardon me,
Women of our sort, that maintain fair memories,
And keep suspect off from their chastities,
Had need wear thicker veils.

Mich. I am no blaster of a lady's beauty,
Nor bold intruder on her special favours,
I know how tender reputation is,
And with what guards it ought to be preserv'd.
Lady, you may to me——

Estif. You must excuse me, Signior, I come
Not here to sell myself.

Mich. As I'm a gentleman ; by the honour of a soldier.

Estif. I believe you,
I pray be civil ; I believe you'd see me,
And when you've seen me, I believe you'll like me,
But in a strange place, to a stranger too,
As if I came on purpose to betray you,
Indeed I will not.

Mich.

8 RULE A WIFE AND HAVE A WIFE.

Mich. I shall love you dearly,
And 'tis a sin to fling away affection,
I have no mistress; no desire to honour
Any but you.
I know not, you have struck me with your modesty
So deep, and taken from me
All the desire I might bestow on others——
Quickly before they come.

Estif. Indeed I dare not.
But since I see you're so desirous, Sir,
To view a poor face that can merit nothing
But your repentance——

Mich. It must needs be excellent.
Estif. And with what honesty you ask it of me,
When I am gone let your man follow me,
And view what house I enter. Thither come,
For there I dare be bold to appear open;
And as I like your virtuous carriage, then

Enter Juan, Clara, and servant.
I shall be able to give welcome to you.
She hath done her business, I must take my leave, Sir.
Mich. I'll kiss your fair white hand, and thank you,
lady.

My man shall wait, and I shall be your servant.
Sirrah, come near, hark.

Ser. I shall do it faithfully. [Exit.]

Juan. You will command me no more services?

Clara. To be careful of your noble health, dear Sir,
That I may ever honour you.

Juan. I thank you,
And kiss your hands. Wait on the ladies down there.

[Exeunt ladies and servant.]

Mich. You had the honour to see the face that came
to you?

Juan. And 'twas a fair one. What was yours, Don
Michael?

Mich. Mine was i'th'eclipse, and had a cloud drawn
over it;

But I believe well, and I hope 'tis handsome.
She had a hand would stir a holy hermit.

Juan. You know none of 'em?

Mich. No.

Juan.

Juan. Then I do, captain,
But I'll say nothing till I see the proof on't.
Sit close, Don Perez, or your worship's caught.

Mich. Were those she brought, love letters?

Juan. A packet to a kinsman now in Flanders;
Yours was very modest, methought.

Mich. Some young unmanag'd thing;
But I may live to see.

Juan. 'Tis worth experience.
Let's walk abroad and view our companies.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, a street.

Enter Sanchio and Alonzo.

San. What, are you for the wars, Alonzo?

Alon. It may be ay,

It may be no, e'en as the humour takes me.

If I find peace among the female creatures,

And easy entertainment, I'll stay at home,

I'm not so far oblig'd yet to long marches

And mouldy biscuits, to run mad for honour.

When you're all gone, I have my choice before me.

San. Ay, of which hospital thou'lt sweat in; wilt

Thou never leave whoring?

Alon. There is less danger in't than gunning, Sanchio,

Though we be shot sometimes, the shot's not mortal;

Besides, it breaks no limbs.

San. But it disables 'em.

Dost see how thou pullest thy legs after thee,

As if they hung by points?

Alon. Better to pull 'em thus, than walk on wooden
ones,

Serve bravely for a billet to support me.

San. Fie, fie, 'tis base.

Alon. Dost count it base to suffer?

Suffer abundantly? 'tis th' crown of honour.

You think it nothing to lie twenty days

Under a surgeon's hand that has no mercy.

San. As thou hast done I'm sure; but I perceive now

Why you desire to stay; the orient heiress,

The Margaritta, Sir.

Alon. I wou'd I had her.

San. They say she'll marry.

Alon.

10 **RULE A WIFE AND HAVE A WIFE.**

- ' *Alon.* Yes, I think she will.
 ' *San.* And marry suddenly, as report goes too ;
 ' She fears her youth will not hold out, Alonzo.
 ' *Alon.* I would I had the sheathing on't.
 ' *San.* They say too,
 ' She has a greedy eye, that must be fed
 ' With more than one man's meat.
 ' *Alon.* Wou'd she were mine,
 ' I'd cater for her well enough ; but, Sanchio,
 ' There be too many great men that adore her ;
 ' Princes, and princes' fellows, that claim privilege.
 ' *San.* Yet those stand off i' the way of marriage ;
 ' To be tied to a man's pleasure is a second labour.
 ' *Alon.* She has bought a brave house here in town.
 ' *San.* I've heard so.
 ' *Alon.* If she convert it now to pious uses,
 ' And bid poor gentlemen welcome.
 ' *San.* When comes she to it ?
 ' *Alon.* Within these two days ; she's in the country
 yet,
 ' And keeps the noblest house.
 ' *San.* Then there's some hope of her.
 ' Wilt thou go my way ?
 ' *Alon.* No, no, I must leave you,
 ' And repair to an old gentlewoman that
 ' Has credit with her, that can speak a good word.
 ' *San.* Send thee good fortune, but make thy body
 sound first.
 ' *Alon.* I am a soldier,
 ' And too sound a body becomes me not ;
 ' So farewell, Sanchio.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, another street, Estifania crosses the stage.

Enter a servant of Michael Perez, after her.

Serv. 'Tis this or that house, or I've lost my aim,
 They're both fair buildings,—she walk'd plaguy fast.

Enter Estifania, courtesies, and exit.

And hereabouts I lost her. Stay, that's she ;
 'Tis very she——she makes me a low court'fy,—
 Let me note the place, the street I well remember.

SCENE,

RULE A WIFE AND HAVE A WIFE.

11

SCENE, *a chamber in Margaritta's house.*

Enter three old ladies.

1 *Lady.* What shou'd it mean, that in such haste we're sent for?

2 *Lady.* Belike the lady Margaret has some business She'd break to us in private.

3 *Lady.* It shou'd seem so.

'Tis a good lady, and a wise young lady.

2 *Lady.* And virtuous enough too, that I warrant ye, For a young woman of her years; 'tis a pity To load her tender age with too much virtue.

3 *Lady.* 'Tis more sometimes than we can well away with.

Enter Altea.

Alt. Good-morrow, ladies.

All. 'Morrow, my good Madam.

1 *Lady.* How does the sweet young beauty, lady Margaret?

2 *Lady.* Has she slept well after her walk last night?

1 *Lady.* Are her dreams gentle to her mind?

Alt. All's well,

She's very well; she sent for you thus suddenly, To give her counsel in a business That much concerns her.

2 *Lady.* She does well and wisely

'To ask the counsel of the ancient'st. Madam,

'Our years have run through many things she knows not.

Alt. She wou'd fain marry.

1 *Lady.* 'Tis a proper calling,

And well befits her years. Who wou'd she yoke with?

Alt. That's left to argue on. I pray come in And break your fast; drink a good cup or two, To strengthen your understandings, then she'll tell ye.

2 *Lady.* And good wine breeds good counsel, we'll yield to ye.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, *a street.*

Enter Juan de Castro, and Leon.

Juan. Have you seen any service?

Leon. Yes.

Juan. Where?

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Leon. Every where.

Juan. What office bore ye?

Leon. None, I was not worthy.

Juan. What captains know you?

Leon. None, they were above me.

Juan. Were you ne'er hurt?

Leon. Not that I well remember,

But once I stole a hen, and then they beat me.

Pray ask me no long questions, I've an ill memory.

Juan. This is an ass; did you ne'er draw your sword yet?

Leon. Not to do any arm, I thank heav'n for't.

Juan. Nor ne'er ta'en prisoner?

Leon. No, I ran away,

For I had ne'er no money to redeem me.

Juan. Can you endure a drum?

Leon. It makes my head ache.

Juan. Are you not valiant when you're drunk?

Leon. I think not, but I am loving, Sir.

Juan. What a lump is this man.

Was your father wise?

Leon. Too wise for me, I'm sure;

For he gave all he had to my younger brother.

Juan. That was no foolish part, I'll bear you witness.
Canst thou lie with a woman?

Leon. I think I could make shift, Sir;

But I am bashful.

Juan. In the night?

Leon. I know not,

Darkness indeed may do some good upon me.

Juan. Why art thou sent to me to be my officer,
Ay, and commended too, when thou dar'st not fight?

Leon. There be more officers of my opinion,
Or I am cozen'd, Sir? men that talk more too.

Juan. How wilt thou scape a bullet?

Leon. Why by chance,

They aim at honourable men; alas, I'm none, Sir.

Juan. This fellow has some doubts in his talk, that strikes me.

Enter Alonzo.

He cannot be all fool. Welcome, Alonzo.

Alon.

Alon. What have you got there, Temperance into your company?

The spirit of peace? We shall have wars by the ounce then.

Enter Cacafogo.

Oh, here's another pumpkin, the cramm'd son of a starv'd usurer, Cacafogo.

Both their brains butter'd, cannot make two spoonfuls.

Caca. My father's dead. I am a man of war too, Monies, demesnes; I've ships at sea too, captains.

Juan. Take heed o'the Hollanders, your ships may leak else.

Caca. I scorn the Hollanders, there are my drunkards.

Alon. Put up your gold, Sir, I will borrow it else.

Caca. I'm satisfied, you shall not.

Come out, I know thee, meet mine anger instantly.

Leon. I never wrong'd ye.

Caca. Thou'st wrong'd mine honour,
Thou look'st upon my mistress thrice lasciviously,
I'll make it good.

Juan. Do not heat yourself, you will surfeit.

Caca. Thou want'st my money too, with a pair of base bones,

In whom there was no truth, for which I beat thee,
I beat thee much; now I will hurt thee dangerously.

This shall provoke thee. *[He strikes.]*

Alon. You struck too low by a foot, Sir.

Juan. You must get a ladder, when you would beat this fellow.

Leon. I cannot choose but kick again; pray pardon me.

Caca. Hadst thou not ask'd my pardon, I had killed thee.
I leave thee, as a thing despis'd, *base las manos a voftra Señora.* *[Exit Cac.]*

Alon. You've 'scap'd by miracles, there is not in all Spain
A spirit of more fury than this fire-drake.

Leon. I see he's hasty, and I'd give him leave
To beat me soundly, if he'd take my bond.

Juan. What shall I do with this fellow?

Alon. Turn him off,
He will infect the camp with cowardice,
If he go with thee.

Juan. About some week hence, Sir,

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If I can hit upon no abler officer,
You shall hear from me.

Leon. I desire no better.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, *a chamber in Margaritta's house.*

Enter Estifania and Perez.

Per. You've made me now too bountiful amends, lady,
For your strict carriage when you saw me first.
These beauties were not meant to be conceal'd;
It was a wrong to hide so sweet an object;
I could now chide ye, but it shall be thus:
No other anger ever touch your sweetness.

Estif. Y' appear to me so honest, and so civil,
Without a blush, Sir, I dare bid you welcome.

Per. Now, let me ask your name.

Estif. 'Tis Estifania, the heir of this poor place.

Per. Poor, do you call it?

There's nothing that I cast mine eyes upon,
But shews both rich and admirable; all the rooms
Are hung as if a princess were to dwell here;
The gardens, orchards, every thing so curious.
Is all that plate your own too?

Estif. 'Tis but little,

Only for present use; I've more, and richer,
When need shall call, or friends compel me use it;
The suits you see of all the upper chambers,
Are those that commonly adorn the house;
I think I have besides, as fair as Sevil,
Or any town in Spain, can parallel.

Per. Now if she be not married, I have some hopes.
Are you a maid?

Estif. You make me blush to answer;
I ever was accounted so to this hour,
And that's the reason that I live retir'd, Sir.

Per. Then wou'd I counsel you to marry presently,
(If I can get her I am made for ever). [Aside.]

For every year you lose, you lose a beauty.
A husband now, an honest, careful husband,
Were such a comfort. Will ye walk above stairs?

Estif. This place will fit our talk, 'tis fitter far, Sir;
Above there are day-beds, and such temptations
I dare not trust, Sir.

Per.

Per. She's excellent wife withal, too.

Estif. You nam'd a husband ; I am not so strict, Sir,
Nor ty'd unto a virgin's solitariness,
But if an honest, and a noble one,
Rich, and a soldier, for so I've vow'd he shall be,
Were offer'd me, I think I should accept him.
But above all, he must love.

Per. He were base else.

There's comfort ministred in the word soldier.
How sweetly should I live !

Estif. I'm not so ignorant,
But that I know well how to be commanded,
And how again to make myself obey'd, Sir.
I waste but little ; I have gather'd much ;
My rial not less worth when it is spent,
If spent by my direction. To please my husband,
I hold it as indifferent in my duty,
To be his maid i'th' kitchen, or his cook,
As in the hall to know myself the mistress.

Per. Sweet, rich, and provident ; now, fortune, stick to
I am a soldier, and a bachelor, lady ; [me.
And such a wife as you I could love infinitely.
They that use many words, some are deceitful :
I long to be a husband, and a good one ;
For 'tis most certain I shall make a precedent
For all that follow me, to love their ladies.
I'm young, you see, able I'd have you think too ;
If't please you know, try me before you take me.
'Tis true, I shall not meet in equal wealth with ye ;
But jewels, chains, such as the war has given me,
A thousand ducats too in ready gold,
As rich clothes, too, as any he bears arms, lady.

Estif. You're a gentleman, and fair, I see by ye,
And such a man I'd rather take——

Per. Pray do so.

I'll have a priest o' the sudden.

Estif. And as suddenly
You will repent too.

Per. I'll be hang'd or drown'd first,
By this, and this, and this kiss.

Estif. You're a flatterer,

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But I must say there was something when I saw you First, in that noble face, that stirred my fancy.

Per. I'll stir it better ere you sleep, sweet lady..

I'll send for all my trunks, and give up all to ye,
Into your own dispose, before I bed ye ;

And then, sweet wench.

Estif. You have the art to cozen me.

[*Exeunt.*]

END of the FIRST ACT.

A C T II.

SCENE, *an apartment in Margaritta's house.*

Enter Margaritta, three ladies, and Altea.

MARGARITA.

COME in, and give me your opinions seriously.

1 *Lad.* You say you have a mind to marry, lady.

Mar. 'Tis true, I have, for to preserve my credit,
Yet not so much for that, as to preserve my state, ladies.
Conceive me right, there lies the main o' th' question :
Credit I can redeem, money will imp it ;
But when my money's gone, when the law shall
Seize that, and for incontinency, strip me
Of all.

1 *Lad.* Do you find your body so malicious that way ?

Mar. I find it as all bodies are, that are young and
Lazy, and high fed. [lusty,
I desire my pleasure, and pleasure I must have.

2 *Lad.* 'Tis fit you should have,
Your years require it, and 'tis necessary ;
As necessary as meat to a young lady ;
Sleep cannot nourish more.

1 *Lad.* But might not all this be, and keep ye single ?
You take away variety in marriage,
Th' abundance of your pleasure you are barr'd then ;
Is't not abundance that you aim at ?

Mar. Yes ; why was I made a woman ?

2 *Lad.* And ev'ry day a new ?

Mar. Why fair and young, but to use it ? [then ?

1 *Lad.* You're still i' th' right ; why would you marry
Alc.

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Alt. Because a husband stops all doubts in this point,
And clears all passages.

2 Lad. What husband mean ye?

Alt. A husband of an easy faith, a fool,
Made by her wealth, and moulded to her pleasure;
One, though he see himself become a monster,
Shall hold the door, and entertain the maker.

2 Lad. You grant there may be such a man.

1 Lad. Yes, marry; but how to bring 'em to this rare
perfection.

2 Lad. They must be chosen so; things of no honour,
Nor outward honesty.

Mar. No, 'tis no matter;
I care not what they are, so they be comely.

2 Lad. Methinks now, a rich lawyer, some such fellow,
That carries credit, and a face of awe,
'But lies with nothing but his client's business.'

Mar. No, there's no trusting them, they are too subtle;
The law has moulded them of natural mischief.

1 Lad. Then some grave governor,
Some man of honour, yet an easy man.

Mar. If he has honour I'm undone; I'll none such.

Alt. With search, and wit, and labour,
I've found one out, a right one, and a perfect.

Mar. Is he a gentleman?

Alt. Yes, and a soldier; but as gentle as you'd wish
him. A good fellow, and has good clothes, if he knows
how to wear 'em.

Mar. Those I'll allow him;
They are for my credit. Does he understand
But little.

Alt. Very little.

Mar. 'Tis the better.
Have not the wars bred him up to anger?

Alt. No, he won't quarrel with a dog that bites him;
Let him be drunk or sober, he's one silence.

Mar. H'as no capacity what honour is;
For that's a soldier's god?

Alt. Honour's a thing too subtle for his wisdom;
If honour lie in eating, he's right honourable.

Mar. Is he so goodly a man, do you say?

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Alt. As you shall see, lady ;
But to all this he's but a trunk.

Mar. I'd have him so ;
' I shall add branches to adorn him.'
Go, find me out this man, and let me see him ;
If he be that motion that you tell me of,
And make no more noise, I shall entertain him.
Let him be here.

Alt. He shall attend your ladyship.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, a street.

Enter Juan Alonzo, and Perez.

Ju. Why, thou'rt not married indeed ?

Per. No, no, pray think so.
Alas, I am a fellow of no reckoning !
Nor worth a lady's eye.

Alon. Wou'dst steal a fortune,
And make none of thy friends acquainted with it,
Nor bid us to thy wedding ?

Per. No indeed.
There was no wisdom in't, to bid an artist,
An old seducer, to a female banquet.
I can cut up my pie without your instructions.

Ju. Was it the wench i' the veil ?

Per. Basta, 'twas she.
The prettiest rogue than e'er you look'd upon ;
The loving'st thief.

Ju. And is she rich withal too ?

Per. A mine, a mine ; there is no end of wealth, colonel.
I am an ass, a bashful fool. Pry'thee, colonel,
How do thy companies fill now ?

Ju. You're merry, Sir ;
You intend a safer war at home, belike, now ?

Per. I do not think I shall fight much this year, colonel ;
I find myself given to my ease a little.
I care not if I sell my foolish company ;
They're things of hazard.

Alon. How it angers me,
This fellow, at first sight, shou'd win a lady,
A rich young wench—' And I, that have consum'd
' My time and art in searching out their subtleties,

' Like

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' Like a fool'd alchymist, blow up my hopes still.'
When shall we come to thy house, and be freely merry?

Per. When I have manag'd her a little more.
I have an house to maintain an army.

Alon. If thy wife be fair, thou'lt have few less come to thee.

Per. Where they'll get entertainment is the point;
Signior, I beat no drum.

' May be I'll march, after a month or two,
' To get a fresh stomash. I find, colonel,
' A wantonness in wealth, methinks I agree not with.
' 'Tis such a trouble to be married too,
' And have a thousand things of great importance,
' Jewels and plate, and fooleries molest me,
' To have a man's brains whimsied with his wealth.
' Before, I walk'd contentedly.'

Enter Servant.

Serv. My mistress, Sir, is sick, because you're absent.
She mourns, and will not eat.

Per. Alas, my jewel!
Come, I'll go with thee. Gentlemen, your fair leaves,
You see I'm ty'd a little to my yoke;
Pray, pardon me; wou'd ye had both such loving wives.

[*Exeunt Per. and servant.*]

Jos. I thank ye
For your old boots. Never be blank, Alonzo,
Because this fellow has out-fripp'd thy fortune.
' Tell me, ten days hence, what he is, and how
' The gracious state of matrimony stands with him.'
Come, let's to dinner; when Margaritta comes,
We'll visit both; it may be then your fortune. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, a chamber.

Enter Margaritta, Altea, and ladies.

Mar. Is he come?

Alt. Yes, madam, he has been here this half hour.
I've question'd him of all that you can ask him,
And find him fit as you had made the man.

Mar. Call him in, Altea. [*Exit Altea.*]

Enter Leon and Altea.

A man of a comely countenance. Pray ye come this way.
Is his mind so tame?

Alt.

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Alt. Pray question him, and if you find him not
Fit for your purpose, shake him off, there's no harm done.

Mar. Can ye love a young lady? How he blushes!

Alt. Leave twirling of your hat, and hold your head up,
And speak to th' lady.

Leon. Yes, I think I can;

I must be taught; I know not what it means, Madam.

Mar. You shall be taught. And can you, when she
Go ride abroad, and stay a week or two? [pleases,

You shall have men and horses to attend ye,
And money in your purse.

Leon. Yes, I love riding;

And when I am from home I am so merry.

Mar. Be as merry as you will. Can you as handsomely,
When you are sent for back, come with obedience,
And do your duty to the lady loves you?

Leon. Yes, sure, I shall.

Mar. And when you see her friends here,
Or noble kinsmen, can you entertain
Their servants in the cellar, and be busied,
And hold your peace, whate'er you see or hear?

Leon. 'Twere fit I were hang'd else.

Mar. Come, salute me.

Leon. Ma'am!

Mar. How the fool shakes! I will not eat you, Sir.
Can't you salute me?

Leon. Indeed I know not; but if your ladyship will
please to instruct me, sure I shall learn.

Mar. Come on, then.

Leon. Come on, then. [He kisses her.

Mar. Beshrew my heart, he kisses wond'rous manly!
Can you do any thing else?

Leon. Indeed I know not; but if your ladyship will
please to instruct me, sure I shall learn.

Mar. You shall then be instructed.

If I should be this lady that affects ye;
Nay, say I marry ye?

Alt. Hark to the lady.

Mar. What money have ye?

Leon. None, Madam, nor no friends.

I would do any thing to serve your ladyship.

Mar. You must not look to be my master, Sir.

Nor

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Nor talk i' the house as though you wore the breeches ;
No, nor command in any thing.

Leon. I will not;

Alas, I am not able ! I've no wit, Madam.

Mar. Nor do not labour to arrive at any ;
'Twill spoil your head. I take ye upon charity,
And like a servant ye must be unto me.
' As I behold your duty, I shall love you ;
' And as you observe me, I may chance lie with ye.'
Can you mark these ?

Leon. Yes indeed, forsooth.

Mar. There is one thing,
That if I take ye in, I put ye from me,
Utterly from me ; you must not be saucy,
No, nor at any time familiar with me,
Scarce know me, when I call ye not.

Leon. I will not, Alas, I never knew myself sufficiently !

Mar. Nor must not now.

Leon. I'll be a dog to please ye.

Mar. Indeed you must fetch and carry as I appoint ye.

Leon. I were to blame else.

Mar. Kifs me again.

[*Kisses her.*]

' A strong fellow ; there is vigour in his lips.'

If you see me

Kifs any other, twenty in an hour, Sir,

You must not start, nor be offended.

Leon. No, if you kifs a thousand, I shall be contented,
It will the better teach me how to please ye.

Alt. I told ye, Madam.

Mar. 'Tis the man I wish'd for ; the less you speak—

Leon. I'll never speak again, Madam,
But when you charge me ; then I'll speak softly too.

Mar. Get me a priest ; I'll wed him instantly.
But when you're married, Sir, you must wait on me,
And see ye observe my laws.

Leon. Else you shall hang me.

Mar. I'll give ye better clothes when you deserve 'em.
Come in, and serve for witness.

Omnes. We shall, Madam.

Mar. And then away to the city presently ;
I'll to my new house, and new company.

Leon. A thousand crowns are thine ; I'm a made man.

Ala

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Alt. Do not break out too soon.

Leon. I know my time, wench.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, a grand Saloon.

Enter Clara, and Estifania with a paper.

Clara. What, have you caught him?

Estif. Yes.

Clara. And do you find him

A man of those hopes that you aim'd at?

Estif. Yes too, and the most kind man;

'And the ablest, also,

'To give his wife content: he is sound as old wine,

'And to his soundness rises on the pallat;

'And there's the man.'

I find him rich too, Clara.

Clara. Hast thou married him?

Estif. What dost thou think, I fish without a bait,
wench?

I bob for fools. He is mine own. I have him.

I told thee what would tickle him like a trout;

And as I cast it, so I caught him daintily;

And all he has I've 'stow'd at my devotion.

Clara. Does the lady know this? She's coming now to
town:

Now, to live here, in this house.

Estif. Let her come,

She shall be welcome, I am prepar'd for her;

She's mad sure, if she be angry at my fortune,

For what I have made bold.

Clara. Dost thou not love him?

Estif. Yes, entirely well,

As long as there he stays and looks no farther

Into my ends: but when he doubts, I hate him;

And that wise hate will teach me how to cozen him;

'How to decline their wives, and curb their manners;

'To put a stern and strong rein to their natures;

'And holds he is an ass not worth acquaintance,

'That cannot mould a devil into obedience.

'I owe him a good turn for these opinions;

'And as I find his temper, I may pay him.'

Enter Perez.

O here he is; now you shall see a kind man.

Perez.

Per. My Estifania, shall we to dinner, lamb?
I know thou stay'st for me.

Estif. I cannot eat else.

Per. I never enter, but methinks a paradise
Appears about me.

Estif. You're welcome to it, Sir,

Per. I think I have the sweetest seat in Spain, wench.
Methinks the richest too. We'll eat i'the garden,
In one o'the arbours, there 'tis cool and pleasant;
And have our wine cool'd in the running fountain.
Who's that?

Estif. A friend of mine, Sir.

Per. Of what breeding?

Estif. A gentlewoman, Sir.

Per. What business has she?

Is she a woman learned i'the mathematics?
Can she tell fortunes?

Estif. More than I know, Sir.

Per. Or has she e'er a letter from a kinswoman,
That must be delivered in my absence, wife?
Or comes she from the doctor to salute ye,
And learn your health? She looks not like a confessor.

Estif. What needs all this? Why are you troubled,
What do you suspect? She cannot cuckold ye; [Sir?
She is a woman, Sir, a very woman.

Per. Your very woman may do very well, Sir,
Towards the matter; for though she cannot perform it
In her own person, she may do it by proxy.
Your rarest jugglers work still by conspiracy.

Estif. Cry ye mercy, husband, you are jealous then,
And haply suspect me.

Per. No, indeed, wife.

Estif. Methinks you should not, till you have more
cause

And clearer too. I'm sure you've heard say, husband,
A woman forc'd will free herself through iron;
A happy, calm, and good wife discontented,
May be caught by tricks.

Per. No, no; I do but jest with ye.

Estif. To-morrow, friend, I'll see you.

Cl. I shall leave ye

Till

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Till then, and pray all may go sweetly with ye. [*Exit.*

Estif. Why, where's the girl? Who's at the door? [*Knocking.*

[*Knock.*

Per. Who knocks there?

Is't for the king you come, ye knock so boisterously?
Look to the door.

Enter Maid.

Maid. My lady, as I live, mistress, my lady's come;
She's at the door; I peep'd through, I saw her,
And a stately company of ladies with her.

Estif. This was a week too soon, but I must meet with
And set a new wheel going; and a subtle one. [*her,*
Must blind this mighty Mars, or I am ruin'd. [*Aside.*

Per. What are they at the door?

Estif. Such, my Michael,
As you may bless the day they enter'd here;
Such for our good.

Per. 'Tis well.

Estif. Nay, 'twill be better
If you will let me but dispose the business,
And be a stranger to't, and not disturb me.
What have I now to do but advance your fortune?

Per. Do, I dare trust thee; I'm asham'd I was angry.
I find thee a wife young wife.

Estif. I'll wife your worship
Before I leave ye. [*Aside.*] Pray ye walk by, and say no-
thing,

Only salute them, and leave the rest to me, Sir;
I was born to make ye a man.

Per. The rogue speaks heartily; [*her.*
Her good-will colours in her cheeks; I'm born to love
I must be gentle to these tender natures;
A soldier's rude harsh words besit not ladies;
Nor must we talk to them, as we talk to
Our officers. I'll give her way, for 'tis for me she
Works now; I am husband, heir, and all she has.

Enter Margaritta, Leon, Altea, and Ladies.
Who're these? I hate such flaunting things.
A woman of rare presence! Excellent fair;
This is too big sure for a bawdy-house;
Too open seated too.

Estif.

Estif. My husband, lady.

Mar. You've gain'd a proper man.

Per. Whate'er I am, I am your servant, lady. [*Kisses.*]

Estif. Sir, be rul'd now, [*Apart to Perez.*]

And I shall make you rich : this is my cousin ;

That gentleman doats on her, even to death.

See how he observes her.

Per. She is a goodly woman.

Estif. She is a mirror.

But she is poor, she were for a prince's side else.

This house she has brought him to as to her own,

And presuming upon me, and on my courtesy—

Conceive me short ; he knows not but she's wealthy :

' Or if he did know otherwise, 'twere all one,

' He's so far gone.'

Per. Forward ; she's a rare face.

Estif. This we must carry with discretion, husband,

And yield unto her for four days.

Per. Yield our house up, our goods and wealth !

Estif. All this is but seeming—Do you see this writing?

Two hundred pounds a year, when they are married,

Has she seal'd to for our good—The time is unfit now ;

I'll shew it you to-morrow.

Per. All the house ?

Estif. All, all ; and we'll remove too, to confirm him

They'll into the country suddenly again,

' After they're match'd, and then she'll open to him.'

Per. The whole possession, wife ? Look what you do.

A part o' the house.

Estif. No, no, they shall have all,

And take their pleasure too, 'tis for our 'vantage.

Why, what's four days ? Had you a sister, Sir,

A niece, or mistress, that requir'd this courtesy,

And should I make a scruple to do you good ?

Per. If easily it would come back.

Estif. I swear, Sir, as easily as it came on.

Is't not pity

' To let such a gentlewoman for a little help—'

You give away no house.

Per. Clear but that question.

Estif. I'll put the writings into your hand.

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Per. Well then.

Estif. And you shall keep them safe.

Per. I'm satisfied——wou'd I had the wench too.

Estif. When she has married him,
So infinite his love is link'd unto her,
You, I, or any one that helps at this pinch,
May have Heav'n knows what.

Per. I'll remove my trunks strait
And take some poor house by, 'tis but for four days.

Estif. I have a poor old friend: there we will be.

Per. 'Tis well then.

Estif. Go handsome off, and leave the house clear.

Per. Well.

Estif. That little stuff we'll use shall follow after;
And a boy to guide ye. Peace, and we are made both.

Mar. Come, let's go in; are all the rooms kept sweet,
Wench?

Estif. They're sweet and neat. [Exit Perez.

Mar. Why, where's your husband?

Estif. Gone, Madam.

When you come to your own, he must give place, lady.

Mar. Well, send you joy, you would not let me
Yet I shall not forget ye. [know't,

Estif. Thank your ladyship.

' *Mar.* Come, lead me.' [Exeunt.

END of the SECOND ACT.

A C T III.

SCENE, a chamber.

Enter Margaritta and Altea.

ALTEA.

ARE you at ease now? Is your heart at rest,
' Now you have got a shadow, an umbrella,
' To keep the scorching world's opinion
' From your fair credit?

Mar. I am at peace, Altea.

If he continue but the same he shews,
And be a master of that ignorance
He outwardly professes, I am happy.

' The

RULE A WIFE AND HAVE A WIFE. 27

' The pleasure I shall live in, and the freedom
' Without the squint eye of the law upon me,
' Or prating liberty of tongues that envy.'

Alt. You're a made woman.

Mar. But if he shou'd prove now
A crafty and dissembling kind of husband,
One read in knavery, and brought up in the art
Of villany conceal'd.

Alt. My life, an innocent.

Mar. That's it I aim at.

That's it I hope too, then I'm sure I rule him:

' For innocents are like obedient children,
' Brought up under a hard mother-in-law, a cruel,
' Who being not us'd to breakfasts and collations,
' When they have coarse bread offered, are thankful,
' And take it for a favour too.'

Are the rooms made ready

To entertain my friends? I long to dance now,

' And to be wanton. Let me have a song. Is the great
couch up,

' The duke of Medina sent?

Alt. 'Tis up and ready.

Mar. And day-beds in all chambers?

Alt. ' In all, lady.'

Your house is nothing now but various pleasures.

The gallants begin to gaze too.

Mar. Let 'em gaze on.

I was brought up a courtier, high and happy;

And company is my delight and courtship;

And handsome servants at my will. Where's my good
Where does he wait? [husband?]

Alt. He knows his distance, Madam.

I warrant ye he is busy in the cellar

Among his fellow servants, or asleep,

Till your commands awake him.

Enter Leon and Lorenzo.

Mar. 'Tis well, Ake,

It should be so; my ward I must preserve him.

Who sent for him? How dare he come uncall'd for;

His bonnet on too!

Alt. Sure he sees you not.

Mar. How scornfully he looks!

C 2

Leon.

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Leon. Are all the chambers
Deck'd and adorn'd thus for my lady's pleasure?
New hangings every hour for entertainment,
And new plate bought, new jewels to give lustre?

Serv. They are, and yet there must be more and richer,
It is her will.

Leon. Hum, is it so? 'Tis excellent.
Is it her will too, to have feasts and banquets,
Revels and masques.

Serv. She ever lov'd 'em dearly;
And we shall have the bravest house kept now, Sir.
I must not call ye master; she has warn'd me;
Nor must not put my hat off to ye.

Leon. 'Tis no fashion;
What though I be her husband, I'm your fellow;
I may cut first?

Serv. That's as you shall deserve, Sir.

Leon. I thank you, Sir——' And when I lie with her——

Serv. May be I'll light ye;
' On the same point you may do me that service.'

Enter a Lady.

1st Lady. Madam, the duke Medina, with some cap-
tains,

Will come to dinner, and have sent rare wine,
And their best services.

Mar. They shall be welcome.

See all be ready in the noblest fashion;

' The house perfum'd.

' Now I shall take my pleasure,

' And not my neighbour justice maulder at me.'

Go, get your best cloaths on; but 'till I call ye,

Be sure you be not seen. Dine with the gentlewomen,

And behave yourself handsomely, Sir, 'tis for my credit.

Enter a second Lady.

2 Lady. Madam, the Lady Julia——

Leon. That's a bawd;

A three-pil'd bawd; bawd major to the army.

2 Lady. Has brought her coach to wait upon your
ladyship;

And to be inform'd if you will take the air this morning.

Leon. The neat air of her nunnery.

Mar. Tell her no; i' the afternoon I'll call on her.

2 Lady.

2 *Lady*. I will, Madam.

[*Exit.*]

Mar. Why, are you not gone to prepare yourself?

'May be you shall be sewer to the first course.

'A portly presence; Altea, he looks lean—

'Tis a vast knave, he will not keep his flesh well.

Alt. A willing madam, one that needs no spurring."

Leon. Faith, Madam, in my little understanding,
You'd better entertain your honest neighbours,
Your friends about ye, that may speak well of ye,
And give a worthy mention of your bounty.

Mar. How now, what this?

Leon. 'Tis only to persuade ye
Courtiers are tickle things to deal withal,
A kind of march-pane men that will not last, Madam;
An egg and pepper goes farther than their potions,
And in a well-knit body, a poor parsnip
Will play his prize above their strong potables.

Mar. The fellow's mad!

Leon. He that shall counsel ladies,
That hath both liquorish and ambitious eyes,
Is either mad or drunk, let him speak gospel.

Alt. He breaks out modestly.

Leon. Pray ye be not angry,
My indiscretion has made bold to tell ye
What you'll find true.

Mar. Thou dar'st not talk.

Leon. Not much, Madam,
You have a tie upon your servant's tongue,
He dare not be so bold as reason bids him;
'Twere fit there were a stronger on your temper.
Ne'er look so stern upon me, I'm your husband:
But what are husbands? Read the new world's wonders,
Such husbands as this monstrous world produces,
And you will scarce find such strange deformities;
They're shadows to conceal your venial virtues,
Sails to your mills, that grind with all occasions,
Balls that lie by you, to wash out your stains,
And bills nail'd up with horns before your doors,
To rent out wantonness.

Mar. Do you hear him talk!

Leon. I've done, Madam,
An ox once spoke, as learned men deliver,

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Shortly I shall be such, then I'll speak wonders.

'Till when, I tie myself to my obedience. *[Exit.]*

Mar. First I'll untie myself. Did you mark the gentleman,

How boldly and how saucily he talk'd,
And how unlike the lump I took him for!

'The piece of ignorant dough, he stood up to me,
'And rated my commands.'

This was your providence,
Your wisdom, to elect this gentleman,
Your excellent forecast in the man; your knowledge;
What think ye now?

Alt. I think him an ass still;

This boldness some of your people have blown into him,
This wisdom too with strong wine, 'tis a tyrant,
And a philosopher also, and finds out reasons.

Mar. I'll have my cellar lock'd, no school kept there,
Nor no discovery. I'll turn my drunkards,
Such as are understanding in their draughts,
And dispute learnedly the whys and wherefores,
To grafs immediately; Ill keep all fools,
Sober or drunk, still fools that shall know nothing;
Nothing belongs to mankind but obedience,
And such a hand I'll keep over this husband.

Alt. He'll fall again; my life, he cries by this time;
Keep him from drink, he's a high constitution.

Enter Leon.

Leon. Shall I wear my new suit, Madam?

Mar. No, your old cloaths.

And get you into the country presently,
And see my hawks well train'd; you shall have victuals,
Such as are fit for saucy palates, Sir,
And lodgings with the hinds, it is too good too.

Leon. Good Madam, be not sorrough with repentance.

Alt. You see how he's come round again.

Mar. I see not what I expect to see.

Leon. You shall see, Madam, if it please your ladyship.

Alt. He's humbled;

Forgive, good lady.

Mar. Well, go get you handsome,
And let me hear no more.

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Leon. Have ye yet no feeling ?

I'll pinch you to the bones then, my proud lady. [*Exit.*

Mar. See you preserve him thus, upon my favour.

You know his temper, tie him to the grindstone ;

The next rebellion I'll be rid of him ;

I'll have no needy rascals I tie to me,

Dispute my life. Come in, and see all handsome.

Ali. I hope to see you so too, I've wrought ill else.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *an ordinary apartment.*

Enter Perez.

Per. Shall I

Never return to mine own house again ?

We're lodg'd here in the miserablest dog-hole,

A conjuror's circle gives content above it ;

A hawk's mew is a princely palace to it ;

We have a bed no bigger than a basket,

And we lie like butter clapt together,

And sweat ourselves to sauce immediately ;

The fumes are infinite inhabit here too,

' And to that so thick they cut like marmalade ;'

So various too, they'll poise a gold finder.

Never return to mine own Paradise——

Why wife, I say ; why, Estifania !

Estif. [*within.*] I'm going presently.

Per. Make haste, good jewel.

I'm like the people that live in the sweet islands :

I die, I die, if I stay but one day more here.

' My lungs are rotten with the damps that rise,

' And I cough nothing now but stinks of all sorts.'

The inhabitants we have are two starv'd rats,

For they're not able to maintain a cat here,

And those appear as fearful as two devils,

They've eat a map o' the whole world up already,

And if we stay a night, we're gone for company.

There's an old woman that's now grown to marble,

Dry'd in this brick-kiln, and she sits i' the chimney,

(Which is but three tiles rais'd like a house of cards)

The true proportion of an old smok'd Sibyl.

There is a young thing too, that nature meant

For a maid servant, but 'tis now a monster ;

She has a husk about her like a chesnut,

With

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With laziness, and living under the line here ;
And these two make a hollow sound together,
Like frogs, or winds between two doors that murmur.

Enter Estifania.

Mercy deliver me. Oh, are you come, wife ;
Shall we be free again ?

Estif. I am now going,
And you shall presently, to your own house, Sir ;
The remembrance of this small vexation
Will be argument of mirth for ever,
By that time you have said your orisons,
And broke your fast, I shall be back and ready
To usher you to your old content, your freedom.

Per. Break my fast, break my neck rather. Is there any
thing here to eat

But one another, like a race of cannibals ?
A piece of butter'd wall you think is excellent.
Let's have our house again immediately,
And pray ye take heed unto the furniture,
None be embezzled.

Estif. Not a pin, I warrant ye.

Per. And let 'em instantly depart.

Estif. They shall both ; there's reason in all courtesy,
For by this time I know she has acquainted him,
And has provided too ; she sent me word, Sir,
And will give over gratefully unto you.

Per. I will walk i'the church-yard,
The dead cannot offend more than these living,
An hour hence I'll expect ye.

Estif. I'll not fail, Sir.

Per. And, do you hear ? let's have a handsome dinner,
And see all things be decent as they have been ;
And let me have a strong bath to restore me,
I stink like a stale-fish shambles, or an oil-shop.

Estif. You shall have all, which some interpret nothing ;
I'll send ye people for the trunks afore-hand,
And for the stuff.

Per. Let 'em be known and honest ;
And do my service to your niece.

Estif. I shall, Sir ;
But if I come not at my hour, come thither,

That

That they may give you thanks for your fair courtesy,
And pray you, be brave for my sake.

Per. I observe ye.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, a street.

Enter Juan de Castro, Sancho, and Catafago.

San. Thou'rt very brave.

Cac. I've reason, I have money.

San. Is money reason?

Cac. Yes, and rhyme too, captain,
If you've no money, you're an ass.

San. I thank ye.

Cac. Ye've manners, ever thank him that has money.

San. Wilt thou lend me any?

Cac. Not a farthing, captain,
Captains are casual things.

San. Why so are all men. Thou sha't have my bond.

Cac. Nor bonds nor fetters, captain.

My money is my own, I make no doubt on't.

Juan. What dost thou do with it?

Cac. Put it to pious uses.

Buy wine and wenches, and undo young coxcombs
That would undo me.

Juan. Are those hospitals?

Cac. I first provide to fill my hospitals
With creatures of mine own, that I know wretched;
And then I build: those are more bound to pray for me;
Besides, I keep th' inheritance in my name still.

Juan. A provident charity. Are you for the wars, Sir?

Cac. I am not poor enough to be a foldier,
Nor have I faith enough to ward a bullet;
This is no lining for a trench, I take it.

Juan. Ye have said wisely.

Cac. Had you but my money,
You'd swear it colonel; I had rather drill at home
A hundred thousand crowns, and with more honour,
Than exercise ten thousand fools with nothing;
A wise man safely feeds, fools cut their fingers.

San. A right state usurer. Why dost not marry,
And live a reverend justice?

Cac. Is it not nobler to command a reverend justice
than to be one?

And for a wife, what need I marry, captain

When

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When every courteous fool that owes me money,
Owes me his wife too, to appease my fury ?

Juan. Wilt thou go to dinner with us ?

Cac. I will go, and view the pearl of Spain, the orient
Fair one, the rich one too ; and I will be respected.
I bear my patent here, I will talk to her,
And when your captainships shall stand aloof,
And pick your noses, I will pick the purse
Of her affection.

Juan. The duke dines there to-day too, the Duke of

Cac. Let the king dine there, [Medina.
He owes me money, and so far's my creature,
And certainly I may make bold with mine own, captain.

San. Thou wilt eat monstrously.

Cac. Like a true born Spaniard,
Eat as I were in England where the beef grows,
And I will drink abundantly, and then
Talk ye as wantonly as Ovid did,
To stir the intellectuals of the ladies ;
I learnt it of my father's amorous scrivener.

Juan. If we shou'd play now, you must supply me.

Cac. You must pawn a horse troop,
And then have at ye, colonel.

San. Come, let's go :

This rascal will make rare sport. How the ladies
Will laugh at him !

Juan. If I light on him I'll make his purse sweat too.

Cac. Will ye lead, gentlemen ? [Exeunt.

SCENE, an ordinary apartment.

Enter Perez, Old Woman and Maid.

Per. Nay, pray ye come out, and let me understand ye,
And tune your pipe a little higher, lady ;
I'll hold ye fast. How came my trunks open ?
And my goods gone ? What pick-lock spirit——

Old Wom. Ha ! what would ye have ?

Per. My goods again. How came my trunks all open ?

Old Wom. Are your trunks all open ?

Per. Yes, and cloaths gone,
And chains and jewels. How she smells like hung beef.
The palsy, and pick-locks ; fye, how she belches
The spirit of garlick.

Old

Old Wom. Where's your gentlewoman ?
The young fair woman ?

Per. What's that to my question ?
She is my wife, and gone about my business.

Maid. Is she your wife, Sir ?

Per. Yes, Sir ; is that a wonder ?
Is the name of wife unknown here ?

Old Wom. Is she duly and truly your wife ?

Per. Duly and truly my wife ! I think so,
For I married her. It was no vision sure !

Maid. She has the keys, Sir.

Per. I know she has: but who has all my goods, spirit ?

Old Wom. If you be married to that gentlewoman,
You are a wretched man ; she has twenty husbands.

Maid. She tells you true.

Old Wom. And she has cozen'd all, Sir.

Per. The devil she has ! I had a fair house with her,
That stands hard by, and furnish'd royally.

Old Wom. You're cozen'd too, 'tis none of her's, good
gentleman,

It is a lady's.

Maid. The lady Margaritta ; she was her servant,
And kept the house ; but going from her, Sir,
For some lewd tricks she play'd.

Per. Plague o' the devil,
Am I, i' the full meridian of my wisdom,
Cheated by a stale quean ! What kind of lady
Is that that owns the house ?

Old Wom. A young sweet lady.

Per. Of low stature ?

Old Wom. She's indeed but little, but she's wondrous
fair.

Per. I feel I'm cozen'd :
Now I am sensible I am undone.

' This is the very woman sure, that cousin
She told me would entreat but for four days
To make the house hers—I am entreated sweetly.

Maid. When she went out this morning, I saw, Sir,
She had two women at the door attending,
And there she gave 'em things, and loaded 'em :
But what they were—I heard your trunks too open,
If they be yours.

Per.

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Per. They were mine while they were laden,
But now they've cast their calves, they're not worth own-
ing,

Was she her mistress, say you?

Old Wom. Her own mistress, her very mistress, Sir ;
and all you saw

About and in that house was hers.

Per. No plate, no jewels, nor no hangings?

Maid. Not a farthing ; she's poor, Sir, a poor shifting
thing.

Per. No money?

Old Wom. Abominable poor, as poor as we are,
Money as rare to her, unless she steal it :
But for one single gown her lady gave her,
She might go bare, good gentlewoman.

Per. I'm mad now ;
I think I am as poor as she, I'm wild else.
One single suit I have left too, and that's all,
And if she steals that she must slay me for it ;
Where does she use ?

Old Wom. You may find the truth as soon.
Alas, a thousand conceal'd corners, Sir, she lurks in,
And here she gets a fleece, and there another,
And lives in mists and smokes where none can find her.

Per. Is she a whore too ?

Old Wom. Little better, gentleman,
I dare not say she is so, Sir, because
She is yours, Sir ; these five years she has fir'd
A pretty living. ' Until she came to serve,
' I fear he will knock my brains out for lying.'

Per. She has fir'd me finely ;
A whore and thief ; two excellent moral learnings
In one she saint. I hope to see her legend.
Have I been fear'd for my discoveries,
And been courted by all women to conceal 'em ;
Have I so long studied the art of this sex,
And read the warning to young gentlemen ;
Have I profess'd to tame the pride of ladies,
And make them bear all tests ; and am I trick'd now ?
Caught in my own noose ? Here's a rial left yet,
There's for your lodging, and your meat for a week,
A silk-worm lives at a more plentiful ordinary

And

And sleeps in a sweeter box.
Farewel, great grandmother,
If I do find you were an accessory,
'Tis but the cutting off two smoking minutes!
I'll hang ye presently.

Old Wom. And I deserve it—I tell you truth.

Per. Not I, I am an ass, mother.

Old Wom. *O the rogue, the villain! Is this usage for
the fair sex.* [Exit.

SCENE, a grand apartment.

*Enter the Duke of Medina, Juan de Castro, Alonzo,
Sanchio, Cacafo, and Attendants.*

Duke. A goodly house.

Juan. And richly furnish'd too, Sir.

Alon. Hung wantonly; I like that preparation;
It stirs the blood unto a hopeful banquet,
And intimates the mistress free and jovial;
I love a house where pleasure prepares welcome.

Duke. Now, Cacafo, how like you this mansion?
'Twere a brave pawn.

Cac. I shall be master of it;

'Twas built for my bulk, the rooms are wide and spacious,
Airy and full of ease, and that I love well.

'I'll tell you when I taste the wine, my lord;
And take the height of her table with my stomach,
How my affection stands to the young lady.

Enter Margaritta, Altea, Ladies and Servant.

Mar. All welcome to your grace, and to these soldiers,
You honour my poor house with your fair presence;
Those few slight pleasures that inhabit here, Sir,
I do beseech your grace command, they're yours,
Your servant but preserves 'em to delight ye,

Duke. I thank ye, lady, I am bold to visit ye,
Once more to bless mine eyes with your sweet beauty,
'T has been a long night since you left the court,
For 'till I saw you now, no day broke to me.

Mar. Bring in the duke's meat.

San. She's most excellent.

Juan. Most admirable fair as e'er I look'd on;
I rather would command her than my regiment.

Cac. I'll have a fling, 'tis but a thousand ducats,
Which I can cozen up in ten days.

D

And

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' And some few jewels to justify my knavery
 ' Say, shall I marry her, she'll get more money
 ' Then all my usury put my knavery to it ;
 ' She appears the most infallible way of purchase.
 ' I could wish her a fize or two stronger for the encounter,
 ' For I am like a lion where I lay hold :
 ' But these lambs will endure a plaguy load
 ' And never bleat neither ; that, Sir, time has taught us.
 ' I am so virtuous now I cannot speak to her,
 ' The errantest shame-fac'd ass, I broil away too.'

Enter Leon.

Mar. Why, where's this dinner ?

Leon. 'Tis not ready, Madam,
 Nor shall it be, until I know the guests too,
 Nor are they fairly welcome 'till I bid 'em.

Juan. Is not this my Alferes ? he looks another thing ;
 Are miracles afoot again ?

Mar. Why, firrah ; why, firrah, you !

Leon. I hear you, saucy woman ;
 And as you are my wife, command your absence,
 And know your duty ; 'tis the crown of modesty.

Duke Your wife !

Leon. Yes, good my lord, I am her husband,
 And, pray take notice, that I claim that honour,
 And will maintain it.

Cac. If thou beest her husband,
 I am determin'd thou shalt be my cuckold ;
 I'll be thy faithful friend.

Leon. Peace, dirt and dunghill,
 I will not lose my anger on a rascal.
 Provoke me more, I'll beat thy blown up body
 'Till thou rebound'st again like a tennis ball.

Cac. I'll talk with you another time.

[*Exit.*]

Alon. This is miraculous !

San. Is this the fellow
 That had the patience to become a fool,
 ' A flutter'd fool, and on a sudden break,
 ' As if he would shew a wonder to the world,
 ' Both in bravery and fortune too ?'
 I am astonish'd !

Mar. I'll be divorc'd immediately.

Leon.

Leon. You shall not.

You shall not have so much will to be wicked.
I am more tender of your honour, lady.
You took me for a shadow,
You took me to gloss over your discredit,
To be your fool,
You had thought you had found a coxcomb,
I'm innocent of any foul dishonour I mean to ye.
Only I will be known to be your lord now,
And be a fair one too, or I will fall for't.

Mar. I do command ye from me, thou poor fellow,
Thou cozen'd fool.

Leon. Thou cozen'd fool,
I will not be commanded: I'm above ye.
You may divorce me from your favour, lady,
But from your state you never shall. I'll hold that,
And bold it to my use, the law allows it.
And then maintain your wantonness, I'll wink at it.

Mar. Am I brav'd thus in mine own house?

Leon. 'Tis mine, Madam,
You are deceiv'd, I'm lord of it, I rule it,
And all that's in't; you've nothing to do here, Madam,
But as a servant to sweep clean the lodgings,
And at my farther will to do me service,
And so I'll keep it.

Mar. 'Tis well.

Leon. It shall be better.

Mar. As you love me, give way.

Leon. I will give none, Madam;
I stand upon the ground of my own honour,
And will maintain it; you shall know me now
To be an understanding, feeling man,
And sensible of what a woman aims at;
A young proud woman, that has will to fail with;
A wanton woman that her blood provokes too.
I cast my cloud off, and appear myself,
The master of this little piece of mischief,
And I will put a spell about your feet, lady,
They shall not wander but where I give way now.

Duke. Is this the fellow that the people pointed at,
For the mere sign of man, the walking image?
He speaks wond'rous highly.

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Leon. As a husband ought, Sir,
In his own house, and it becomes me well too.
I think your grace would grieve if you were put to it,
To have a wife or servant of your own,
(For wives are reckon'd in the rank of servants)
Under your own roof to command ye.

' *Juan.* Brave ! a strange conversion ; thou shalt lead
' In chief now.'

Duke. Is there no difference betwixt her and you, Sir ?

Leon. Not now, my lord, my fortune makes me ev'n,
And as I am an honest man, I'm nobler.

Mar. Get me my coach.

Lon. Let me see who dares get it
Till I command ; I'll make him draw your coach
And eat your coach too (which will be hard dier)
That executes your will ; or take your coach, lady,
I give you liberty ; and take your people
Which I turn off ; and take your will abroad with ye,
Take all these freely, but take me no more,
And so farewell.

Duke. Nay, Sir, you shall not carry it
So bravely off ; you shall not wrong a lady
In a high huffing strain, and think to bear it.
We shall not stand by as bawds to your brave fury,
To see a lady weep—*Draw, Sir.*

Leon. They're tears of anger,
Wrung from her rage, because her will prevails not.
She would e'en now swoon if she could not cry,
' Else they were excellent, and I should grieve too ;
' But falling thus, they shew nor sweet, nor orient.'
Put up, my lord, this is oppression,
And calls the sword of justice to relieve me,
The law to lend her hand, the king to right me,
All which shall understand how you provoke me.
In mine own house to brave me, is this princely ?
Then to my guard, and if I spare your grace,
And do not make this place your monument,
Too rich a tomb for such a rude behaviour,
Mercy forsake me.
I have a cause will kill a thousand of ye.

Juan. Hold, fair Sir, I beseech ye,
The gentleman but pleads his own right nobly.

Leon.

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Leon. He that dares strike against the husband's freedom,
The husband's curse stick to him, a tam'd cuckold,
His wife be fair and young, but most dishonest,
Most impudent, and he have no feeling of it,
'No conscience to reclaim her from a monster ;'
Let her lie by him like a flattering ruin,
And at one instant kill both name and honour :
'Let him be lost, no eye to weep his end,
'Nor find no earth that's base enough to bury him.'
Now, Sir, fall on, I'm ready to oppose ye.

Duke. I've better thought. I pray, Sir, use your wife well.

Leon. Mine own humanity will teach me that, Sir.
And now, you're welcome all, and we'll to dinner ;
This is my wedding day.

Duke. I'll cross your joy yet.

Juan. I've seen a miracle, hold thine own, soldier.
Sure they dare fight in fire that conquer women.

'*San.* He has beaten all my loose thoughts out of me,
'As if he had thresh'd 'em out of the husk.'

Enter Perez.

Per. 'Save ye, which is the lady of the house ?

Leon. That's she, Sir, that good-natur'd pretty lady,
If you'd speak with her.

Juan. Don Michael !

Per. Pray do not know me, I am full of business.
When I have more time I'll be merry with ye.
It is the woman. Good, Madam, tell me truly,
Had you a maid call'd Estifania ?

Mar. Yes, truly, had I.

Per. Was she maid, d'you think ?

Mar. I dare not swear for her.——
For she had but a scant fame.

Per. Was she your kinswoman ?

Mar. Not that I ever knew ; now I look better,
I think you married her, give you much joy, Sir.

Per. Give me a halter.

Mar. You may reclaim her ; 'twas a wild young girl.

Per. Is not this house mine, Madam ?
Was not she owner of it ? 'Pray, speak truly.'

Mar. No, certainly, I'm sure my money paid for it,
And ne'er remember yet I gave it you, Sir.

Per. The hangings and the plate too ?

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Mar. All are mine, Sir,
And every thing you see about the building,
She only kept my house when I was absent ;
And so I'll keep it, I was weary of her.

Per. Where is your maid ?

Mar. Do not you know that have her ?
She's yours now, why shou'd I look after her ?
Since that first hour I came I never saw her.

Per. I saw her later, wou'd the devil had had her.
It is all true, I find, a wild-fire take her.

Juan. Is thy wife with child, Don Michael ? Thy excellent wife.

Art thou a man yet ?

Alon. When shall we come and visit thee ?

San. And eat some rare fruit ? Thou has admirable orchards.

You are so jealous now ! Pox o' your jealousy,
How scurvily you look.

Per. Pr'ythee leave fooling,
I'm in no humour now to fool and prattle.
Did she ne'er play the wag with you ?

Mar. Yes, many times,
So often that I was ashamed to keep her.
But I forgave her, Sir, in hopes she'd mend still ;
And had not you o' the instant married her,
I'd put her off.

Per. I thank ye ; I am blest still ;
Which way so'er I turn I'm a madd man.
Miserably gull'd beyond recovery.

Juan. You'll stay and dine ?

Per. Certain I cannot, captain.
Hark in thine ear, I am the arrant'st puppy,
The miserablest ass ! — But I must leave ye.
I am in haste, in haste. Bless you, good Madam,
And may you prove as good as my wife.

Leon. What then, Sir ?

Per. No matter if the devil had one to fetch the other.

[*Exit Perez.*]

Leon. Will you walk in, Sir, will your grace but honour me,
And taste our dinner ? You are nobly welcome,
All anger's past I hope, and I shall serve ye. [*Exeunt.*]

END of the THIRD ACT.

A C T IV.

SCENE, *a street.*

Enter Perez.

Perez.

I'LL to a conjurer, but I'll find this pol-cat,
This pilfering whore. A plague of veils, I cry,
And covers for the impudence of women,
Their sanctity in show will deceive devils.
It is my evil angel, let me bless me.

Enter Estifania, with a casket.

Estif. 'Tis he! I'm caught. I must stand to it stoutly,
And show no shake of fear. I see he's angry,
Vex'd at the uttermost.

Per. My worthy wife,
I have been looking of your modesty
All the town over.

Estif. My most noble husband,
I'm glad I have found ye; for in truth I'm weary,
Weary and lame with looking out your lordship.

Per. I've been in bawdy-houses——

Estif. I believe you, and very lately too.

Per. 'Pray ye, pardon me;

To seek your ladyship, I have been in cellars,
In private cellars, where the thirsty bawds
Hear your confessions; I have been at plays,
To look you out among the youthful actors;
At puppet-shews, you are mistress of the motions;

' At gossiping I hearken'd after you,

' But amongst those confusions of lewd tongues,

' There's no distinguishing beyond a Babel;

' I was amongst the nuns, because you sing well,

' But they say yours are bawdy songs, and they mourn
for ye;

And last, I went to church to seek you out,

'Tis so long since you were there, they have forgot you.

Estif. You've had a pretty progress; I'll tell mine now.
To look you out, I went to twenty taverns——

Per. And are you sober?

Estif. Yes, I reel not yet, Sir,
Where I saw twenty drunk, most of 'em soldiers,

There

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There I had great hope to find you disguis'd too ;
 From hence to the dicing-house, there I found quarrels
 Needless and fenceless, swords, pots, and candlesticks,
 Tables and stools, and all in one confusion,
 And no man knew his friend. I left this chaos,
 And to the surgeon's went, he will'd me stay,
 For, says he, learnedly, if he be tippled,
 Twenty to one he whores, and then I hear of him;
 If he be mad, he quarrels, then he comes too.
 I fought ye where no safe thing wou'd have ventur'd,
 Amongst diseases, base and vile, vile women,
 For I remember'd your old Roman axiom,
 The more the danger, still the more the honour.

Last, to your confessor I came, who told me,
 You were too proud to pray, and here I've found ye.

Per. She bears up bravely, and the rogue is witty,
 But I shall dash it instantly to nothing.
 Here leave we off our wanton languages,
 And now conclude we in a sharper tongue.

Why am I cozen'd ?——

Estif. Why am I abused ?

Per. Thou most vile, base, abominable——

Estif. Captain.

Per. Thou stinking, over-stew'd, incorrigible——

Estif. Captain.

Per. Do you echo me ?

Estif. Yes, Sir, and go before ye,
 And round about ye, why do you rail at me,
 For that was your own sin, your own knavery.

Per. And brave me too ?

Estif. You'd best now draw your sword, captain !
 Draw it upon a woman, do, brave captain,
 Upon your wife, Oh, most renown'd captain !

Per. A plague upon thee, answer me directly ;
 Why didst thou marry me ?

Estif. To be my husband ;
 I thought you had had infinite, but I'm cozen'd.

Per. Why didst thou flatter me, and shew me wonders ?
 A house and riches, when they are but shadows.
 Shadows to me ?

Estif. Why did you work on me,
 It was but my part to requite you, Sir,
 With your strong soldier's wit, and swore you'd bring me—
 So.

So much in chains, so much in jewels, husband,
So much in right rich clothes?

Per. Thou hast 'em, rascal;

I gave 'em to thy hands, my trunks and all,
And thou hast open'd them, and sold my treasure.

Estif. Sir, there's your treasure, sell it to a tinker
To mend old kettles? Is this noble usage?
Let all the world view here the captain's treasure.
A man would think now these were worthy matters;
Here's a shoeing-horn chain gilt over, how it scenteth,
Worse than the dirty mouldy heels it serv'd for;
And here's another of a lesser value,
So little I would shame to tie my dog in't,
These are my jointure; blush and save a labour,
Or these else will blush for ye.

Per. A fire subtle ye, are ye so crafty?

Estif. Here's a goodly jewel,
Did not you win this at Goletta, captain?
Or took it in the field from some brave bashaw?
See how it sparkles——Like an old lady's eyes;
' And fills each room with light like a close lanthorn,
' This would do rarely in an abby window,
' To cozen pilgrims.

Per. Pry'thee leave prating.

Estif. And here's a chain of whittings eyes for pearls,
A muscle monger would have made a better.

Per. Nay, pr'ythee wife, my clothes, my clothes.

Estif. I'll tell ye,
Your clothes are parallels to these, all counterfeit.
Put these and them on, you're a man of copper,
' A kind of candlestick,
A copper, a copper captain; these you thought, my husband,
To have cozen'd me withal, but I am quit with you.

Per. Is there no house then, nor no grounds about it?
No plate nor hangings?

Estif. There are none, sweet husband.
Shadow for shadow is as equal justice.

[*Perez sings.—Estif. sings.*

Can you rail now? Pray put your fury up, Sir,
And speak great words, you are a soldier, thunder.

Per. I will speak little, I have play'd the fool,
And so I am rewarded.

Estif.

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Estif. You have spoke well, Sir;
And now I see you're so conformable,
I'll heighten you again. Go to your house,
They're packing to be gone, you must sup there,
I'll meet you, and bring clothes and clean linen after,
And all things shall be well. I'll colt you once more,
And teach you to bring copper.

Per. Tell me one thing,
I do beseech thee tell me truth, wife;
However, I forgive thee; art thou honest?
The beldam swore——

Estif. I bid her tell you so, Sir,
It was my plot; alas, my credulous husband,
The lady told you too——

Per. Most strange things of thee.

Estif. Still 'twas my way, and all to try your suff'rance.
And she denied the house?

Per. She knew me not,
No, nor no title that I had.

Estif. 'Twas well carried;
No more, I'm right and straight.

Per. I wou'd believe thee,
But, heaven knows, how my heart is; will ye follow me?

Estif. I'll be there straight.

Per. I'm fool'd, yet dare not find it. [*Exit Perez.*]

Estif. Go, silly fool; thou may'st be a good soldier
In open fields, but for our private service
Thou art an ass. 'I'll make thee so, or miss else.'

Enter Caeafogo.

Here comes another trout that I must tickle,
And tickle daintily, I've lost my end else.

May I crave your leave, Sir?

Cac. Pr'ythee be answer'd, thou shalt crave no leave,
I'm in my meditations, do not vex me,

A beaten thing, but this hour a most bruis'd thing,
That people had compassion on, 'it look'd so:

'The next Sir Palmerin. Here's fine proportion!

'An ass, and then an elephant. Sweet justice!

'There's no way left to come at her now, no craving,

'If money cou'd come near, yet I would pay him;

I have a mind to make him a huge cuckold,

And

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And money may do much ; a thousand ducats ?
'Tis but the letting blood of a rank heir.

Estif. 'Pray you, hear me.

Cac. I know thou hast some wedding-ring to pawn now,
Of silver gilt, with a blind posy in't :

'Love and a mill-horse shou'd go round together :

Or thy child's whistle, or thy squirrel's chain.

I'll none of 'em. I wou'd she did but know me.

Or wou'd this fellow had but use of money,

That I might come in any way.

Estif. I'm gone, Sir ;

And I shall tell the beauty sent me to ye,

The lady Margaritta——

Cac. Stay, I prythee.

What is thy will ? I turn me wholly to ye ;

And talk now till thy tongue ake, I will hear ye.

Estif. She would intreat you, Sir.

Cac. She shall command, Sir ;

Let it be so ; I beseech thee, my sweet gentlewoman,

Do not forget thyself.

Estif. She does command then

This courtesy, because she knows you're noble.

Cac. Your mistress by the way ?

Estif. My natural mistress.

Upon these jewels, Sir, they're fair and rich,

And view 'em right.

Cac. To doubt 'em is an heresy.

Estif. A thousand ducats ; 'tis upon necessity
Of present use ; her husband, Sir, is stubborn.

Cac. Long may he be so.

Estif. She desires withal

A better knowledge of your parts and person,

And when you please to do her so much honour——

Cac. Come, let's dispatch.

Estif. In truth I've heard her say, Sir,

Of a fat man she has not seen a sweeter.

But in this business, Sir.

Cac. Let's do it first,

And then dispute ; the lady's use may long for't.

Estif. All secrecy she wou'd desire. She told me
How wise you are.

Cac. We are not wise to talk thus.

Carry

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Carry her the gold, I'll look her out a jewel
 Shall sparkle like her eyes, and thee another.
 Come, pr'ythee come, I long to serve the lady ;
 Long monstrously. Now, valour, I shall meet ye,
 You that dare dukes.

'*Exit.* Green goose, you are now in fippets.' [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, a Chamber.

Enter the Duke, Sanchio, Juan, and Alonzo.

Duke. He shall not have his will, I shall prevent him.
 I have a toy here that will turn the tide,
 And suddenly, and strangely. Here, Don Juan,
 Do you present it to him.

Juan. I am commanded.

[*Exit.*]

Duke. A fellow founded out of chastity,
 And moulded to the height, condemn his maker,
 'Curb the free hand that fram'd him !'
 It must not be.

San. That such an oyster-shell should hold a pearl,
 And of so rare a price, in prison !
 'Was she made to be the matter of her own undoing,
 'To let a slovenly, unweildy fellow,
 'Unruly and self-will'd, dispose her beauties ?
 'We suffer all, Sir, in this sad eclipse ;
 'She should shine, where she might show like herself,
 'An absolute sweetness, to comfort those admire her,
 'And shed her beams upon her friends.
 'We are gull'd all,
 'And all the world will grumble at your patience,
 'If she be ravish'd thus.

Duke. Ne'er fear it, Sanchio ;
 We'll have her free again, and move at court
 In her clear orb. But one sweet handfomeness
 To bless this part of Spain, and have that flubber'd ?

Alon. 'Tis every good man's cause, and we must stir
 in it.

Duke. I'll warrant ye, he shall be glad to please us,
 'And glad to share too ; we shall hear anon
 'A new song from him ; let's attend a little. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE,

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SCENE, another Chamber.

Enter Leon, and Juan with a commission.

Leon. Col'nel, I am bound to you for this nobleness.
I should have been your officer, 'tis true, Sir;
And a proud man I shou'd have been to've serv'd you.
'T has pleas'd the king, out of his boundless favours,
To make me your companion; this commission
Gives me a troop of horse.

Juan. I do rejoice at it,
And am a glad man we shall gain your company.
I'm sure the king knows you are newly married,
And out of that respect gives you more time, Sir.

Leon. Within four days I'm gone; so he commands
And 'tis not mannerly for me to argue it; [ine,
The time grows shorter still—are your goods ready?

Juan. They are aboard.

Leon. Who waits there?

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir.

Leon. Do you hear, ho? Go carry this unto your mistress, Sir,

And let her see how much the king has honour'd me;
Bid her be lusty, she must make a soldier.

Go, take down all the hangings,
And pack up all my cloaths, my plate and jewels,
And all the furniture that's portable.

Sir, when we lie in garrison, 'tis necessary
We keep a handsome port, for the king's honour.
And, do you hear, let all your lady's wardrobe
Be safely placed in trunks; they must along too.

Serv. Whither must they go, Sir?

Leon. To the wars, Lorenzo.

Serv. Must my mistress go, Sir?

Leon. Ay, your mistress, and you, and all must go:
I will not leave a turnspit behind me
'That has one dram of spleen against a Dutchman;'
All must go.

Serv. Why Pedro, Vasco, Dego, come, help me, boys. [Exit.

Juan. H'as taken a brave way to save his honour,
'And cross the duke; now I shall love him dearly.'
By the life of credit thou'rt a noble gentleman.

E

Enter

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Enter Margaritta, led by two ladies.

Leon. Why how now, wife; what sick at my prefer-
This is not kindly done. [ment?

Mar. No sooner love ye,
Love ye entirely, Sir; brought to consider
The goodness of your mind and mine own duty,
But lose you instantly, be divorc'd from ye!
This is a cruelty. I'll to the king
And tell him 'tis unjust to part two souls,
Two minds so nearly mix'd.

Leon. By no means, sweet-heart.

Mar. If he were married but four days, as I am——

Leon. He'd hang himself the fifth, or fly his country. [Aside.

Mar. He'd make it treason for that tongue that durst
But talk of war, or any thing to vex him.
You shall not go.

Leon. Indeed I must, sweet wife.
What, should I lose the king for a few kisses?
We'll have enough.

Mar. I'll to the duke, my cousin; he shall to th' king.

Leon. He did me this great office;
I thank his grace for't: should I pray him now
T'undo't again? Fie, 'twere a base discredit.

Mar. Would I were able, Sir, to bear you company;
How willing should I be then, and how merry!
I will not live alone.

Leon. Be in peace, you shall not. [Knocking within.

Mar. What knocking's this? Oh, Heaven, my head!
Why, rascal,

I think the war's begun i'the house already.

Leon. The preparation is, they're taking down
And packing up the hangings, plate and jewels,
And all those furnitures that shall besit me
When I lie in garrison.

Enter Lorenzo.

Lor. Must the coach go too, Sir?

Leon. How will your lady pass to the sea else easily?
We shall find shipping for't there to transport it.

Mar. I go? Alas!

Leon. I'll have a main care of ye:

I know

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I know ye are sickly; he shall drive the easier,
And all accommodation shall attend ye.

Mar. Wou'd I were able.

Leon. Come, I warrant ye;
Am not I with ye, sweet? Are her clothes packt up,
And all her linen? Give your maids direction:
You know my time's but short, and I'm commanded.

Mar. Let me have a nurse,
And all such necessary people with me;
An easy bark.

Leon. It shall not trot, I warrant ye;
Curvet it may sometimes.

Mar. I am with child, Sir.

Leon. At four days warning! This is something
speedy.

Do you conceive as our jennets do, with a west-wind?
My heir will be an arrant fleet-one, lady.

'I'll swear you were a maid when I first lay with ye.

Mar. Pray do not swear. I thought I was a maid too:

'But we may both be cozen'd in that point, Sir.

Leon. In such a strait point, sure I could not err,
Madam.

Juan. This is another tenderness to try him.

'Fetch her up now.'

Mar. You must provide a cradle; and what a trouble's

Leon. The sea shall rock it; [that!]

'Tis the best nurse: 'twill roar and rock together.

A swinging storm will sing you such a lullaby!

Mar. Faith, let me stay; I shall but shame you, Sir.

Leon. An you were a thousand shames, you shall
along with me:

At home I'm sure you'd prove a million.

Every man carries the bundle of his sins

Upon his back: you are mine; I'll sweat for ye.

Enter Duke, Alonzo, and Sanchio.

Duke. What, Sir, preparing for your noble journey?

'Tis well, and full of care.

I saw your mind was wedded to the war,

And knew you'd prove some good man for your country;

Therefore, fair cousin, with your gentle pardon,

I got this place. What, mourn at his advancement!

You are to blame; he'll come again, sweet cousin:

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No great 'state left ye, that ye never look'd for,
Nor cannot manage, that's a rank distemper ;
That you were christen'd, and who answer'd for you,
And then I yield—*Do but look at him.*

Per. He has half persuaded me, I was bred i' th' moon ;
I have ne'er a brush at my breech—Are not we both mad ?
And is not this a fantastic house we are in,
And all a dream we do ? Will you walk out ?

And if I do not beat thee presently
Into a sound belief, as sense can give thee,
Brick me into that wall there, for a chimney-piece,
And say, I was one o' th' Cæsars, done by a seal-cutter.

Leon. I'll talk no more ; come, we'll away immediately.

Mar. Why then the house is his, and all that's in it ;
I'll give away my skin, but I'll undo ye ;
I gave it to his wife. You must restore, Sir.
And make a new provision.

Per. Am I mad, now,
Or am I christen'd ? You my pagan cousin,
My mighty Mahound kinsman, what quirk now ?
You shall be welcome all ; I hope to see, Sir,
Your grace here, and my coz ; we are all foldiers,
And must do naturally for one another.

Duke. Are ye blank at this ? Then I must tell ye, Sir,
Ye've no command, now you may go at pleasure,
And ride your ass troop. 'Twas a trick I used
' To try your jealousy, upon entreaty
' And saving of your wife.

Leon. All this not moves me,
Nor stirs my gall, nor alters my affections.
You have more furniture, more houses, lady,
And rich ones too ; I will make bold with those ;
And you have land i' th' Indies, as I take it ;
Thither we'll go, and view a while those climates,
Visit your factors there, that may betray ye.
'Tis done, we must go.

Mar. Now thou'rt a brave gentleman ;
And by this sacred light I love thee dearly. Hark ye, Sir,
The house is none of your's ; I did but jest, Sir ;
You are no coz of mine ; I beseech ye, vanish.
' I tell you plain, you have no more right than he
' Has, that senseless thing. Your wife has once more
' Go ye and consider.'

[fool'd ye, Sir.

Leon.

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Leon. Good-morrow, my sweet Mahound cousin,
You are welcome—welcome all—my cousin too—
We are soldiers, and should naturally do for one another.

Per. By this hand, she dies for't,
Or any man that speaks for her.

' These are fine toys.' [Exit *Per.*

Mar. Let me request you stay but one poor month;
You shall have a commission, and I'll go too.
Give me but will so far.

Leon. Well, I will try ye.
Good-morrow to your grace; we've private business.

' *Duke.* If I miss thee again, I'm an arrant bungler.

' *Juan.* Thou shalt have my command, and I'll march
under thee,

' Nay, be thy boy, before thou shalt be baffled;

' Thou art so brave a fellow.

' *Alon.* I have seen visions.' [Exit.

END of the FOURTH ACT.

A C T V.

' SCENE, *Margaritta's house.*

' Enter *Leon* with a letter, and *Margaritta.*

' *LEON.*

' COME hither, wife. Do you know this hand?

' *Mar.* I do, Sir; 'tis *Estifania's*, that was once my
woman.

' *Leon.* She writes to me here, that one *Cacafogo*,
' An usuring jeweller's son, I know the rascal,
' Is mortally fallen in love with you.

' *Mar.* He is a monster, deliver me from mountains.

' *Leon.* Do you go a birding for all sorts of people?
' And this evening will come to ye, and shew ye jewels,
' And offers any thing to get access to you.

' If I can make or sport or profit on him,

' (For he is fit for both) she bids me use him,

' And so I will. Be you conformable, and follow but me.

' *Mar.* I shall not fail, Sir. [will.

' *Leon.* Will the Duke come again, do you think?

Mar.

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- ‘ *Mar.* No, sure, Sir.
 ‘ H’as now no policy to bring him hither
 ‘ *Leon.* Nor bring you to him, if my wit hold, fair wife.
 ‘ Let’s in to dinner. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *a street.*

Enter Perez.

Per. Had I but lungs enough to bawl sufficiently,
 That all the queans in Christendom might hear me,
 That men might run away from the contagion,
 I had my wish. Wou’d it were made high treason,
 Most infinite high, for any man to marry;
 I mean, for a man that would live handsomely,
 And like a gentleman, in’s wits and credit.
 What torments shall I put her to; ‘Phalaris’ bull now?
 ‘I say’ they love bulling too well, tho’ they smoke for’t;
 Cut her in pieces, every piece will live still,
 And every morsel of her will do mischief.
 They have so many lives, there’s no hanging of ’em;
 They are too light to drown, they’re cork and feathers;
 To burn too cold, they live like salamanders;
 Under huge heaps of stones to bury her,
 And so depress her as they did the giants,
 She will move under more than built old Babel.
 I must destroy her.

Enter Cacafo, with a casket.

Cac. Be cozen’d by a thing of clouts! a she moth,
 That ev’ry silkman’s shop breeds! To be cheated;
 And of a thousand ducats, by a whim-wham!

Per. Who’s that is cheated? Speak again, thou vision.
 But art thou cheated? Minister some comfort.
 Tell me, I conjure thee, ‘art thou cheated bravely?
 ‘Come, pr’ythee come; art thou so pure a coxcomb,
 ‘To be undone? Do not dissemble with me.

Cac. Then keep thy circle;
 For I’m a spirit wild that flies about thee:
 And whoso’er thou art, if thou be’st human,
 I’d let thee plainly know, I’m cheated damnably.

Per. Ha, ha, ha!

Cac. Dost thou laugh? Damnably, I say, most damnably.

Per. By whom, good spirit? Speak, speak! Ha, ha, ha!

Cac.

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Cac. I'll utter ; laugh till thy lungs crack ; by a rascal
' A lewd, abominable, and plain woman !' [woman !
Dost thou laugh still ?

Per. I must laugh, pr'ythee pardon me ;
I shall laugh terribly.

Cac. I shall be angry,
Terribly angry ; I have cause.

Per. That's it ;
And 'tis no reason but thou shouldst be angry,
Angry at heart ; yet I must laugh still at thee.
By a woman cheated ! art sure it was a woman ?

Cac. I shall break thy head ; my valour itches at thee.

Per. It is no matter. By a woman cozen'd,
A real woman !

Cac. By a real devil.
Plague of her jewels, and her copper chains,
How rank they smell.

Per. Sweet, cozen'd Sir, let's see them.
I have been cheated too, I would have you note that,
And lewdly cheated, by a woman also,
A scurvy woman. I am undone, sweet Sir,
Therefore I must have leave to laugh.

Cac. Pray ye take it ;
You are the merriest undone man in Europe.
What need we fiddles, bawdy songs, and sherry,
When our own miseries can make us merry ?

Per. Ha, ha, ha !
I've seen these jewels ; what a notable pennyworth
Have you had ? You will not take, Sir,
Some twenty ducats—

Cac. Thou'rt deceiv'd, I will take—

' *Per.* To clear your bargain, now.

' *Cac.* I'll take' some ten,
Some any thing, some half ten, half a ducat.

Per. An excellent lapidary set these stones, sure ;
D'ye mark their waters ?

Cac. Quicksand cheak their waters,
And her's that brought 'em too ; but I shall find her.

Per. And so shall I, I hope ; but do not hurt her :

' If you had need of cozening, as you may have,

' (For such gross natures will desire it often ;

' 'Tis, at sometimes too, a fine variety)'

You cannot find in all this kingdom,

A woman

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A woman that can cozen ye so neatly.

She has taken half mine anger off with this trick. [*Exit.*]

Cac. If I were valiant now, I'd kill this fellow.

I've money enough lies by me, at a pinch,

To pay for twenty rascals lives that vex me.

I'll to this lady; there I shall be satisfied. [*Exit.*]

SCENE, a Street.

Enter Perez and Estifania, meeting.

Per. Why, how dar'st thou meet me again, thou rebel,
And know'st how thou hast us'd me thrice, thou rascal?

Were there not ways enough to fly my vengeance,

No holes nor vaults to hide thee from my fury,

But thou must meet me face to face to kill thee?

I would not seek thee to destroy thee willingly;

But now thou com'st t' invite me, com'st upon me.

How like a sheep-biting rogue, taken i' the manner,

And ready for a halter, dost thou look now?

Thou hast a hanging look, thou scurvy thing!

Hast ne'er a knife,

Nor e'er a string to lead thee to Elysium?

Be there no pitiful 'pothecaries in this town,

That have compassion upon wretched women,

That dare administer a dram of ratsbane,

But thou must fall to me?

Estif. I know you've mercy.

Per. If I had tons of mercy, thou deserv'st none.

What new trick's now a-foot; and what new houses

Have you i' the air? what orchards in apparition?

What canst thou say for thy life?

Estif. Little or nothing.

I know you'll kill me, and I know 'tis useless

To beg for mercy. Pray let me draw my book out,

And pray a little.

Per. Do, a very little;

For I have farther business than thy killing.

I have money yet to borrow. Speak when you're ready.

Estif. Now, now, Sir, now [*Shews a pistol.*]

Come on. Do you start off from me?

Do you sweat, great captain? Have you seen a spirit?

Per. Do you wear guns?

Estif. I am a soldier's wife, Sir,

And

RULE A WIFE AND HAVE A WIFE. 59

And by that privilege I may be arm'd.
Now, what's the news? And let's discourse more friendly,
And talk of our affairs in peace.

Per. Let me see,
Prythee let me see thy gun; 'tis a very pretty one.

Estif. No, no, Sir, you shall feel.

Per. Hold, hold, ye villain; what, would you
Kill your own husband?

Estif. Let mine own husband, then,
Be in's own wits. There, there's a thousand ducats.
Who must provide for you? And yet you'll kill me.

Per. I will not hurt thee for ten thousand millions.

Estif. When will you redeem your jewels? I have
You see for what, we must keep touch. [pawn'd 'em,

Per. I'll kiss thee;
And get as many more, I'll make thee famous.
Had we the house now!

Estif. Come along with me;
If that be vanish'd, there be more to hire, Sir.

Per. I see I am an ass when thou art near me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, a chamber.

Enter Leon and Margaritta.

Leon. Come, we'll away unto your country house,
And there we'll learn to live contentedly.

This place is full of charge, and full of hurry;
No part of sweetness dwells about these cities.

Mar. Whither you will, I wait upon your pleasure;
Live in a hollow tree, Sir, I'll live with ye.

Leon. Aye, now you strike a harmony, a true one,
When your obedience waits upon your husband.

Why, now I doat upon you, love ye dearly;
And my rough nature falls, like roaring streams,
Clearly and sweetly into your embraces.

Oh, what a jewel is a woman excellent,
A wife, a virtuous, and a noble woman! -

' When we meet such, we bear our stamps on both sides,
' And through the world we hold our current virtues.

' Alone we are single medals, only faces,
' And wear our fortunes out in useless shadows.'

Command you now, and ease me of that trouble;
I'll be as humble to you as a servant.

60 RULE A WIFE AND HAVE A WIFE.

Bid whom you please, invite your noble friends,
They shall be welcome all, now experience
Has bound you fast unto the chain of goodness.

{Clashing swords, a cry within, Down with their swords !
What noise is this, what dismal cry ?

Mar. 'Tis loud too.

Sure there's some mischief done i' th' street ; look out there.

Leon. Look out, and help.

Enter a servant.

Ser. Oh, Sir, the duke Medina——

Leon. What of the duke Medina ?

Ser. Oh, sweet gentleman, is almost slain !

Mar. Away, away, and help him ;

All the house help.

[Exit servant.]

Leon. How ! slain ? Why, Margaritta,
Wife, sure some new device they have a-foot again,
Some trick upon my credit ; I shall meet it.
I'd rather guide a ship imperial,
Alone, and in a storm, than rule one woman.

Enter Duke, Sanchio, Alonzo, and servant.

Mar. How came ye hurt, Sir ;

Duke. I fell out with my friend, the noble colonel.
My cause was naught, for 'twas about your honour ;
And he that wrongs the innocent ne'er prospers,
' And he has left me thus ;' for charity,
Lend me a bed to ease my tortur'd body,
That ere I perish I may shew my penitence.
I fear I'm slain.

Leon. Help, gentlemen, to carry him.
There shall be nothing in this house, my lord,
But as your own.

Duke. I thank ye, noble Sir.

Leon. To bed with him, and, wife, give your attendance.

[Exeunt Duke, Sanchio, Alon. Marg. and serv.]

Enter Juan.

Leon. Afore me,
'Tis rarely counterfeited.

Ju. True, it is so, Sir ;

' And take you heed this last blow do not spoil ye.'
He is not hurt, only we made a scuffle,
As tho' we purpos'd anger ; that same scratch,
On's hand he took, to colour all, and draw compassion,

That

That he might get into your house more cunningly.
I must not stay ; stand now, and you're a brave fellow.

Leon. I thank ye, noble colonel, and I honour ye.
Never be quiet ! [Exit Juan.]

Enter Margaritta.

Mar. He's most desperate ill, Sir ;
I do not think these ten months will recover him.

Leon. Does he hire my house to play the fool in,
Or does it stand on fairy ground ? We're haunted.
Are all men and their wives troubled with dreams thus ?

Mar. What ail you, Sir ?

Leon. Nay, what ail you, sweet wife,
To put these daily pastimes on my patience ?
What dost thou see in me, that I shou'd suffer this ?

' Have I not done my part like a true husband,
' And paid some desperate debts you never look'd for ?

' *Mar.* You have done handsomely, I must confess, Sir.

' *Leon.* Have I not kept thee waking like a hawk,
' And watch'd thee with delights, to satisfy thee,
' The very tithes of which had won a widow ?'

Mar. Alas, I pity ye.

Leon. Thou'lt make me angry ;
Thou never saw'st me mad yet.

Mar. You are always ;
You carry a kind of Bedlam still about ye.

Leon. If thou pursu'st me farther, I run stark mad.
If you have more hurt dukes, or gentlemen,
To lie here on your cure, I shall be desperate.
I know the trick, and you shall feel I know it.
Are ye so hot, that no hedge can contain ye ?
I'll have thee let blood in all the veins about thee ;
I'll have thy thoughts found too, and have them open'd,
Thy spirits purg'd, for those are they that fire ye.
The maid shall be thy mistress, thou the maid,
And all her servile labours thou shalt reach at,
And go through chearfully, or else sleep empty.
That maid shall lie by me, to teach you duty ;
You in a pallet by, to humble ye,
And grieve for what you lose, *thou foolish, wicked woman.*

Mar. I've lost myself, Sir,
And all that was my base self, disobedience ; [Kneels.]
My wantonness, my stubbornness I've lost too.

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And now, by that pure faith good wives are crown'd with,
By your own nobleness——

Leon. *Beware, beware—— have you no fetch now?*

Mar. *No, by my repentance, no.*

Leon. *And art thou truly, truly honest?*

Mar. *These tears will shew it.*

Leon. I take you up, and wear you next my heart :
See you be worth it.——

Enter Altea.

Now, what with you?

Alt. I come to tell my lady,
There is a fulsome fellow would fain speak with her.

Leon. 'Tis Cacafofo; keep him from the duke,
The duke from him; anon he'll yield us laughter.

Alt. *Where is it, please you, that we shall detain him?*
He seems at war with reason, full of wine.

Leon. *To the cellar with him; 'tis the drunkard's den,*
Fit cover for such beasts. Should he be resty,
Say I'm at home; unwieldy as he is,
He'll creep into an augre-hole to shun me.

Alt. *I'll dispose him there.*

[Exit.

Leon. Now, Margaritta, comes your trial on :
The duke expects you; acquit yourself to him ;
I put you to the test ; you have my trust,
My confidence, my love.

Mar. I will deserve 'em.

[Exit.

Leon. *My work is done, and now my heart's at ease.*
I read in ev'ry look, she means me fairly ;
And nobly shall my love reward her for't.
He who betrays his rights, the husband's rights,
To pride and wantonness; or who denies
Affection to the heart he has subdu'd,
Forfeits his claim to manhood and humanity.

[Exit.

*** SCENE, a chamber.**

Duke discovered in a night-gown.

Duke. Why, now this is most excellent invention.
I shall succeed, spite of this huffing husband.

* This scene is entirely, and very judiciously, altered for representation; and is given to the reader in preference to the original, which it was thought necessary to omit, in order to prevent confusion.

I can

I can but smile to think most wary spouses
The soonest are deceiv'd.

Enter Margaritta.

Who's there ? My love ?

Mar. 'Tis I, my lord.

Duke. Are you alone, sweet friend ? [are.

Mar. Alone, and come to enquire how your wounds

Duke. I have none, lady ; not a hurt about me ;
My damages I did but counterfeit,
And feign'd the quarrel to enjoy you, lady.
I am as lusty, and as full of health,
As high in blood——

Mar. As low in blood, you mean :
Dishonest thoughts debase the greatest birth ;
The man that acts unworthily, tho' ennobled,
Sullies his honour.

Duke. Nay, nay, my Margaritta ;
Come to my couch, and there let's lisp love's language.

Mar. Would you take that which I've no right to give ?
Steal wedlock's property ; and in his house,
Beneath the roof of him that entertains you,
Would you his wife betray ? — Will you become
Th' ungrateful viper, who, restor'd to life,
Venom'd the breast which sav'd him ?

Duke. Leave these dull thoughts to mortifying penance ;
Let us, while love is lusty, prove its power.

Mar. Ill wishes, once, my lord, my mind debas'd ;
You found my weakness, wanted to ensnare it :
Shameful, I own my fault, but 'tis repented.
No more the wanton Margaritta now,
But the chaste wife of Leon. His great merit,
His manly tenderness, his noble nature,
Commands from me affection in return,
Pure as esteem can offer. He has won me ;
I owe him all my heart.

Duke. Indeed, fair lady,
This jesting well becomes a sprightly beauty.
Love prompts to celebrate sublimer rights.
No more memento's ; let me press you to me,
And stifle with my kisses——

Mar. Nay, then, within, there !

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Enter Leon, Juan, Alonzo, and Sanchio.

Leon. *Did you call, my wife ; or you, my lord ?
Was it your grace that wanted me ?—No answer !
How do you, my good lord ? What, out of bed !
Methinks you look but poorly on this matter.
Has my wife wounded you ? You were well before.*

Duke. *More hurt than ever ; spare your reproach ;
I feel too much already.*

Leon. *I see it, Sir—And now your grace shall know,
I can as readily pardon as revenge.
Be comforted ; all is forgotten.*

Duke. *I thank you, Sir.*

Leon. *Wife, you are a right one ;
And now, with unknown nations I dare trust ye.* [per.

Ju. *No more feign'd fights, my lord, they never prof-*

Enter Lorenzo.

Lor. *Please you, Sir,
We cannot keep this gross fat man in order ;
He swears he'll have admittance to my lady,
And reels about, and clamours most outrageously.*

Leon. *Let him come up—Wife, here's another suitor
We forgot ; b'as been fighting in the cellar,
Making my casks his mistresses.*

Will your grace permit us to produce a rival ?

Duke. *No more on that theme, I request, Don Leon.*

Leon. *Here comes the porpus ; he's devilish drunk.
Let me stand by.*

Enter Cacafogo drunk.

Cac. *Where is my bona roba ? Oh, you're all here. Why,
I don't fear snap-dragons—Impotential, powerfully potion'd
—I can drink with Hector, and beat him too. Then what
care I for captains ; I'm full of Greek wine ; the true, an-
cient courage.—Sweet Mrs. Margaritta, let me kiss thee—
Your kisses shall pay me for his kicking.*

Leon. *What would you ?*

Cac. *Sir !*

Leon. *Lead off the wretch.*

Duke. *Most filthy figure, truly.*

Cac. *Filth ! Oh, you're a prince ; yet I can buy all of
you, your wives and all.*

Ju. *Sleep, and be silent.*

Cac. Speak you to your creditors, good captain half-pay;
I'll not take thy pay in.

Leon. Which of the butts is thy mistress?

Cac. Butt in thy belly.

Leon. There are two in thine, I'm sure, it is grown so monstrous.

Cac. Butt in thy face.

Leon. Go, carry him to sleep; [Exit Cac.
When he is sober, let him out to rail,
Or hang himself; there will be no loss of him.

Enter Perez, and Estifania.

Leon. Who's this; my Mahound cousin?

Per. Good Sir, 'tis very good; wou'd I'd a house too,
For there's no talking in the open air.

You have a pretty seat, you have the luck on't,

A pretty lady too, I have miss'd both;

My carpenter built in a mist, I thank him.

Do me the courtesy to let me see it,

See it once more. But I shall cry for anger.

I'll hire a chandler's shop close under ye,

And for my foolery, sell soap and whip-cord.

Nay, if you do not laugh now, and laugh heartily,

You are a fool, coz.

Leon. I must laugh a little;

And now I've done. Coz, thou shalt live with me,

My merry coz, the world shall not divorce us:

Thou art a valiant man, and thou shalt never want.

Will this content thee?

Per. I'll cry, and then be thankful,

Indeed I will, and I'll be honest to ye;

I'd live a swallow here, I must confess.

Wife, I forgive thee all if thou be honest,

And at thy peril, I believe thee excellent.

Estif. If I prove otherways, let me beg first.

Mar. Hold, this is yours, some recompence for service,

Use it to nobler ends than he that gave it.

Duke. And this is yours, your true commission, Sir.
Now you're a captain.

Leon. You're a noble prince, Sir,
And now a soldier.

Juan. Sir, I shall wait upon you through all fortunes.

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Alon. And I.

Alt. And I must needs attend my mistress.

Leon. Will you go, sister?

Alt. Yes, indeed, good brother :

I have two ties, mine own blood, and my mistress.

Mar. Is she your sister?

Leon. Yes, indeed, good wife,

And my best sister, for she prov'd so, wench,
When she deceiv'd you with a loving husband.

Alt. I wou'd not deal so truly for a stranger.

Mar. Well, I cou'd chide ye, but it must be lovingly,
And like a sister.

I'll bring you on your way, and feast ye nobly,
For now I have an honest heart to love ye,
And then deliver you to the blue Neptune.

Juan. Your colours you must wear, and wear 'em
proudly,
Wear 'em before the bullet, and in blood too.

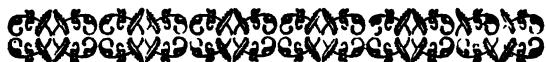
And all the world shall know we're Virtue's servants.

Duke. And all the world shall know, a noble mind
Makes women beautiful, and envy blind.

Leon. All you who mean to lead a happy life,
First learn to rule, and then to have a wife.

END of the FIFTH ACT.



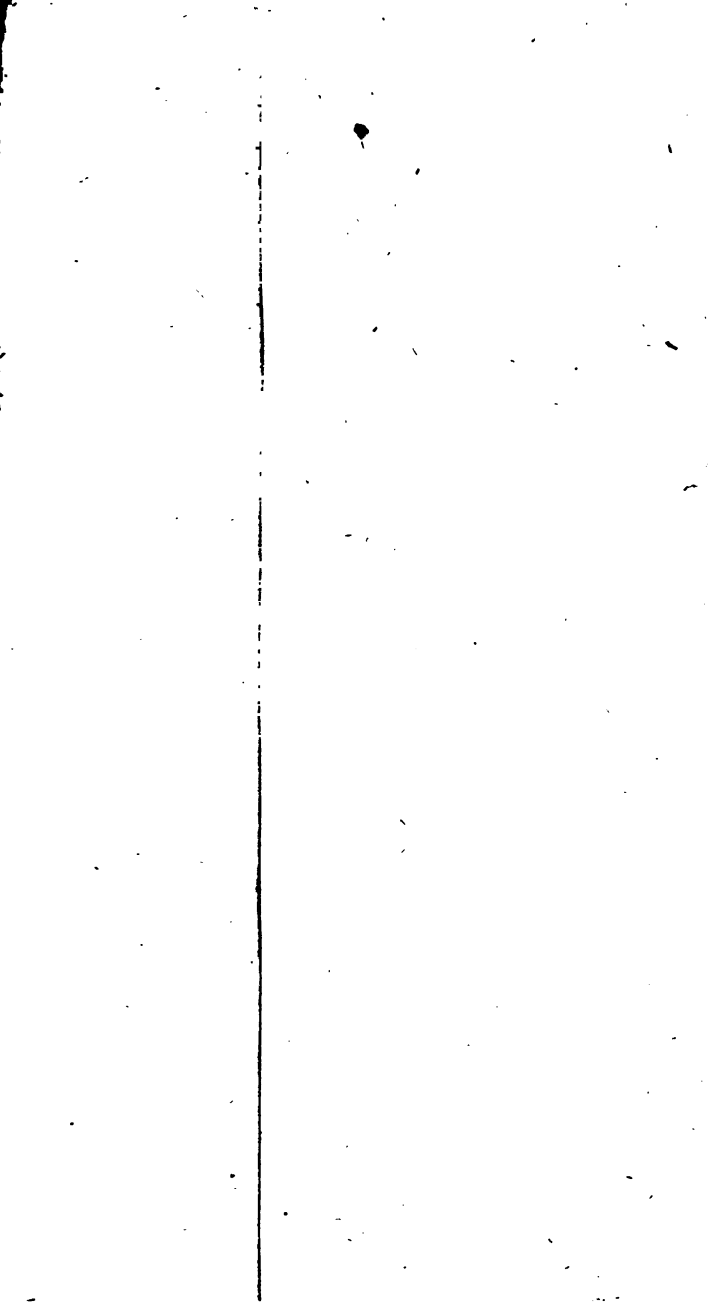


E P I L O G U E.

GOOD night, our worthy friends, and may you part
Each with as merry and as free a heart
As you came hither; to those noble eyes,
That deign to smile on our poor faculties,
And give a blessing to our labouring ends,
As we hope many to such fortune send
Their own desires, wives fair as light, as chaste;
To those that live by spite, wives made in haste.









L. Roberts del.

1776.

Thorncliffe's Soup!

M^r G.

acters of RANGER and CLARINDA.

ant Cousin Ranger, ha! ha!

BELL'S EDITION.

THE
SUSPICIOUS HUSBAND;

A COMEDY,
As written by Dr. HOADLY:

DISTINGUISHING ALSO THE
VARIATIONS OF THE THEATRE,

AS PERFORMED AT THE
Theatre-Royal in Dury-Lane.

Regulated from the Prompt-Book,
By PERMISSION of the MANAGERS,
By Mr. HOPKINS, Prompter.



L O N D O N :
Printed for JOHN BELL, near Exeter-Exchange, in the Strand,
and C. ETHERINGTON, at York.

MDCCCLXXVI.



T O T H E K I N G.

S I R,

YOUR Majesty's goodness, in permitting your royal name to stand before the following piece, is an instance of the greatest condescension of a great mind. And this permission, after having honoured the performance of it with your royal presence, the more sensibly touches me, as it will naturally lead every one to this reflection, that so great an honour would not have been allowed it, had it not appeared free from all offence against the rules of good-manners and decency.

Thus, while your Majesty sits as a watchful arbiter of the greatest affairs that ever perplexed Europe, you can descend to the innocent amusements of life, and take a pleasure in favouring an attempt to add to their number.

We see with joy, in your Majesty, an undeniable proof, that the true greatness and lustre of a prince is founded, not upon the magnificence of pomp, and shew, and power, but upon the whole tenor of a conduct formed for securing and confirming the rights and happiness of his subjects. This being built upon public facts, will always remain plainly legible in the annals of history, when the traces of the most delicate flattery shall be all lost and gone.

When the records of our country shall barely tell the world the glorious appearance in this nation, upon a late trying occasion, and say—That upon a violent attack made upon your crown, all orders and degrees, all sects and parties amongst us, rose up, as one man; not contenting themselves to offer their lives and fortunes in the sounds of formal addresses; but actually pouring out their treasures, and hazarding their persons—That your whole people did not think themselves safe with-

out your safety ; nor their religion, laws, and properties secure, but in the security of your royal person and government——When this shall be told——This alone, this voice of the public, expressed in deeds, will be the highest panegyric, greater and truer praise, than all the words which invention and art can put together——But I forgot myself and my duty.

I ought not, upon the present occasion, to interrupt your cares for the public, any further, than to express my deep sense of your royal favour and condescension ; and to send up my warmest vows, that your Majesty may long enjoy the fruits of a conduct in government, which is the security to your subjects of all that is valuable upon earth ; that you may live through a course of many years, the delight of your happy people ; the example to all the princes around you, of political truth and justice, superior to all the little arts of fraud and perfidy ; and that the succession to the crown of these realms, in your royal line, may never fail to establish, and continue the blessings we enjoy, to our latest posterity. I am,

May it please your Majesty,

Your Majesty's most devoted and

Obedient subject and servant,

BENJAMIN HOADLY.

P R O L O G U E.

Written by Mr. GARRICK.

WHILE other culprits brave it to the last
 Nor beg for mercy till the judgment's past;
 Poets alone, as conscious of their crimes,
 Open their trials with imploring rhymes.
 Thus cram'd with flattery and low submission,
 Each tripe dull prologue is the bard's petition.
 A stale device to calm the critic's fury,
 And bribe at once the judges and the jury.
 But what avail such poor repeated arts?
 The whimp'ring scribbler ne'er can touch your hearts;
 Nor ought an ill-tim'd pity to take place—
 Fast as they rise destroy th' increasing race:
 The vermin else will run the nation o'er—
 By saving one, you breed a million more.
 Tho' disappointed authors rail and rage,
 As fancy'd parties, and a senseless age,
 Yet still has justice triumph'd on the stage.
 Thus speaks, and thinks the author of to-day,
 And saying this, has little more to say.
 He asks no friend his partial zeal to shew,
 Nor fears the groundless censures of a foe:
 He knows no friendship can protect the fool,
 Nor will an audience be a party's tool.
 'Tis inconsistent with a free-born spirit,
 To side with folly, or to injure merit.
 By your decision he must fall or stand,
 Nor, tho' he feels the lash, will blame the hand.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

	Drury-Lane.	Covent-Garden.
<i>Mr. Strickland,</i>	<i>Mr. Jefferson.</i>	<i>Mr. Clarke.</i>
<i>Frankly,</i>	<i>Mr. Palmer.</i>	<i>Mr. Lewis.</i>
<i>Bellamy,</i>	<i>Mr. Packer.</i>	<i>Mr. Wroughton.</i>
<i>Ranger,</i>	<i>Mr. Garrick.</i>	<i>Mr. Woodward.</i>
<i>Jack Meggot,</i>	<i>Mr. Dodd.</i>	<i>Mr. Lee Lewes.</i>
<i>Buckle,</i>	<i>Mr. Wright.</i>	<i>Mr. Cushing.</i>
<i>Teſter,</i>	<i>Mr. Burton.</i>	<i>Mr. Quick.</i>
<i>Servant to Ranger,</i>	<i>Mr. Everard.</i>	<i>Mr. Thompson.</i>
<i>Simon,</i>	<i>Mr. Wrihten.</i>	<i>Mr. Wewitzer.</i>
	Chairmen, Footmen, &c.	

W O M E N.

<i>Mrs. Strickland,</i>	<i>Mrs. Seddons.</i>	<i>Mrs. Mattocks.</i>
<i>Clarinda,</i>	<i>Mrs. Abington.</i>	<i>Mrs. Bulkley.</i>
<i>Jacintha,</i>	<i>Miss Younge.</i>	<i>Mrs. Leſſingham.</i>
<i>Lucetta,</i>	<i>Mrs. Davies.</i>	<i>Mrs. Green.</i>
<i>Landlady,</i>	<i>Mrs. Bradshaw.</i>	<i>Mrs. Pouſſin.</i>
<i>Milliner,</i>	<i>Miss Jarratt.</i>	<i>Mrs. Invill.</i>
<i>Maid,</i>	<i>Mrs. W. Palmer.</i>	<i>Miss Stewart.</i>

SCENE, *London.*

THE SUSPICIOUS HUSBAND.

ACT I.

SCENE, Ranger's chambers in the Temple.

A knocking is heard at the door for some time ; when Ranger enters, having let himself in.

ONCE more I am got safe to the Temple. Let me reflect a little. I have sat up all night. I have my head full of bad wine ; and the noise of oaths, dice, and the damn'd tingling of tavern bells ; my spirits jaded, and my eyes sunk in my head : and all this for the conversation of a company of fellows I despise. Their wit lies only in obscenity, their mirth in noise, and their delight in a box and dice. Honest Ranger, take my word for it, thou art a mighty filly fellow.

Enter Servant with a wig dressed.

Where have you been, rascal ? If I had not had the key in my pocket, I must have waited at the door in this dainty dress.

Serv. I was only below combing out your honour's wig.

Ran. Well, give me my cap.---[*Pulling off his wig.* Why, how like a raking dog do you look, compar'd to that spruce, sober gentleman ! Go, you batter'd devil, and be made fit to be seen.

[Throwing his wig to the servant.

Ser. Cod, my master's very merry this morning. [*Exit.*

Ran. And now for the law. [*Sits down and reads.*

“ Tell me no more, I am deceiv'd,
That Cloc's false and common ;
By heav'n I all along believ'd,
She was a very woman.

8 THE SUSPICIOUS HUSBAND.

As such I lik'd, as such carefs'd ;
 She still was constant when possess'd :
 She could do more for no man."

Honest Congreve was a man after my own heart.

Servants pass over the stage.

Have you been for the money this morning, as I order'd you ?

Ser. No, Sir. You bade me go before you was up ; I did not know your honour meant before you went to bed.

Ran. None of your jokes, I pray ; but to business. Go to the coffee-house, and enquire if there has been any letter or message left for me.

Ser. I shall, Sir.

[*Exit.*]

Ran. [*Repeats.*]

" You think she's false, I'm sure she's kind,
 I take her body, you her mind,
 Which has the better bargain ?"

Oh, that I had such a soft, deceitful fair, to lull my senses to their desired sleep. [*Knocking at the door.*] Come in.

Enter Simon.

Oh, Master Simon, is it you ? How long have you been in town ?

Sim. Just come, Sir, and but for a little time neither ; and yet I have as many messages as if we were to stay the whole year round. Here they are, all of them. [*Pulls out a number of cards.*] and among them one for your honour.

Ran. [*Reads.*] " Clatinda's compliments to her cousin Ranger, and should be glad to see him for ever so little a time that he can be spar'd from the more weighty business of the law." Ha, ha, ha, the same merry girl I ever knew her.

Sim. My lady is never sad, Sir. [*Knocking at the door.*]

Ran. Pr'ythee, Simon, open the door.

Enter Milliner.

Well, child——and who are you ?

Mill. Sir, my mistress gives her service to you, and has sent you home the linen you bespoke.

Ran. Well, Simon, my service to your lady, and let her

THE SUSPICIOUS HUSBAND. 9

her know. I will most certainly wait upon her. I am a little busy, Simon——and so——

Sim. Ah, you're a wag, Master Ranger, you're a wag——but mum for that.

Ran. I swear, my dear, you have the prettiest pair of eyes——the loveliest pouting lips——I never saw you before.

Mil. No, Sir ! I was always in the shop.

Ran. Were you so. Well, and what does your mistress say ?——The devil fetch me, child, you look'd so prettily, that I could not mind one word you said.

Mil. Lard, Sir, you are such another gentleman ! Why, she says, she is sorry she could not send them sooner. Shall I lay them down ?

Ran. No, child. Give 'em to me——Dear little smiling angel——

[Catches and kisses her.]

Mil. I beg, Sir, you would be civil.

Ran. Civil ! Egad, I think I am very civil.

[Kisses her again.]

Enter Servant, and Bellamy.

Ser. Sir, Mr. Bellamy.

Ran. Damn your impertinence——Oh, Mr. Bellamy, your servant.

Mil. What shall I say to my mistress ?

Ran. Bid her make half a dozen more ; but be sure you bring them home yourself. *[Exit Milliner.]* Pshaw ! Pox ! Mr. Bellamy, how should you like to be serv'd so yourself ?

Bel. How can you, Ranger, for a minute's pleasure, give an innocent girl the pain of heart I am confident she felt ?——There was a modest blush upon her cheek convinces me she is honest.

Ran. May be so. I was resolved to try, however, *had not you interrupted the experiment.*

Bel. Fie, Ranger ! Will you never think ?

Ran. Yes, but I can't be always a thinking. The law is a damnable dry study, Mr. Bellamy, and without something now and then to amuse and relax, it would be too much for my brain, I promise ye——But I am a mighty sober fellow grown. Here have I been at it these three hours, but the wenches will never let me alone.

Bel.

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Bel. Three hours ! Why do you usually study in such shoes and stockings ?

Ran. Rat your inquisitive eyes. *Ex pede Herculem.* Egad, you have me. The truth is, I am but this moment return'd from the tavern. What, Frankly, here too !

Enter Frankly.

Fran. My boy Ranger, I am heartily glad to see you ; Bellamy, let me embrace you ; you are the person I want. I have been at your lodgings, and was directed hither.

Ran. It is to him then I am oblig'd for this visit : but with all my heart. He is the only man, to whom I don't care how much I am oblig'd.

Bel. Your humble servant, Sir.

Fran. You know, Ranger, I want no inducement to be with you. But—you look sadly—What—no merciless jade has—has she ?

Ran. No, no. Sound as a roach, my lad. I only got a little too much liquor last night, which I have not slept off yet.

Bel. Thus, Frankly, it is every day. All the morning his head aches ; at noon he begins to clear up ; towards evening he is good company ; and all night he is carefully providing for the same course the next day.

Ran. Why, I must own, my ghostly father, I did relapse a little last night, just to furnish out a decent confession for the day.

Fran. And he is now doing penance for it. Were you his confessor, indeed, you could not well desire more.

Ran. Charles, he sets up for a confessor with the worst grace in the world. Here has he been reproving me for being but decently civil to my milliner. Plague ! because the coldness of his constitution makes him insensible of a fine woman's charms, every body else must be so too.

Bel. I am no less sensible of their charms than you are, though I cannot kiss every woman I meet, or fall in love, as you call it, with every face which has the bloom of youth upon it. I would only have you a little more frugal of your pleasures.

Fran. My dear friend, this is very pretty talking !
But

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But let me tell you, it is in the power of the very first glance from a fine woman utterly to disconcert all your philosophy.

Bel. It must be from a fine woman then, and not such as are generally reputed so. And it must be a thorough acquaintance with her too, that will ever make an impression on my heart.

Ran. Would I could see it once! For when a man has been all his life hoarding up a stock, without allowing himself common necessities; it tickles me to the soul to see him lay it all out upon a wrong bottom, and become bankrupt at last.

Bel. Well, I don't care how soon you see it. For the minute I find a woman capable of friendship, love, and tenderness, with good sense enough to be always easy, and good-nature enough to like me; I will immediately put it to the trial, which of us shall have the greatest share of happiness from the sex, you or I.

Ran. By marrying her, I suppose! Capable of friendship, love, and tenderness! Ha, ha, ha, that a man of your sense should talk so. If she be capable of love, 'tis all I require of my mistress; and as every woman, who is young, is capable of love, I am very reasonably in love with every young woman I meet. My Lord Coke, in a case I read this morning, speaks my sense.

Both. My Lord Coke!

Ran. Yes, my Lord Coke. What he says of one woman, I say of the whole sex; "I take their bodies you their minds; which has the better bargain?"

Fran. There is no arguing with so great a lawyer. Suppose therefore we adjourn the debate to some other time. I have some serious business with Mr. Bellamy, and you want sleep, I am sure.

Ran. Sleep! mere loss of time, and hindrance of business—We men of spirit, Sir, are above it.

Bel. Whither shall we go?

Fran. Into the Park. My chariot is at the door.

Bel. Then if my servant calls, you'll send him after us.

[*Exeunt.*]

Ran. I will [*Looking on the card.*] "Clarinda's comments"—A pox of this head of mine; never once to ask where she was to be found. It's plain she is not one of us,

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us, or I should not have been so remiss in my enquiries. No matter ; I shall meet her in my walks.

Servant enters.

Ser. There is no letter nor message, Sir.

Ran. Then my things, to dress.

[*Exeunt.*

"I take her body, you her mind ; which has the better bargain?"

SCENE, a chamber.

Enter Mrs. Strickland, and Jacintha, meeting.

Mrs. Strick. Good-morrow, my dear Jacintha.

Jac. Good-morrow to you, Madam. I have brought my work, and intend to sit with you this morning. I hope you have got the better of your fatigue. Where is Clarinda, I should be glad if she wou'd come and work with us.

Mrs. Strick. She work ! she is too fine a lady to do any thing. She is not stirring yet—we must let her have her rest. People of her waste of spirits require more time to recruit again.

Jac. It is pity she should be ever tired with what is so agreeable to every body else. I am prodigiously pleas'd with her company.

Mrs. Strick. And when you are better acquainted, you will be still more pleas'd with her. You must rally her upon her partner at Bath ; for, I fancy, part of her rest has been disturbed on his account.

Jac. Was he really a pretty fellow ?

Mrs. Strick. That I can't tell. I did not dance myself, and so did not much mind him. You must have the whole story from herself.

Jac. Oh, I warrant ye, I get it all out. None are so proper to make discoveries in love, as those who are in the secret themselves.

Enter Lucetta.

Luc. Madam, Mr. Strickland is inquiring for you. Here has been Mr. Buckle with a letter from his master, which has made him very angry.

Jac. Mr. Bellamy said, indeed, he would try him once more, but I fear it will prove in vain. Tell your master I am here. [*Exit Lucetta.*] What signifies fortune, when it only makes us slaves to other people ?

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Mrs. Strict. Do not be uneasy, my Jacintha. You shall always find a friend in me: but as for Mr. Strictland, I know not what ill temper hangs about him lately. Nothing satisfies him. You saw how he received us when we came off our journey. Though Clarinda was so good company, he was barely civil to her, and downright rude to me.

Jac. I cannot help saying, I did observe it.

Mrs. Strict. I saw you did. Hush! he's here.

Enter Mr. Strictland.

Mr. Strict. Oh, your servant, Madam! Here, I have received a letter from Mr. Bellamy, wherein he desires I would once more hear what he has to say. You know my sentiment; nay, so does he.

Jac. For heaven's sake consider, Sir, this is no new affair, no sudden start of passion. We have known each other long. My father valued and lov'd him, and I am sure, were he alive, I should have his consent.

Mr. Strict. Don't tell me. Your father would not have you marry against his will; neither will I against mine: I am your father now.

Jac. And you take a fatherly care of me.

Mr. Strict. I wish I had never had any thing to do with you.

Jac. You may easily get rid of the trouble.

Mr. Strict. By listening, I suppose, to the young gentleman's proposals.

Jac. Which are very reasonable, in my opinion.

Mr. Strict. Oh, very modest ones truly; and a very modest gentleman he is that proposes them! A fool, to expect a lady of thirty thousand pounds fortune, should, by the care and prudence of her guardian, be thrown away upon a young fellow not worth three hundred a year. He thinks being in love is an excuse for this; but I am not in love: what does he think will excuse me?

Mrs. Strict. Well, but Mr. Strictland, I think the gentleman should be heard.

Mr. Strict. Well, well, seven o'clock's the time, and if the man has had the good fortune, since I saw him last, to persuade somebody or other to give him a better estate, I give him my consent, not else. His servant waits below. You may tell him, I shall be at home. [*Exit Jac.*] But

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where is your friend, your other half, all this while ? I thought you could not have breath'd a minute without your Clarinda.

Mrs. Strick. Why, the truth is, I was going to see what makes her keep her chamber so long.

Mr. Strick. Look ye, Mrs. Strickland, you have been asking me for money this morning. In plain terms, not one shilling shall pass through these fingers, till you have clear'd my house of this Clarinda.

Strick. How can her innocent gaiety have offended you ? She is a woman of honour, and has as many good qualities—

Mr. Strick. As women of honour generally have. I know it, and therefore am uneasy.

Mrs. Strick. But, Sir —

Mr. Strick. But, Madam——Clarinda, nor e'er a rake of fashion in England, shall live in my family to debauch it.

Mrs. Strick. Sir, she treated me with so much civility in the country, that I thought I could not do less than invite her to spend as much time with me in town as her engagements would permit. I little imagin'd you could have been displeased at my having so agreeable a companion.

Mr. Strick. There was a time when I was company enough for leisure hours.

Mrs. Strick. There was a time when every word of mine was sure of meeting with a smile : but those happy days, I know not why, have long been over.

Mr. Strick. I cannot bear a rival even of your own sex. I hate the very name of female friends. No two of you can ever be an hour by yourselves, but one or both are the worse for it.

Mrs. Strick. Dear Mr. Strickland——

Mr. Strick. This I know, and will not suffer.

Mrs. Strick. It grieves me, Sir, to see you so much in earnest : but to convince you how willing I am to make you easy in every thing, it shall be my request to her to remove immediately.

Mr. Strick. Do it——hark ye——your request !——
Why yours ? 'Tis mine—my command——Tell her so.
I will

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I will be master of my own family, and I care not who knows it.

Mrs. Strick. You fright me, Sir——But it shall be as you please. [*In tears.*] [*Goes out.*]

Mr. Strick. Ha! have I gone too far? I am not master of myself. *Mrs. Strickland.* [*She returns.*] Understand me right. I do not mean, by what I have said, that I suspect your innocence, but by crushing this growing friendship all at once, I may prevent a train of mischief which you do not foresee. I was, perhaps, too harsh, therefore do it in your own way: but let me see the house fairly rid of her. [*Exit Mr. Strick.*]

Mrs. Strick. His earnestness in this affair amazes me; I am sorry I made this visit to Clarinda; and yet I'll answer for her honour. What can I say to her? Necessity must plead in my excuse—for at all events *Mr. Strickland* must be obeyed. [*Exit.*]

SCENE, St. James's Park.

Enter Bellamy and Frankly.

Fran. Now, Bellamy, I may unfold the secret of my heart to you with greater freedom? for though *Ranger* has honour, I am not in a humour to be laugh'd at. I must have one that will bear with my impertinence, soothe me into hope, and like a friend indeed, with tenderness advise me.

Bel. I thought you appeared more grave than usual.

Fran. Oh, Bellamy! my soul is full of joy, of pain, hope, despair, and extasy, that no word but love is capable of expressing what I feel.

Bel. Is love the secret *Ranger* is not fit to hear? In my mind, he would prove the more able counsellor. And is all the gay indifference of my friend at last reduced to love?

Fran. Even so——Never was prude more resolute in chastity and ill-nature, than I was fix'd in indifference: but love has rais'd me from that inactive state above the being of a man.

Bel. Faith, Charles, I begin to think it has: but pray bring this rapture into order a little, and tell me regularly, how, where, and when.

Fran. If I was not most unreasonably in love, those horrid

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horrid questions would stop my mouth at once ; but as I am arm'd against reason—I answer—at Bath, on Tuesday, she danced and caught me.

Bel. Danced !——and was that all ? But who is she ? What is her name ? her fortune ? Where does she live ?

Fran. Hold ! hold ! not so many hard questions. Have a little mercy. I know but little of her, that's certain ; but all I do know, you shall have. That evening was the first of her appearing at Bath ; the moment I saw her, I resolv'd to ask the favour of her hand ; but the easy freedom with which she gave it, and her unaffected good humour during the whole night, gain'd such a power over my heart, as none of her sex could ever boast before. I waited on her home, and the next morning, when I went to pay the usual compliments, the bird was flown ; she had set out for London two hours before, and in a chariot and fix, you rogue !

Bel. But was it her own, Charles ?

Fran. That I don't know ; but it looks better than being drag'd to town in the stage, That day and the next I spent in inquiries. I waited on the ladies who came with her ; they knew nothing of her. So without learning either her name or fortune, I e'en call'd for my boots, and rode post after her.

Bel. And how do you find yourself after your journey ?

Fran. Why, as yet, I own, I am but upon a cold scent : but a woman of her sprightliness and gentility cannot but frequent all public places ; and when once she is found, the pleasure of the chase will overpay the pains of rousing her. Oh, Bellamy ! there was something peculiarly charming in her, that seem'd to claim my further acquaintance ; and if in the other more familiar parts of life she shines with that superior lustre, and at last I win her to my arms, how shall I bless my resolution in pursuing her.

Bel. But if at last she should prove unworthy——

Fran. I would endeavour to forget her.

Bel. Promise me that, Charles, [*Takes his hand.*] and I allow——But we are interrupted.

Enter Jack Meggot.

J. M. Whom have we here ? My old friend Frankly !
Thou

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Thou art grown a mere antique since I saw thee. How hast thou done these five hundred years?

Fran. Even as you see me ; well, and at your service ever.

J. M. Ha ! who's that ?

Fran. A friend of mine. Mr. Bellamy, this is Jack Meggot, Sir, as honest a fellow as any in life.

J. M. Pho ! pr'ythee ! pox ! Charles——Don't be filly——Sir, I am your humble. Any one, who is a friend of my Frankly's, I am proud of embracing.

Bel. Sir, I shall endeavour to deserve your civility.

J. M. Oh, Sir !—Well, Charles ; what dumb ? Come, come ; you may talk, though you have nothing to say, as I do. Let us hear, where have you been ?

Fran. Why, for this last week, Jack, I have been at Bath.

J. M. Bath ! the most ridiculous place in life ! amongst tradesmen's wives that hate their husbands, and people of quality that had rather go to the devil than stay at home. People of no taste ; no *goust* ; and for *divertimenti*, if it were not for the puppet-show, *la vertu* would be dead amongst them. But the news, Charles ; the ladies—I fear, your time hung heavy on your hands, by the small stay you made there.

Fran. Faith, and so it did, Jack ; the ladies are grown such ideots in love. The cards have so debauched their five senses, that love, almighty love himself, is utterly neglected.

J. M. It is the strangest thing in life, but it is just so with us abroad. Faith, Charles, to tell you a secret which I don't care if all the world knows, I am almost surfeited with the services of the ladies ; the modest ones I mean. The vast variety of duties they expect, as dressing up to the fashion, losing fashionably, keeping fashionable hours, drinking fashionable liquors, and fifty other such irregular niceties, so ruin a man's pocket and constitution, that foregad, he must have the estate of a duke, and the strength of a gondolier, who would lift himself into their service.

Fran. A free confession truly, Jack, for one of your coat.

Bel. The ladies are oblig'd to you.

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Enter Buckle, with a letter to Bellamy.

J. M. Oh, Lard, Charles ! I have had the greatest misfortune in life, since I saw you. Poor Otho, that I brought from Rome with me, is dead.

Fran. Well, well, get you another, and all will be well again.

J. M. No ; the rogue broke me so much china, and gnaw'd my Spanish leather shoes so filthily, that when he was dead, I began not to endure him.

Bel. Exactly at seven ! Run back and assure him I will not fail. [*Exit Buckle.*] Dead ! Pray, who was the gentleman ?

J. M. This gentleman was my monkey, Sir ; an odd sort of a fellow that used to divert me, and pleased everybody so at Rome, that he always made one in our *conversationi*. But, Mr. Bellamy, I saw a servant, I hope no engagement, for you two positively shall dine with me. I have the finest *macaroni* in life. Oblige me so far.

Bel. Sir, your servant ; what say you, Frankly ?

J. M. Pho ! pox ! Charles, you shall go. My aunts think you begin to neglect them ; and old maids, you know, are the most jealous creatures in life.

Fran. Ranger swears they can't be maids, they are so good-natured. Well, I agree, on condition I may eat what I please, and go away just when I will.

J. M. Ay, ay, you shall do just what you will. But how shall we do ? My post chaise won't carry us all.

Fran. My chariot is here ; and I will conduct Mr. Bellamy.

Bel. Mr. Meggot, I beg pardon ; I can't possibly dine out of town ; I have an engagement early in the evening.

J. M. Out of town ! No, my dear, I live just by. I see one of the dilettanti I would not miss speaking to for the universe. And so I expect you at three. [*Exit.*]

Fran. Ha, ha, ha, and so you thought you had at least fifty miles to go post for a spoonful of macaroni.

Bel. I suppose then, he is just come out of the country.

Fran. Nor that neither. I would venture a wager, from his own house hither, or to an auction or two of old dirty pictures, is the utmost of his travels to-day ; or he

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‘ he may have been in pursuit, perhaps, of a new cargo
‘ of Venetian tooth-picks.’

Bel. A special acquaintance I have made to-day.

Fran. For all this, Bellamy, he has a heart worthy your friendship. He spends his estate freely, and you cannot oblige him more, than by shewing him how he can be of service to you.

Bel. Now you say something. It is the heart, Frankly, I value in a man.

Fran. Right—and there is a heart even in a woman’s breast that is worth the purchase, or my judgment has deceived me. Dear Bellamy, I know your concern for me; see her first, and then blame me, if you can.

Bel. So far from blaming you, Charles, that if my endeavours can be serviceable, I will beat the bushes with you.

Fran. That I am afraid will not do. For you know less of her than I: but if in your walks you meet a finer woman than ordinary, let her not escape till I have seen her. Wherefoe’er she is, she cannot long lie hid.

[*Exeunt.*]

END of the FIRST ACT.

A C T II.

SCENE, St. James’s Park.

Enter Clarinda, Jacintha, and Mrs. Strickland.

JACINTHA.

AY, ay; we both stand condemned out of our own mouths.

Cla. Why, I cannot but own, I never had thought of any man that troubled me, but of him.

Mrs. Strick. Then I dare swear, by this time, you heartily repent your leaving Bath so soon.

Cla. Indeed you are mistaken. I have not had one scruple since.

Jac. Why, what one inducement can he have ever to think of you again?

Cla. Oh, the greatest of all inducements, curiosity. Let me assure you, a woman’s surest hold over a man

is

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is to keep him in incertainty. As soon as ever you put him out of doubt, you put him out of your power : but when once a woman has awak'd his curiosity, she may lead him a dance of many a troublesome mile, without the least fear of losing him at last.

Jac. Now do I heartily wish he may have spirit enough to follow, and use you as you deserve. Such a spirit, with but a little knowledge of our sex, might put that heart of yours into a strange flutter.

Cla. I care not how soon. I long to meet with such a fellow. Our modern beaux are such joint babies in love, they have no feeling ; they are intirely insensible either of pain or pleasure, but from their own dear persons ; and according as we flatter, or affront their beauty, they admire or forsake ours. They are not worthy even of our displeasure ; and, in short, abusing them is but so much ill-nature merely thrown away. But the man of sense, who values himself upon his high abilities ; or the man of wit, who thinks a woman beneath his conversation—to see such the subjects of our power, the slaves of our frowns and smiles, is glorious, indeed !

Mrs. Str. No man of sense, or wit either, if he be truly so, ever did, or ever can think a woman of merit beneath his wisdom to converse with.

Jac. Nor will such a woman value herself upon making such a lover uneasy.

Cla. Amazing ! Why, every woman can give ease. You cannot be in earnest.

Mrs. Str. I can assure you she is, and has put in practice the doctrine she has been teaching.

Cla. Impossible ! Who ever heard the name of love mention'd without an idea of torment ? But pray let us hear.

Jac. Nay, there is nothing to hear that I know of.

Cla. So I suspected, indeed. The novel is not likely to be long, when the lady is so well prepared for the *dénouement*.

Jac. The novel, as you call it, is not so short as you may imagine. I and my spark have been long acquainted. As he was continually with my father, I soon perceived he lov'd me ; and the manner of his expressing that love was what pleas'd and won me most.

Cla.

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Cla. Well ; and how was it ? The old bait, flattery ; dear flattery, I warrant ye.

Jac. No, indeed ; I had not the pleasure of hearing my person, wit, and beauty painted out with forced praises ; but I had a more sensible delight, in perceiving the drift of his whole behaviour was to make every hour of my time pass away agreeably.

Cla. The rustic ! What, did he never say a handsome thing of your person ?

Mrs. Str. He did, it seems, what pleas'd her better. He flatter'd her good sense, as much as a less cunning lover would have done her beauty.

Cla. On my conscience you are well match'd.

Jac. So well, that if my guardian denies me happiness, (and this evening he is to pass his final sentence) nothing is left but to break my prison, and fly into my lover's arms for safety.

Cla. Hey day ! O' my conscience thou art a brave girl. Thou art the very first prude that ever had honesty enough to avow her passion for a man.

Jac. And thou art the first finish'd coquet who ever had any honesty at all.

Mrs. Str. Come, come ; you are both too good for either of those characters.

Cla. And, my dear Mrs. Strickland, here, is the first young married woman of spirit, who has an ill-natur'd fellow for a husband, and never once thinks of using him as he deserves——Good Heaven ! If I had such a husband——

Mrs. Str. You wou'd be just as unhappy as I am.

Cla. But come now, confess——Do not you long to be a widow ?

Mrs. Str. Would I were any thing but what I am !

Cla. Then go the nearest way about it. I'd break that stout heart of his in less than a fortnight. I'd make him know——

Mrs. Str. Pray be silent. You know my resolution.

Cla. I know you have no resolution.

Mrs. Str. You are a mad creature, but I forgive you.

Cla. It is all meant kindly, I assure you. But since you won't be persuaded to your good ; I will think of making you easy in your submission, as soon as ever I can.

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can. I dare say, I may have the same lodging I had last year. I can know immediately—I see my chair: and so, ladies both, adieu. *[Exit.]*

Jac. Come, Mrs. Strickland, we shall but just have time to get home before Mr. Bellamy comes.

Mrs. Str. Let us return then to our common prison. You must forgive my ill nature, Jacintha, if I almost with Mr. Strickland may refuse to join your band where your heart is given.

Jac. Lord, Madam, what do you mean?

Mrs. Str. Self-interest only, child. Methinks your company in the country would soften all my sorrows, and I could bear them patiently.

Re-enter Clarinda.

Cla. Dear Mrs. Strickland—I am so confus'd, and so out of breath——

Mrs. Str. Why, what is the matter?

Jac. I protest you fright me.

Cla. Oh! I have no time to recover myself, I am so frighten'd, and so pleas'd. In short then, the dear man is here.

Mrs. Str. Here——Lord——Where?

Cla. I met him this instant; I saw him at a distance, turn'd short, and ran hither directly. Let us go home. I tell you, he follows me.

Mrs. Str. Why, had you not better stay, and let him speak to you?

Cla. Ay!——But then——He won't know where I live, without my telling him.

Mrs. Str. Come then. Ha! ha! ha!

Jac. Ay, poor Clarinda!——*Allons donc.* *[Exit.]*

Enter Frankly.

Fra. Sure that must be she! Her shape and easy air cannot be so exactly copied by another. Now, you young rogue, Cupid, guide me directly to her, as you would the surest arrow in your quiver. *[Exit.]*

SCENE, changes to the Street before Mr. Strickland's Door.

Re-enter Clarinda, Jacintha, and Mrs. Strickland.

Cla. Lord!——Dear Jacintha——for Heaven's sake make haste. He'll overtake us before we get in.

Jac. Overtake us! Why, he is not in sight.

Cla.

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Cla. Is not he? Ha! Sure I have not dropt my twee—I would not have him lose fight of me neither. [*Aside.*

Mrs. Str. Here he is——

Cla. In——In——In then.

Jac. [*Laughing.*] What, without your twee?

Cla. Pshaw! I have lost nothing——In, in, I'll follow you. [*Exeunt into the House, Clarinda last.*

Enter Frankly.

Fra. It is impossible I shou'd be deceiv'd. My eyes, and the quick pulses at the heart assure me it is she. Ha! 'tis she, by Heav'n! and the doer left open too---A fair invitation, by all the rules of love. [*Exit.*

SCENE changes to an Apartment in Mr. Strickland's House.

Enter Clarinda, Frankly following her.

Fra. I hope, Madam, you will excuse the boldness of this intrusion, since it is owing to your own behaviour that I am forc'd to it.

Cla. To my behaviour, Sir.

Fra. You cannot but remember me at Bath, Madam. where I so lately had the favour of your hand——

Cla. I do remember, Sir; but I little expected any wrong interpretation of my behaviour from one, who had so much the appearance of a gentleman.

Fra. What I saw of your behaviour was so just, it would admit of no misrepresentation. I only fear'd, whatever reason you had to conceal your name from me at Bath, you might have the same to do it now; and though my happiness was so nearly concern'd, I rather chose to venture thus abruptly after you, than be impertinently inquisitive.

Cla. Sir, there seems to be so much civility in your rudeness, that I can easily forgive it; though I don't see how your happiness is at all concern'd.

Fra. No, Madam! I believe you are the only lady, who could, with the qualifications you are mistress of, be insensible of the power they give you over the happiness of our sex.

Cla. How vain should we women be, if you gentlemen were but wise! If you did not all of you say the same things to every woman, we should certainly be foolish enough to believe some of you were in earnest.

Fra.

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Fra. Could you have the least sense of what I feel whilst I am speaking, you would know me to be in earnest, and what I say, to be the dictates of a heart that admires you; may I not say that—

Cla. Sir, this is carrying the—

Fra. When I danced with you at Bath, I was charm'd with your whole behaviour, and felt the same tender admiration: but my hope of seeing you afterwards, kept in my passion till a more proper time should offer. You cannot therefore blame me now, if, after having lost you once, I do not suffer an inexcusable modesty to prevent my making use of this second opportunity.

Cla. This behaviour, Sir, is so different from the gaiety of your conversation then, that I am at a loss how to answer you.

Fra. There is nothing, Madam, which could take off from the gaiety with which your presence inspires every heart, but the fear of losing you. How can I be otherwise than as I am, when I know not, but you may leave London as abruptly as you did Bath?

Enter Lucetta.

Luc. Madam, the tea is ready, and my mistress waits for you.

Cla. Very well, I come—[*Exit Lucetta.*] You see, Sir, I am call'd away: but I hope you will excuse it, when I leave you with an assurance, that the business which brings me to town will keep me here some time.

Fra. How generous it is in you thus to ease the heart, that knew not how to ask for such a favour—I fear to offend—But this house, I suppose, is yours?

Cla. You will hear of me, if not find me here.

Fra. I then take my leave.

Exit.

Cla. I'm undone!—He has me!

Enter Mrs. Strickland.

Mrs. Str. Well; how do you find yourself?

Clo. I do find—that if he goes on, as he has begun; I shall certainly have him without giving him the least uneasiness.

Mrs. Str. A very terrible prospect, indeed!

Cla. But I must teize him a little—Where is Jacintha? How will she laugh at me, if I become a pupil

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pill of her's, and learn to give ease! No; positively I shall never do it.

Mrs. Str. Poor Jacintha has met with what I fear'd, from Mr. Strickland's temper; an utter denial. I know not why, but he really grows more and more ill-natur'd.

Cl. Well; now do I heartily wish my affairs were in his power a little, that I might have a few difficulties to surmount: I love difficulties; and yet, I don't know—it is as well as it is.

Mrs. Str. Ha, ha, ha! Come, the tea waits. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Mr. Strickland.

Mr. Str. These doings in my house distract me. I met a fine gentleman: when I enquired who he was; why, he came to Clarinda. I met a footman too, and he came to Clarinda. I shall not be easy till she is decamp'd. My wife had the character of a virtuous woman—and they have not been long acquainted: but then they were by themselves at Bath——That hurts—that hurts—they must be watch'd, they must; I know them, I know all their wives, and the best of them are but hypocrites——Ha!—[*Lucetta passes over the Stage.*] Suppose I bribe the maid; she is of their council, the manager of their secrets: it shall be so; money will do it, and I shall know all that passes. Lucetta!

Luc. Sir.

Mr. Str. Lucetta!

Re-enter Lucetta.

Luc. Sir. If he should suspect, and search me now, I'm undone. [*Aside.*]

Mr. Str. She is a fly girl, and may be serviceable. [*Aside.*] Lucetta, you are a good girl, and have an honest face. I like it. It looks as if it carried no deceit in it——Yet, if she should be false, she can do me most harm. [*Aside.*]

Luc. Pray, Sir, speak out.

Mr. Str. [*Aside.*] No; she is a woman, and it is the highest imprudence to trust her.

Luc. I am not able to understand you.

Mr. Str. I am glad of it. I would not have you understand me.

Luc. Then what did you call me for?—If he should be in love with my face, it would be rare sport. [*Aside.*]

C

Mr.

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Mr. Str. Tester, ay, Tester is the proper person.
[*Aside.*] Lucetta, tell Tester I want him.

Luc. Yes, Sir. Mighty odd, this! It gives me time, however, to send Buckle with this letter to his master.

[*Aside. Exit.*]

Mr. Str. Could I but be once well satisfied that my wife had really finish'd me, I believe I should be as quiet, as if I were sure to the contrary: but whilst I am in doubt, I am miserable.

Enter Tester.

Test. Does your honour please to want me?

Mr. Str. Ay, Tester—I need not fear. The honesty of his service, and the goodness of his look, make me secure. I will trust him. [*Aside.*] Tester, I think I have been a tolerable good master to you.

Test. Yes, Sir,—very tolerable.

Mr. Str. I like his simplicity well. It promises honesty. [*Aside.*] I have a secret, Tester, to impart to you; a thing of the greatest importance. Look upon me, and don't stand picking your fingers.

Test. Yes, Sir.—No, Sir.

Mr. Str. But will not his simplicity expose him the more to Lucetta's cunning? Yes, yes; she will worm the secret out of him. I had better trust her with it at once.—So—I will. [*Aside.*] Tester, go, send Lucetta hither.

Test. Yes, Sir——Here she is.

Re-enter Lucetta.

Lucetta, my master wants you.

Mr. Str. Get you down, Tester.

Test. Yes, Sir.

[*Exit.*]

Luc. If you want me, Sir, I beg you would make haste, for I have a thousand things to do.

Mr. Str. Well, well; what I have to say will not take up much time, could I but persuade you to be honest.

Luc. Why, Sir, I hope you don't suspect my honesty?

Mr. Str. Well, well; I believe you honest.

[*Shuts the Door.*]

Luc. What can be at the bottom of all this? [*Aside.*]

Mr. Str. So; we cannot be too private. Come hither, huffey; nearer yet.

Luc.

THE SUSPICIOUS HUSBAND. 27

Luc. Lord, Sir! You are not going to be rude. I vow, I will call out.

Mr. Str. Hold your tongue.—Does the baggage laugh at me? She does; she mocks me, and will reveal it to my wife; and her insolence upon it will be more insupportable to me than cuckoldom itself. [*Aside.*] I have not leisure now, Lucetta—Some other time—Hush! Did not the bell ring? Yes, yes; my wife wants you. Go, go, go to her. [*Pushes her out.*] There is no hell on earth like being a slave to suspicion. [*Exit.*]

SCENE, the Piazza, Covent-Garden.

Enter Bellamy and Jack Meggot.

Bel. Nay, nay, I would not put your family into any confusion.

J. M. None in life, my dear, I assure you. I will go and order every thing this instant for her reception.

Bel. You are too obliging, Sir; but you need not be in this hurry, for I am in no certainty when I shall trouble you. I only know that my Jacintha has taken such a resolution.

J. M. Therefore we should be prepar'd; for when once a lady has such a resolution in her head, she is upon the rack till she executes it. Foregad, Mr. Bellamy, this must be a girl of fire.

Enter Frankly.

Fran. "Buxom and lively as the bounding doe—
Fair as painting can express, or youthful poets fancy
when they love." Tol, de rol lol! [*Singing and dancing.*]

Bel. Who is this you talk thus rapturously of?

Fran. Who should it be, but—I shall know her name to-morrow. [*Sings and dances.*]

J. M. What is the matter, ho? Is the man mad?

Fran. Even so, gentlemen; as mad as love and joy can make me.

Bel. But inform us whence this joy proceeds.

Fran. Joy! Joy! my lads! She's found! My Perdita! My charmer!

J. M. Egad! Her charms have bewitch'd the man, I think——But who is she?

Bel. Come, come, tell us, who is this wonder?

Fran. But will you say nothing?

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Bel. Nothing, as I live.

Fran. Nor you?

J. M. I'll be as silent as the grave——

Fran. With a tombstone upon it, to tell every one whose dust it carries.

J. M. I'll be as secret as a debauch'd prude——

Fran. Whose sanctity every one suspects. Jack, Jack, 'tis not in thy nature. Keeping a secret is worse to thee, than keeping thy accounts. But to leave fooling, listen to me both, that I may whisper it into your ears, that echo may not catch the sinking sound——I cannot tell who she is, 'faith——*Tol de rol, lol——*

J. M. Mad! mad! very mad!

Fran. All I know of her is, that she is a charming woman, and has given me liberty to visit her again——
Bellamy, 'tis she, the lovely she. [*Afide.*]

Bel. So I did suppose.

[*To Frankly.*]

J. M. Poor Charles! for Heaven's sake, Mr. Bellamy, persuade him home to his chamber, whilst I prepare every thing for you at home. Adieu. [*Afide to Bellamy.*] B'ye Charles; ha, ha, ha!

Fran. Oh, love! thou art a gift worthy of a god, indeed! Dear Bellamy, nothing now could add to my pleasure, but to see my friend as deep in love as I am.

Bel. I shew my heart is capable of love, by the friendship it bears to you.

Fran. The light of friendship looks but dim before the brighter flame of love. Love is the spring of cheerfulness and joy. Why, how dull and phlegmatic do you shew to me now? Whilst I am all life; light as feather'd Mercury——You, dull and cold as earth and water; I, light and warm, as air and fire.—These are the only elements in love's world! Why, Bellamy, for shame! Get thee a mistress, and be sociable.

Bel. Frankly, I am now going to——

Fran. Why that face now? Your humble servant, Sir. My flood of joy shall not be stop'd by your melancholy fits, I assure you.

[*Going.*]

Bel. Stay, Frankly, I beg you stay. What would you say now, if I really were in love?

Fran. Why faith, thou hast such romantic notions of sense and honour, that I know not what to say.

Bel.

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Bel. To confess the truth then, I am in love.

Fran. And do you confess it as if it were a sin? Proclaim it aloud. Glory in it. Boast of it as your greatest virtue. Swear it with a lover's oath, and I will believe you.

Bel. Why then, by the bright eyes of her I love—

Fran. Well said!

Bel. By all that's tender, amiable, and soft in woman—

Fran. Bravo!

Bel. I swear, I am as true an enamorado as ever tagg'd rhyme.

Fran. And art thou then thoroughly in love? Come to my arms, thou dear companion of my joys—

[*They embrace.*]

Enter Ranger.

Ran. Why—Hey!—is there never a wench to be got for love or money?

Bel. Pshaw! Ranger here?

Ran. Yes, Ranger is here, and perhaps does not come so impertinently as you may imagine. Faith! I think I have the knack of finding out secrets. Nay, never look so queer—Here is a letter, Mr. Bellamy, that seems to promise you better diversion than your hugging one another.

Bel. What do you mean?

Ran. Do you deal much in these paper tokens?

Bel. Oh, the dear kind creature! it is from herself.

[*To Frankly.*]

Ran. What, is it a pair of lac'd shoes she wants? Or have the boys broke her windows?

Bel. Hold your prophane tongue!

Fran. Nay, pr'ythee, Bellamy, don't keep it to yourself, as if her whole affections were contain'd in those few lines.

Ran. Pr'ythee, let him alone to his silent raptures. But it is, as I always said—Your grave men ever are the greatest whoremasters.

Bel. I cannot be disoblig'd now, say what you will. But how came this into your hands?

Ran. Your servant Buckle and I chang'd commissions. He went on my errand, and I came on his.

Bel. 'Sdeath! I want him this very instant.

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Ran. He will be here presently : but I demand to know what I have brought you.

Fran. Ay, ay ! Out with it ! You know we never blab, and may be of service.

Bel. Twelve o'clock ! Oh, the dear hour !

Ran. Why, it is a pretty convenient time, indeed.

Bel. By all that's happy, she promises in this letter here—to leave her guardian this very night—and run away with me.

Ran. How is this ?

Bel. Nay, I know not how myself—she says at the bottom—“ Your servant has full instructions from Lucetta how to equip me for my expedition. I will not trust myself home with you to-night, because I know it is inconvenient ; therefore I beg you would procure me a lodging, it is no matter how far off my guardian's—

Yours Jacintha.”

Ran. Carry her to a bagnio, and there you may lodge with her.

Fran. Why, this must be a girl of spirit, faith !

Bel. And beauty equal to her sprightliness. I love her, and she loves me. She has thirty thousand pounds to her fortune.

Ran. The devil she has !

Bel. And never plays at cards.

Ran. Nor does any one thing like any other woman, I suppose.

Fran. Not so, I hope, neither.

Bel. Oh, Frankly, Ranger, I never felt such ease before ! The secret's out, and you don't laugh at me

Fran. Laugh at thee, for loving a woman with thirty thousand pounds ? Thou art a most unaccountable fellow.

Ran. How the devil could he work her up to this ! I never could have had the face to have done it. But—I know not how—There is a degree of assurance in you modest gentlemen, which we impudent fellows never can come up to.

Bel. Oh ! your servant, good Sir. You should not abuse me now, Ranger, but do all you can to assist me.

Ran. Why, look ye, Bellamy, I am a damnable unlucky fellow, and so will have nothing to do in this affair. I'll take care to be out of the way, so as to do you

no

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no harm: that is all I can answer for; and so—success attend you. [*Going.*] I cannot leave you quite to yourself neither; for if this should prove a round-house affair, as I make no doubt it will, I believe I may have more interest there than you; and so, Sir, you may hear of me at——

{Whispers.}

Bel. For shame, Ranger! the most noted gaming-house in town.

Ran. Forgive me this once, my boy. I must go, faith, to pay a debt of honour to some of the greatest rascals in town. [*Exit.*

Fran. But where do you design to lodge her?

Bel. At Mr. Meggot's—He is already gone to prepare for her reception.

Fran. The properest place in the world. His aunts will entertain her with honour.

Bel. And the newness of her acquaintance will prevent its being suspected.——Frankly, give me your hand. This is a very critical time.

Fran. Pho! none of your musty reflections now! When a man is in love, to the very brink of matrimony, what the devil has he to do with Plutarch and Seneca? Here is your servant, with a face full of business—I'll leave you together—I shall be at the King's Arms, where, if you want my assistance, you may find me.

[Exit.]

Enter Buckle.

Bel. So, Buckle, you seem to have your hands full.

Buc. Not fuller than my head, Sir, I promise you. You have had your letter, I hope.

Bel. Yes, and in it she refers me to you for my instructions.

Buc. Why, the affair stands thus.—As Mr. Strickland fees the door lock'd and barred every night himself, and takes the key up with him, it is impossible for us to escape any way but through the window; for which purpose I have a ladder of ropes.

Bel. Good—

Buc. And because a hoop, as the ladies wear them now, is not the most decent dress to come down a ladder in, I have, in this other bundle, a suit of boy's cloaths, which I believe will fit her; at least, it will serve the time

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time she want it.—You will soon be for pulling it off, I suppose.

Bel. Why, you are in spirits, you rogue.

Buc. These I am now to convey to Lucetta—Have you any thing to say, Sir?

Bel. Nothing, but that I will not fail at the hour appointed. Bring me word to Mr. Meggot's how you go on. Succeed in this, and it shall make your fortune. [*Exeunt.*]

END of the SECOND ACT.

A C T III.

SCENE, *the Street before Mr. Strictland's House.*

Enter Bellamy in a Chairman's Coat.

BELLAMY.

HOW tediously have the minutes past these last few hours! and the envious rogues will fly, no lightning quicker, when we would have them stay.—Hold, let me not mistake—This is the house. [*Pulls out his watch.*] By Heaven, it is not yet the hour!—I hear somebody coming. The moon's so bright—I had better not be here 'till the happy instant comes. [*Exit.*]

Enter Frankly.

Fran. Wine is no antidote to love, but rather feeds the flame. Now am I such an amorous puppy, that I cannot walk straight home, but must come out of my way to take a view of my queen's palace by moon-light.—Ay, here stands the temple where my goddess is adored—the doors open! [*Retires.*]

Enter Lucetta.

Luc. [*Under the window*] Madam, Madam, hift! Madam—How shall I make her hear?

Jacintha in boy's cloaths at the window.

Jac. Who is there? What's the matter?

Luc. It is I, Madam; you must not pretend to stir 'till I give the word; you'll be discover'd if you do—

Fran. [*Aside.*] What do I see? A man! My heart misgives me.

Luc. My master is below, sitting up for Mrs. Clarinda.

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da. He raves as if he was mad, about her being out so late.

Fran. [*Aside.* Here is some intrigue or other. I must see more of this, before I give further way to love.

Luc. One minute he is in the street; the next he is in the kitchen: now he will lock her out, and then he'll wait himself, and see what figure she makes when she vouchsafes to venture home.

Jac. I long to have it over. Get me but once out of this house.

Fran. [*Aside.*] Cowardly rascal! Would I were in his place!

Luc. If I can but fix him any where, I can let you out myself——You have the ladder ready in case of necessity.

Jac. Yes, yes.

[*Exit Luc.*]

Fran. [*Aside.*] The ladder! This must lead to some discovery. I shall watch you, my young gentleman, I shall.

Enter Clarinda, and Servant.

Cla. This whisk is a most enticing devil. I am afraid I am too late for Mr. Strictland's sober hours.

Jac. Ha! I hear a noise!

Cla. No; I see a light in Jacintha's window. You may go home. [*Giving the servant money.*] I am safe.

Jac. Sure it must be he! Mr. Bellamy——Sir.

Fran. [*Aside.*] Does not he call to me?

Cla. [*Aside.*] Ha! Who's that? I am frighted out of my wits——A man!

Jac. Is it you?

Fran. Yes, yes; 'tis I, 'tis I.

Jac. Listen at the door.

Fran. I will; 'tis open——There is no noise: all's quiet.

Cla. Sure it is my spark——and talking to Jacintha.

[*Aside.*]

Fran. You may come down the ladder——quick.

Jac. Catch it then, and hold it.

Fran. I have it. Now I shall see what sort of mettle my young spark is made of.

[*Aside.*]

Cla. With a ladder too! I'll assure you. But I must see the end of it.

[*Aside.*]

Jac.

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Jac. Hark ! Did not somebody speak ?

Fran. No, no ; be not fearful—'Sdeath ! we are discover'd.

[*Frankly and Clarinda retire.*]

Enter Lucetta.

Luc. Hift ! hift ! are you ready ?

Jac. Yes, may I venture ?

Luc. Now is your time. He is in high conference with his privy counsellor, Mr. Tester. You may come down the back stairs, and I'll let you out. [*Exit Luc.*]

Ja. I will, I will, and am heartily glad of it.

[*Exit Jac.*]

Fran. [*Advancing.*] May be so ; but you and I shall have a few words before you get off so cleanly.

Cla. [*Advancing.*] How lucky it was I came home at this instant. I shall spoil his sport I believe. Do you know me, Sir ?

Fran. I am amaz'd ! You here ! This was unexpected indeed !

Cla. Why, I believe, I do come a little unexpectedly ; but I shall amaze you more. I know the whole course of your amour ; all the process of your mighty passion from its first rise——

Fran. What is all this !

Cla. To the very conclusion, which you vainly hope to effect this night.

Fran. By heaven, Madam, I know not what you mean ! I came hither purely to contemplate on your beauties.

Cla. Any beauties, Sir, I find will serve your turn. Did I not hear you talk to her at the window.

Fran. Her !

Cla. Blush, blush, for shame ; but be assur'd you have seen the last both of Jacintha and me. [*Exit.*]

Fran. Jacintha ! Hear me, Madam—She is gone. This must certainly be Bellamy's mistress, and I have fairly ruin'd all his scheme. This it is to be in luck.

Enter Bellamy, behind.

Bel. Ha ! a man under the window !

Fran. No, here she comes, and I may convey her to him.

Enter Jacintha, and runs to Frankly.

Ja. I have at last got to you. Let's haste away—Oh !

Fran. Be not frighten'd, lady.

Ja.

Ja. Oh ! am I abus'd ! betray'd !

Bel. Betray'd ! — Frankly !

Fran. Bellamy !

Bel. I can scarce believe it tho' I see it. Draw —

Fran. Hear me, Bellamy — Lady —

Ja. Stay — do not fight !

Fran. I am innocent ; it is all a mistake.

Ja. For my sake, be quiet ! We shall be discovered !
The family is alarm'd !

Bel. You are obeyed. Mr. Frankly, there is but one way —

Fran. I understand you. Any time but now. You will certainly be discovered ! To-morrow, at your chambers.

Bel. 'Till then farewell. [*Exeunt Bel. and Jac.*]

Fran. Then, when he is cool, I may be heard ; and the real, though suspicious, account of this matter may be believ'd. Yet amidst all this perplexity, it pleases me to find my fair incognita is jealous of my love.

Mr. Str. [*Within.*] Where's Lucetta ? Search every place.

Fran. Hark ! the cry is up ! I must be gone.

[*Exit Fran.*]

Enter Mr. Strickland, Tester, and Servants.

Mr. Str. She's gone ! She's lost ! I am cheated ! Pursue her ! Seek her !

Test. Sir, all her cloaths are in her chamber.

Ser. Sir, Mrs. Clarinda said she was in boy's cloaths.

Mr. Str. Ay, ay, I know it — Bellamy has her — Come along — Pursue her. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Ranger.

Ran. Hark ! — Was not the noise this way — No, there is no game stirring. This same goddess, Diana, shines so bright with her chastity, that egad, I believe the wenches are ashamed to look her in the face. Now I am in an admirable mood for a frolic : have wine in my head, and money in my pocket, and so am furnish'd out for the cannonading any countess in christendom. Ha ! what have we here ! a ladder ! this cannot be placed here for nothing — and a window open ! Is it love, or mischief now that is going on within ? I care not which — I am in a right cue for either. Up I go
neck

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neck or nothing. Stay—Do I not run a greater chance of spoiling sport than I do of making any? That I hate as much as I love the other. There can be no harm in seeing how the land lies—I'll up. [*Goes up softly.*] All is hush—Ha! a light, and a woman! by all that's lucky, neither old nor crooked! I'll in—Ha! she is gone again! I will after her [*Gets in at the window.*] And for fear of the squals of virtue, and the pursuit of the family, I will make sure of the ladder. Now, fortune, be my guide.

[*Exit with the ladder.*]

SCENE, Mrs. Strickland's dressing-room.

Enter Mrs. Strickland followed by Lucetta.

Mrs. Str. Well, I am in great hopes she will escape.

Luc. Never fear, Madam. The lovers have the start of him, and I warrant they keep it.

Mrs. Str. Were Mr. Strickland ever to suspect my being privy to her flight, I know not what might be the consequence.

Luc. Then you had better be undressing. He may return immediately.

[*As she is getting down to the toilet, Ranger enters behind.*]

Ran. Young and beautiful.

[*Aside.*]

Luc. I have watch'd him pretty narrowly of late, and never once suspected till this morning——

Mrs. Str. And who gave you authority to watch his actions, or pry into his secrets?

Luc. I hope, Madam, you are not angry. I thought it might have been of service to you to know my master was jealous.

Ran. And her husband jealous! If she does but send away the maid, I am happy.

Mrs. Str. [*Angrily.*] Leave me.

Luc. This it is to meddle with other people's affairs.

[*Exit in anger.*]

Ran. What a lucky dog I am! I never made a gentleman a cuckold before. Now, impudence, assist me.

Mrs. Str. [*Rising.*] Provoking! I am sure I never have deserv'd it of him.

Ran. Oh, cuckold him by all means, Madam, I am your man! [*She shrieks.*] Oh, fie, Madam! if you squeal so curstly, you will be discover'd.

Mrs.

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Mrs. Str. Discover'd ! What mean, you, Sir ! Do you come to abuse me ?

Rang. I'll do my endeavour, Madam : you can have no more.

Mrs. Str. Whence came you ? How got you here ?

Rang. Dear Madam, so long as I am here, what signifies how I got here, or whence I came : but that I may satisfy your curiosity, First, as to your Whence came you ? I answer, out of the street : and to your How got you here ? I say, in at the window ; it stood so invitingly open, it was irresistible. But, Madam—you were going to undress. I beg I may not incommode you.

Mrs. Str. This is the most consummate piece of impudence !——

Ran. For Heaven's sake have one drop of pity for a poor young fellow, who long has lov'd you.

Mrs. Str. What would the fellow have ?

Ran. Your husband's usage will excuse you to the world.

Mrs. Str. I cannot bear this insolence ! Help ! help !

Ran. Oh, hold that clamourous tongue, Madam ! Speak one word more, and I am gone, positively gone.

Mrs. Str. Gone ! So I would have you.

Ran. Lord, Madam, you are so hasty !

Mrs. Str. Shall I not speak, when a thief, a robber, breaks into my house at midnight ? Help ! help !

Ran. Ha ! no one hears. Now Cupid assist me—Look ye, Madam, I never could make fine speeches, and cringe, and bow, and fawn, and flatter, and lie ; I have said more to you already, than I ever said to a woman in such circumstances in all my life. But since I find you will yield to no persuasion to your good ; I will gently force you to be grateful. [*Throws down his hat, and seizes her.*] Come, come, unbend that brow, and look more kindly on me !

Mrs. Str. For shame, Sir ! thus, on my knees, let me beg for mercy.

[*Kneeling.*]

Ran. And thus, on mine, let me beg the same.

[*He kneels, catches, and kisses her.*]

Mr. Str. [*Within.*] Take away her sword ! She'll hurt herself !

Mrs. Str. Oh, Heavens ! that is my husband's voice !

Ran. [*Rising*] The devil it is !

D

Mr.

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Mr. Str. [*Within.*] Take away her sword, I say, and then I can close with her.

Mrs. Str. He is upon the stairs, now coming up! I am undone if he sees you.

Ran. Pox on him, I must decamp then. Which way?

Mrs. Str. Thro' this passage into the next chamber.

Ran. And so into the street. With all my heart. You may be perfectly easy, Madam. Mum's the word: I never blab. [*Aside.*] I shall not leave off so, but wait till the last moment. [*Exit Ranger.*]

Mrs. Str. So, he's gone. What could I have said, if he had been discover'd!

Enter Mr. Strickland driving in Jacintha, Lucetta following.

Mr. Str. Once more, my pretty masculine Madam, you are welcome home; and I hope to keep you somewhat closer than I have done: for to-morrow morning eight o'clock is the latest hour you shall stay in this lewd town.

Ja. Oh, Sir; when once a girl is equipp'd with a hearty resolution, it is not your worship's sagacity, nor the great chain at your gate, can hinder her from doing what she has mind.

Mr. Str. Oh, lord! lord! How this love improves a young lady's modesty!

Ja. Am I to blame to seek for happiness any where, when you are resolved to make me miserable here?

Mr. Str. I have this night prevented your making yourself so; and will endeavour to do it for the future. I have you safe now, and the devil shall not get you out of my clutches again. I have lock'd the doors and barred them, I warrant you. So here, [*Giving her a candle.*] troop to your chamber, and to bed, whilst you are well. Go! [*He treads on Ranger's bat.*] What's here? a hat! a man's hat in my wife's dressing-room!

[*Looking at the bat.*]

Mrs. Str. What shall I do?

[*Aside.*]

Mr. Str. [*Taking up the bat and looking at Mrs. Strickland.*] Ha! by hell, I see 'tis true!

Mrs. Str. My fears confound me. I dare not tell the truth, and know not how to frame a lie!

Mr. Str. Mrs. Strickland, Mrs. Strickland, how came this hat into your chamber?

Luc.

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Luc. Are you that way disposed, my fine lady, and will not trust me ! [*Aside.*]

Mr. Str. Speak, wretch, speak——

Ja. I could not have suspected this. [*Aside.*]

Mr. Str. Why dost thou not speak ?

Mrs. Str. Sir——

Mr. Str. Guilt—'tis guilt that ties your tongue !

Luc. I must bring her off, however. 'No chamber-maid can help it.' [*Aside.*]

Mr. Str. My fears are just, and I am miserable—Thou worst of women !

Mrs. Str. I know my innocence, and can bear this no longer.

Mr. Str. I know you are false, and 'tis I who will bear my injuries no longer. [*Both walk about in a passion.*]

Luc. [*To Jacintha aside.*] Is not the hat yours ? Own it, Madam. [*Takes away Jacintha's hat, and Exit.*]

Mrs. Str. What ground, what cause have you for jealousy, when you yourself can witness, your leaving me was accidental, your return uncertain ; and expected even sooner than it happen'd ? The abuse is gross and palpable.

Mr. Str. Why, this is true !

Mrs. Str. Indeed, Jacintha, I am innocent.

Mr. Str. And yet this hat must belong to somebody.

Ja. Dear Mrs. Str. Stand, be not concerned. When he has diverted himself a little longer with it——

Mr. Str. Ha !——

Ja. I suppose he will give me my hat again.

Mr. Str. Your hat ?

Ja. Yes, my hat. You brush'd it from my side yourself, and then trod upon it ; whether on purpose to abuse this lady, or no, you best know yourself.

Mr. Str. It cannot be—'tis all a lie.

Ja. Believe so still, with all my heart ; but the hat is mine. Now, Sir, who does it belong to.

[*Snatches it, puts it on.*]

Mr. Str. Why did she look so ?

Ja. Your violence of temper is too much for her. You use her ill, and then suspect her for that confusion which you yourself occasion.

Mr. Str. Why did not you set me right at first ?

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Ja. Your hard usage of me, Sir, is a sufficient reason why I should not be much concerned to undeceive you at all. 'Tis for your lady's sake I do it now ; who deserves much better of you than to be thus exposed for every slight suspicion. See where she sits—Go to her.

Mrs. Str. [*Rising.*] Indeed, Mr. Strickland, I have a soul as much above—

Mr. Str. Whew ! Now you have both found your tongues, and I must bear with their eternal rattle.

Ja. For shame, Sir, go to her ; and—

Mr. Str. Well, well, what shall I say ? I forgive—
all is over. I, I, I forgive.

Mrs. Str. Forgive ! What do you mean ?

Ja. Forgive her ! Is that all ? Consider, Sir—

Mr. Str. Hold, hold your confounded tongues, and I'll do any thing. I'll ask pardon—or forgive—or any thing. Good now, be quiet---I ask your pardon---there ---[*Kisses her.*] For you, Madam, I am infinitely oblig'd to you, and I could find in my heart to make you a return in kind, by marrying you to a beggar, but I have more conscience. Come, come, to your chamber. Here, take this candle.

Enter Lucetta partly.

Luc. Sir, if you please, I will light my young lady to bed.

Mr. Str. No, no ! no such thing, good Madam. She shall have nothing but her pillow to consult this night, I assure you. So, in, in. [*The ladies take leave. Exit Jac.*] Good night, kind Madam.

Luc. Pox of the jealous fool ! We might both have escap'd out of the window purely. [*Aside.*]

Mr. Str. Go, get you down ; and, do you hear, order the coach to be ready in the morning at eight exactly. [*Exit Lucetta.*] So, she is safe till to-morrow, and then for the country ; and when she is there, I can manage as I think fit.

Mrs. Str. Dear Mr. Strickland—

Mr. Str. I am not in a humour, Mrs. Strickland, fit to talk with you. Go to bed. I will endeavour to get the better of my temper, if I can, I'll follow you. [*Exit Mrs. Strickland.*] How despicable have I made myself. [*Exit.*]

SCENE,

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SCENE, another chamber.

Enter Ranger.

Ran. All seems hush'd again, and I may venture out, I may as well sneak off whilst I am in a whole skin. And shall so much love and claret as I am in possession of, only lull me to sleep, when it might so much better keep me waking? Forbid it fortune, and forbid it love. This is a chamber, perhaps of some bewitching female, and I may yet be happy. Ha! a light! the door opens. A boy! pox on him. *[He retires.]*

Enter Jacintha, with a candle.

Ja. I have been listening at the door, and from their silence, I conclude they are peaceably gone to bed together.

Ran. A pretty boy, faith; he seems uneasy. *[Aside.]*

Ja. *[Sitting down.]* What an unlucky night has this proved to me! Every circumstance has fallen out unhappily.

Ran. He talks aloud. I'll listen. *[Aside.]*

Ja. But what most amazes me is, that Clarinda should betray me!

Ran. Clarinda! she must be a woman. Well, what of her? *[Aside.]*

Ja. My guardian else would never have suspected my disguise.

Ran. Disguise! Ha, it must be so! What eyes she has! What a dull rogue was I not to suspect this sooner!

[Aside.]

Ja. Ha, I had forgot; the ladder is at the window still, and I will boldly venture by myself. *[Rising briskly, sees Ranger.]* Ha! a man, and well dress'd! Ha, Mrs. Strickland! are you then at last dishonest!

Ran. By all my wishes she is a charming woman! Lucky rascal! *[Aside.]*

Ja. But I will, if possible, conceal her shame, and stand the brunt of his impertinence.

Ran. What shall I say to her? No matter! any thing soft will do the business. *[Aside.]*

Ja. Who are you?

Ran. A man, young gentleman.

Ja. And what would you have?

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Ran. A woman.

Ja. You are very free, Sir. Here are none for you.

Ran. Ay, but there is one, and a fair one too; the most charming creature nature ever set her hand to; and you are the dear little pilot that must direct me to her heart.

Ja. What mean you, Sir? It is an office I am not accustomed to.

Ran. You won't have far to go, however. I never make my errands tedious. It is to your own heart, dear Madam, I would have you whisper in my behalf. Nay, never start. Think you such beauty could ever be conceal'd from eyes so well acquainted with its charms?

Ja. What will become of me! If I cry out, Mrs. Strickland is undone. This is my last resort. [*Aside.*]

Ran. Pardon, dear lady, the boldness of this visit, which your guardian's care has forc'd me to: but I long have lov'd you, long doated on that beauteous face, and followed you from place to place, though perhaps, unknown and unregarded.

Ja. Here's a special fellow. [*Aside.*]

Ran. Turn then an eye of pity on my sufferings; and by heaven, one tender look from those piercing eyes, one touch of this soft hand—— [*Going to take her hand.*]

Ja. Hold, Sir, no nearer.

Ran. Would more than repay whole years of pain.

Ja. Hear me; but keep your distance, or I raise the family.

Ran. Blessings on her tongue, only for prattling to me. [*Aside.*]

Ja. Oh, for a moment's courage, and I shall shame him from his purpose. [*Aside.*] If I were certain so much gallantry had been shewn on my account only——

Ran. You wrong your beauty to think that any other could have power to draw me hither. By all the little loves that play about your lips, I swear——

Ja. You came to me, and me alone.

Ran. By all the thousand graces that inhabit there, you, and only you, have drawn me hither.

Ja. Well said—*Could I but believe you—*

Ran. By Heaven she comes! Ah, honest Ranger, I never knew thee fail. [*Aside.*]

Ja. Pray, Sir, where did you leave this hat?

Ran.

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Ran. That hat ! That hat—'tis my hat—I dropt it in the next chamber as I was looking for yours.

Ja. How mean and despicable do you look now !

Ran. So, so ! I am in a pretty pickle ! *[Aside.]*

Ja. You know by this, that I am acquainted with every thing that has passed within ; and how ill it agrees with what you have professed to me. Let me advise you, Sir, to be gone immediately. Through that window you may easily get into the street. One scream of mine, the least noise at that door, will wake the house.

Ran. Say you so ? *[Aside.]*

Ja. Believe me, Sir, an injur'd husband is not so easily appeas'd ; and a suspected wife, that is jealous of her honour—

Ran. Is the devil, and so let's have no more of her. Look ye, Madam, *[Getting between the door and her.]* I have but one argument left, and that is a strong one. Look on me well, I am as handsome, a strong, well made fellow as any about town ; and since we are alone, as I take it, we can have no occasion to be more private.

[Going to lay hold of her.]

Ja. I have a reputation, Sir, and will maintain it.

Ran. You have a bewitching pair of eyes.

Ja. Consider my virtue. *[Struggling.]*

Ran. Consider your beauty and my desires.

Ja. If I were a man, you dar'd not use me thus.

Ran. I should not have the same temptation.

Ja. Hear me, Sir, I will be heard. *[Breaks from him.]* There is a man who will make you repent this usage of me. Oh, Bellamy ! where art thou now ?

Ran. Bellamy !

Ja. Were he here, you durst not thus affront me.

[Bursting out a crying.]

Ran. His mistress, on my soul ! *[Aside.]* You can love, Madam ; you can love, I find. Her tears affect me strangely. *[Aside.]*

Ja. I am not ashamed to own my passion for a man of virtue and honour. I love and glory in it.

Ran. Oh, brave ! and you can write letters, you can. " I will not trust myself home with you this evening, because I know it is inconvenient."

Ja. Ha !

Ran.

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Ran. "Therefore I beg you would procure me a lodging; 'tis no matter how far off my guardian's. Yours, Jacintha."

Ja. The very words of my letter! I am amaz'd! Do you know Mr. Bellamy?

Ran. There is not a man on earth I have so great a value for: and he must have some value for me too, or he would never have shewn me your pretty epistle; think of that, fair lady. The ladder is at the window, and so, Madam, I hope delivering you safe into his arms, will, in some measure, expiate the crime I have been guilty of to you.

Ja. Good Heaven! How fortunate is this!

Ran. I believe I make myself appear more wicked than I really am. For, damn me, if I do not feel more satisfaction in the thoughts of restoring you to my friend, than I could have pleasure in any favour your bounty could have bestow'd. *Let any other rake lay his hand upon his heart and say the same.*

Ja. Your generosity transports me.

Ran. Let us lose no time then; the ladder's ready. Where was you to lodge?

Ja. At Mr. Meggor's.

Ran. At my friend Jacky's! better and better still.

Ja. Are you acquainted with him too?

Ran. Ay, ay; why, did I not tell you at first that I was one of your old acquaintance? I know all about you, you see: though, the devil fetch me, if ever I saw you before. Now, Madam, give me your hand.

Ja. And now, Sir, have with you.

Ran. Then thou art a girl of spirit. And though I long to hug you for trusting yourself with me, I will not beg a single kiss, till Bellamy himself shall give me leave. He must fight well that takes you from me. *]Exeunt.*

END of the THIRD ACT.

ACT

A C T IV.

SCENE, *the Piazza.*

Enter Bellamy and Frankly.

BELLAMY.

PSHA! What impertinent devil put it into your head to meddle with my affairs?

Fran. You know I went thither in pursuit of another.

Bel. I know nothing you had to do there at all.

Fran. I thought, Mr. Bellamy, you were a lover.

Bel. I am so; and therefore should be forgiven this sudden warmth.

Fran. And therefore should forgive the fond impertinence of a lover.

Bel. Jealousy, you know, is as natural an incident to love——

Fran. As curiosity. By, once piece of silly curiosity I have gone nigh to ruin both myself and you; let not then your jealousy complete our misfortunes. I fear I have lost a mistress as well as you. Then let us not quarrel. All may come right again.

Bel. It is impossible. She is gone, remov'd for ever from my sight. She is in the country by this time.

Fran. How did you lose her after we parted?

Bel. By too great confidence. When I got her to my chair, the chairmen were not to be found. And, safe as I thought in our disguise, I actually put her into the chair, when Mr. Strickland and his servants were in sight; which I had no sooner done, than they surrounded us, overpow'd me, and carry'd her away.

Fran. Unfortunate indeed! Could you not make a second attempt?

Bel. I had design'd it. But when I came to the door, I found the ladder remov'd; and hearing no noise, seeing no lights, nor being able to make any body answer, I concluded all attempts as impracticable as I now find them.—Ha! I see Lucetta coming. Then they may be still in town.

Enter Lucetta.

Lucetta, welcome! What news of Jacintha?

Luc.

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Luc. News, Sir! You fright me out of my senses! Why, is she not with you?

Bel. What do you mean? With me! I have not seen her since I lost her last night.

Luc. Good Heav'n! then she is undone for ever.

Fran. Why, what's the matter?

Bel. Speak out—I'm all amazement.

Luc. She is escap'd, without any of us knowing how. Nobody miss'd her till morning. We all thought she went away with you. But Heaven knows now what may have happen'd.

Bel. Somebody must have accompanied her in her flight.

Luc. We know of nobody. We are all in confusion at home. My master swears revenge on you. My mistress says a stranger has her.

Bel. A stranger!

Luc. But Mrs. Clarinda——

Bel. Clarinda! Who is she?

Luc. [*To Frankly.*] The lady, Sir, who you saw at our house last night.

Fran. Ha! what of her?

Luc. She says, she is sure one Frankly is the man. She saw them together, and knows it to be true.

Fran. Damn'd fortune!

[*Aside.*]

Luc. Sure this is not Mr. Frankly.

Fran. Nothing will convince him now.

[*Aside.*]

Bel. [*Looking at Frankly.*] Ha! 'tis truth!—I see it is true. [*Aside.*] Lucetta, run up to Buckle; and take him with you to search wherever you can. [*Puts her out.*] Now, Mr. Frankly, I have found you.—You have used me so ill, that you force me to forget you are my friend.

Fran. What do you mean?

Bel. Draw.

Fran. Are you mad? By Heavens, I am innocent.

Bel. I have heard you, and will no longer be impos'd on—Defend yourself.

Fran. Nay, if you are so hot, I draw to defend myself, as I would against a madman.

Enter Ranger.

Ran. What the devil, swords at noon-day! Have among you, faith! [*Puts them.*] What's here, Bella—my t

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my?—Yes, gad, you are Bellamy, and you are Frankly. Put up, put up both of you—or else—I am a devilish fellow when once my sword is out.

Bel. We shall have a time——

Ran. [*Pushing Bellamy one way.*] A time for what?

Fran. I shall be always as ready to defend my innocence as now.

Ran. [*Pushing Frankly the other way.*] Innocence! ay, to be sure—at your age—A mighty innocent fellow, no doubt. But what, in the name of common-sense, is it that ails you both? Are you mad? The last time I saw you, you were hugging and kissing; and now you are cutting one another's throats—I never knew any good come of one fellow's bellavering another—But I shall put you into better humour, I warrant you——Bellamy, Frankly, listen both of you—Such fortune—Such a scheme——

Bel. Pr'ythee, leave fooling. What, art drunk?

Fran. He is always so, I think.

Ran. And who gave you the privilege of thinking? Drunk? no; I am not drunk.—Tipsey, perhaps, with my good fortune—merry, and in spirits—though I have not fire enough to run my friend through the body. Not drunk, though Jack Meggot and I have box'd it about——Champaign was the word for two whole hours by Shrewsbury clock.

Bel. Jack Meggot!—Why, I left him at one, going to bed.

Ran. That may be, but I made shift to rouse him and his family, by four this morning. Ounds, I pick'd up a wench, and carried her to his house.

Bel. Ha!

Ran. Such a variety of adventures—Nay, you shall hear——But before I begin, Bellamy, you shall promise me half a dozen kisses before hand: for the devil fetch me if that little jade Jacintha, would give me one, though I pressed hard.

Bel. Who, Jacintha? Press to kiss Jacintha?

Ran. Kiss her! ay; why not? Is she not a woman, and made to be kiss'd?

Bel. Kiss her——I shall run distracted?

Ran. How could I help it, when I had her alone, you rogue,

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rogue, in her bed-chamber at midnight ! If I had been to be sacrificed, I should have done it.

Bel. Bed-chamber, at midnight ! I can hold no longer—Draw.

Fran. Be easy, Bellamy.

[*Interposing.*]

Bel. He has been at some of his damn'd tricks with her.

Fran. Hear him out.

Ran. 'Sdeath, how could I know she was his mistress ? But I tell this story most miserably. I should have told you first, I was in another lady's chamber. By the lord, I got in at the window by a ladder of ropes.

Fran. Ha ! Another lady ?

Ran. Another : and stole in upon her, whilst she was undressing ; beautiful as an angel, blooming and young—

Fran. What, in the same house ?

Bel. What is this to Jacintha ? Ease me of my pain.

Ran. Ay, ay, in the same house, on the same floor. The sweetest, little angel—But I design to have another touch with her.

Fran. 'Sdeath ! but you shall have a touch upon me first.

Bel. Stay, Frankly.

[*Interposing.*]

Ran. Why, what strange madness has possess'd you both, that nobody must kiss a pretty wench but yourselves.

Bel. What became of Jacintha ?

Ran. Ounds ! what have you done, that you must monopolize kissing ?

Fran. Pr'ythee, honest Ranger, ease me of the pain I am in. Was her name Clarinda ?

Bel. Speak in plain words, where Jacintha is, where to be found. Dear boy, tell me.

Ran. Ay, now it is, honest Ranger ; and, dear boy, tell me—and a minute ago, my throat was to be cut—I could find in my heart not to open my lips. But here comes Jack Meggot, who will let you into all the secret, though he design'd to keep it from you, in half the time that I can, though I had ever so great a mind to tell it you.

Enter Jack Meggot.

J. M. So, save ye, save ye, lads ! We have been frighten'd out of our wits for you. Not hearing of Mr. Bel.

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Bellamy, poor Jacintha is ready to sink for fear of any accident.

Bel. Is she at your house?

J. M. Why, did not you know that? We dispatch'd Master Ranger to you three hours ago.

Ran. Ay, plague! but I had business of my own, so I could not come—Hark ye, Frankly, is your girl, maid, wife, or widow?

Fran. A maid, I hope.

Ran. The odds are against you, Charles——But mine is married, you rogue, and her husband jealous—The devil is in it, if I do not reap some reward for my last night's service.

Bel. He has certainly been at Mrs. Strickland herself. But, Frankly, I dare not look on you.

Fran. This one embrace cancels all thoughts of enmity.

Bel. Thou generous man!—But I must haste to ease Jacintha of her fears. [Exit.

Fran. And I to make up matters with Clarinda. [Exit.

Ran. And I to some kind wench or other, Jack. But where shall I find her, Heaven knows. And so, my service to your monkey.

J. M. Adieu, rattlepate. [Exitunt.

SCENE, *the Hall of Mr. Strickland's House.*

Enter Mrs. Strickland and Clarinda.

Mrs. Str. But, why in such a hurry, my dear; stay till your servants can go along with you.

Cla. Oh, no matter; they'll follow with my things. It is but a little way off, and my chair will guard me. After my staying out so late, last night, I am sure Mr. Strickland will think every minute an age whilst I am in his house.

Mrs. Str. I am as much amaz'd at his suspecting your innocence as my own; and every time I think of it, I blush at my present behaviour to you.

Cla. No ceremony, dear child.

Mrs. Str. No, Clarinda, I am too well acquainted with your good humour. But I fear, in the eye of a malicious world, it may look like a confirmation of his suspicion.

E

Cla.

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Cla. My dear, if the world will speak ill of me, for the little innocent gaiety, which I think the peculiar happiness of my temper, I know no way to prevent it, and am only sorry the world is so ill-natured: but I shall not part with my mirth, I assure them, so long as I know it innocent. I wish, my dear, this may be the greatest uneasiness your husband's jealousy ever gives you.

Mrs. Str. I hope he never again may have such occasion, as he had last night.

Cla. You are so unfashionable a wife.—Why, last night's accident would have made half the wives in London easy for life. Has not his jealousy discover'd itself openly? And are not you innocent? There is nothing but your foolish temper that prevents his being absolutely in your power.

Mrs. Str. Clarinda, this is too serious an affair to laugh at. Let me advise you; take care of Mr. Frankly, observe his temper well, and if he has the least taint of jealousy, cast him off, and never trust to keeping him in your power.

Cla. You will hear little more of Frankly, I believe. Here is Mr. Strictland.

Enter Mr. Strictland and Lucetta.

Mr. Str. Lucetta says you want me, Madam.

Cla. I trouble you, Sir, only that I might return you thanks for the civilities I have receiv'd in your family, before I took my leave.

Mr. Str. Keep them to yourself, dear Madam. As it is at my request that you leave my house, your thanks upon that occasion are not very desirable.

Cla. Oh, Sir, you need not fear. My thanks were only for your civilities. They will not overburden you. But I'll conform to your humour, Sir, and part with as little ceremony——

Mr. Str. As we met.

Cla. The brute! [*Aside.*] My dear, good b'ye, we may meet again. [*To Mrs. Strictland.*

Mr. Str. If you dare trust me with your hand.

Cla. Lucetta, remember my instructions. Now, Sir, have with you. [*Mr. Strictland leads Clarinda out.*

Mrs. Str. Are her instructions cruel or kind, Lucetta? For I suppose they relate to Mr. Frankly.

Luc.

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Luc. Have you a mind to try if I can keep a secret as well as yourself, Madam? But I will shew you I am fit to be trusted by keeping this, though it signifies nothing.

Mrs. Str. This answer is not so civil, I think.

Luc. I beg pardon, Madam. I meant it not to offend.

Mrs. Str. Pray let us have no more such. I neither desire, nor want your assistance.

Re-enter Mr. Strictland.

Mr. Str. She is gone; I feel myself somewhat easier already. Since I have begun the day with gallantry, Madam, shall I conduct you up?

Mrs. Str. There is something, Sir, which gives you secret uneasiness. I wish——

Mr. Str. Perhaps so, Madam; and perhaps it may soon be no secret at all. *[Leads her out.]*

Luc. Would I were once well settled with my young lady; for, at present, this is but an odd sort of a queer family. Last night's affair puzzles me. A hat there was that belong'd to none of us, that's certain; madam was in a fright, that is as certain; and I brought all off. Jacintha escap'd, no one of us knows how. The good man's jealousy was yesterday groundless; yet to-day, in my mind, he is very much in the right. Mighty odd, all this!—Somebody knocks. If this should be Clarinda's spark, I have an odd message for him too.

[She opens the door.]

Enter Frankly.

Fran. So, my pretty handmaid; meeting with you gives me some hopes. May I speak with Clarinda?

Luc. Whom do you want, Sir?

Fran. Clarinda, child. The young lady I was admitted to yesterday.

Luc. Clarinda!—No such person lives here, I assure you.

Fran. Where then?

Luc. I don't know, indeed, Sir.

Fran. Will you enquire within?

Luc. Nobody knows in this house, Sir, you will find.

Fran. What do you mean? She is a friend of Jacintha's, your lady. I will take my oath she was here last night; and you yourself spoke of her being here this morning—Not know!

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Luc. No. None of us know. She went away of a sudden—no one of us can imagine whither.

Fran. Why, faith, child, thou hast a tolerable face, and hast deliver'd this denial very handsomely : but let me tell you, your impertinence this morning had lik'd to have cost me my life ; now, therefore, make me amends. I come from your young mistress ; I come from Mr. Bellamy ; I come with my purse full of gold, that persuasive rhetoric, to win you to let me see and speak to this Clarinda once again.

Luc. She is not here, Sir.

Fran. Direct me to her.

Luc. No, I can't do that neither.

Enter Mr. Strickland behind.

Mr. Str. I heard a knocking at the door, and a man's voice—Ha !

[Aside.]

Fran. Deliver this letter to her.

Mr. Str. By all my fears, a letter !

[Aside.]

Luc. I don't know but I may be tempted to do that.

Fran. Take it then—and with it this.

[Kisses her, and gives her money.]

Mr. Str. Um ! there are two bribes in a breath ! What a jade she is !

[Aside.]

Luc. Ay ; this gentleman understands reason.

Fran. And be assured you oblige your mistress while you are serving me.

Mr. Str. Her mistress !—Damn'd sex ! and damn'd wife, thou art an epitome of that sex !

[Aside.]

Fran. And if you can procure me an answer, your fee shall be enlarg'd.

[Exit.]

Luc. The next step is to get her to read this letter.

Mr. Str. *[Snatches the letter.]* No noise—but stand silent there, whilst I read this. *[Breaks it open and drops the case.]* “Madam, the gaiety of a heart happy as mine was yesterday, may, I hope, easily excuse the unseasonable visit I made your house last night.”—Death and the devil ; confusion ! I shall run distracted. It is too much !—There was a man then, to whom the hat belong'd ; and I was gull'd, abused, cheated, impos'd on by a chit, a child—Oh, woman, woman !—But I will be calm, search it to the bottom, and have a full revenge—

Luc.

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Luc. [*Aside.*] So, here's fine work! He'll make himself very ridiculous though.

Mr. Str. [*Reads on.*] "I know my innocence will appear so manifestly, that I need only appeal to the lady who accompanied you at Bath." Your very humble servant, good, innocent, fine madam Clarinda. "And I do not doubt but her good nature," bawd! bawd! "will not let you persist in injuring your obedient humble servant," Charles Frankly."

Now, who can say my jealousy lack'd foundation, or my suspicion of fine madam's innocent gaiety was unjust? —Gaiety! why ay, 'twas gaiety brought him hither. Gaiety makes her a bawd—My wife may be a whore in gaiety. What a number of things become fashionable under the notion of gaiety!—What, you receiv'd this epistle in gaiety too; and were to deliver it to my wife, I suppose, when the gay fit came next upon her!—Why, you impudent young strumpet, do you laugh at me?

Luc. I wou'd, if I dar'd, laugh heartily.—Be pleas'd, Sir, only to look at that piece of paper that lies there.

Mr. Str. Ha!

Luc. I have not touched it, Sir. It is the case that letter came in, and the directions will inform you whom I was to deliver it to.

Mr. Str. This is directed to Clarinda!

Luc. Oh, is it so? Now read it over again, and all your foolish doubts will vanish.

Mr. Str. I have no doubts at all. I am satisfied that you, Jacintha, Clarinda, my wife, all are—

Luc. Lud! Lud! you will make a body mad.

Mr. Str. Hold your impertinent tongue.

Luc. You'll find the thing to be just as I say, Sir.

Mr. Str. Begone. [*Exit Lucetta.*] They must be poor at the work, indeed, if they did not lend one another their names. 'Tis plain, 'tis evident, and I am miserable. But for my wife, she shall not stay one night longer in my house. Separation, shame, contempt, shall be her portion. I am determin'd in the thing; and when once it is over, I may, perhaps, be easy. [*Exit.*]

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SCENE, *the Street.*

Clarinda brought in a chair, Ranger following.

Ran. Hark ye, chairman! Damn your confounded trot. Go slower.

Cla. Here, stop.

Ran. By Heavens! the monsters hear reason and obey.

Cla. [*Letting down the Window.*] What troublesome fellow was that?

1 Chair. Some rake, I warrant, that cannot carry himself home, and wants us to do it for him.

Cla. There——And pray do you take care I be not troubled with him. [*Goes in.*]

Ran. That's as much as to say now, Pray follow me. Madam, you are a charming woman, and I will do it—

1 Chair. Stand off, Sir.

Ran. Pr'ythee, honest fellow,---what---what writing is that? [*Endeavouring to get in.*]

2 Chair. You come not here.

Ran. Lodgings to be let: a pretty convenient inscription, and the sign of a good modest family. There may be lodgings for gentlemen as well as ladies. Harkye, rogues; I'll lay you all the silver I have in my pocket, there it is, I get in there in spite of your teeth, ye pimps. [*Throws down the money, and goes in.*]

[*Within.*] Chair, chair, chair!

Chair. Who calls chair?

1 Chair. What, have you let the gentleman in?

2 Chair. I'll tell you what, partner, he certainly slipped by whilst we were picking up the money. Come, take up. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, Clarinda's Lodgings.

Enter Clarinda, and Maid following.

Maid. Bless me, Madam, you seem disorder'd; what's the matter?

Cla. Some impertinent fellow follow'd the chair, and I am afraid they let him in. [*A noise between Ranger, and Landlady.*] I should certainly know that voice. [*Ranger talks with the Landlady.*] My madcap cousin Ranger, as I live. I am sure he does not know me.—If I cou'd but hide my face now, what sport I shou'd have! A mask, a mask! Run and see if you can find a mask.

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Maid. I believe there is own above.

Cla. Run, run, and fetch it. [*Exit Maid.*] Here he comes.

Enter Ranger and Landlady.

How unlucky this is! [*Turning from them.*]

Land. What's your business here, unmannerly Sir?

Ran. Well, let's see these lodgings that are to be let. Gad, a very pretty neat tenement—But harkee, is it real and natural, all that, or only patch'd up and new-painted this summer-season, against the town fills?

Land. What does the saucy fellow mean with his double tendres here? Get you down—

Enter Maid, with a mask.

Maid. Here is a very dirty one. [*Aside to Clarinda.*]

Cla. No matter—now we shall see a little what he would be at. [*Aside.*]

Land. This is an honest house. For all your lac'd waistcoat, I'll have you thrown down neck and heels.

Ran. Pho! not in such a hurry, good old lady—A mask! nay, with all my heart. It saves a world of blushing. Have you ne'er a one for me?—I am apt to be ashamed myself on these occasions.

Land. Get you down, I say—

Ran. Not if I guess right, old lady. Madam; [*To Clarinda, who makes signs to the Landlady to retire.*] look ye there now! that a woman shou'd live to your age, and know so little of the matter. Begone. [*Exit Landlady.*] By her forwardness this should be a whore of quality. My boy Ranger, thou art in luck to-day. She won't speak, I find—then I will. [*Aside.*] Delicate lodgings truly, Madam; and very neatly furnish'd—A very convenient room this, I must needs own, to entertain a mix'd company. But, my dear charming creature, does not that door open to a more commodious apartment for the happiness of a private friend, or so? The prettiest brass lock—Fast, um; that won't do. 'Sdeath, you are a beautiful woman; I am sure you are. Pr'ythee let me see your face. It is your interest, child—The longer you delay, the more I shall expect. Therefore, [*Taking her hand.*] my dear, soft, kind, new acquaintance, thus let me take your hand, and whilst you gently with the other, let day-light in upon me, let me softly hold you to me,

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me, that with my longing lips I may receive the warmest, best impression. [*She unmasks.*] Clarinda!

Cla. Ha, ha; your servant, cousin Ranger——Ha, ha, ha!

Ran. Oh, your humble servant, Madam. You had liked to have been beholden to your mask, cousin——I must brazen it out. [*Aside.*]

Cla. Ha, ha, ha! You were not so happy in your disguise, Sir. The pretty stagger in your gait, that happy disposition of your wig, the genteel negligence of your whole person, and those pretty flowers of modish gallantry, made it impossible to mistake you, my sweet coz. Ha, ha.

Ran. Oh, I knew you too, but I fancied you had taken a particular liking to my person, and had a mind to sink the relation under that little piece of black velvet! and egad, you never find me behind hand in a frolic. But since it is otherwise, my merry, good-humour'd cousin, I am as heartily glad to see you in town, as I should be to meet any of my old bottle acquaintance.

Cla. And on my side I am as happy in meeting your worship, as I should be in a rencounter with e'er a petticoat in Christendom.

Ran. And if you have any occasion for a dangling gallant to Vauxhall, Ranelagh, or even the poor neglected Park, you are so unlike the rest of your virtuous sisters of the petticoat, that I will venture myself with you.

Cla. Take care what you promise; for who knows but this face, you were pleas'd to say so many pretty things of before you saw it, may raise so many rivals among your kept mistresses, and reps of quality——

Ran. Hold, hold! a truce with your satire, sweet coz; or if scandal must be the topic of every virtuous woman's conversation, call for your tea-water, and let it be in its proper element. Come, your tea, your tea.

Enter Maid.

Cla. With all my heart——Who's there? Get tea——upon condition that you stay till it comes.

Ran. That is according as you behave, Madam.

Cla. Oh, Sir, I am very sensible of the favour.

Ran. Nay, you may, I assure you; for there is but one woman of virtue besides yourself, I would stay with—
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ten minutes, (and I have not known her above these twelve hours.) The insipidity, or the rancour of their discourse, is insufferable—'Sdeath! I had rather take the air with my grandmother.

Cla. Ha, ha, ha! the ladies are highly oblig'd to you, I vow.

Ran. I tell you what; the lady I speak of was oblig'd to me, and the generous girl is ready to own it.

Cla. And pray, when was it you did virtue this considerable service?

Ran. But this last night, the devil fetch me! A romantic whim of mine convey'd me into her chamber, where I found her, young and beautiful, alone at midnight, dress'd like a soft Adonis; her lovely hair all loose about her shoulders——

Cla. In boy's cloath! this is worth attending to. [*Aside.*

Ran. Gad, I no more suspected her being a woman, than I did your being my cater-cousin.

Cla. How did you discover it at last?

Ran. Why, faith, she very modestly dropt me a hint of it herself.

Cla. Herself! If this should be Jacintha! [*Aside.*

Ran. Ay, 'foregad, did she; which I imagin'd a good sign at midnight, ay, cousin! So I e'en invented a long story of a passion I had for her, though I had never seen her before—you know my old way;—and said so many such tender things——

Cla. As you said to me just now.

Ran. Pha! quite in another style, I assure you. It was midnight, and I was in a right cue.

Cla. Well! And what did she answer to all these protestations?

Ran. Why, instead of running into my arms at once, as I expected——

Cla. To be sure.

Ran. 'Gad, like a free-hearted, honest girl, she frankly told me, she lik'd another better than she lik'd me; that I had something in my face that shew'd I was a gentleman; and she would e'en trust herself with me, if I would give her my word, I would convey her to her spark.

Cla. Oh, brave! And how did you bear this?

Ran.

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Ran. Why, curse me, if I am ever angry with a woman for not having a passion for me.

Cl. No!

Ran. Never! I only hate your sex's vain pretence of having no passion at all. Gad, I lov'd the good-natur'd girl for it; took her at her word, stole her out of the window, and this morning made a very honest fellow happy in the possession of her.

Cl. And her name is Jacintha.

Ran. Ha!

Cl. Your amours are no secrets, Sir. You see, you might as well have told me all the whole of last night's adventure; for you find, I know.

Ran. All! Why what do you know?

Cl. Nay, nothing. I only know that a gentleman's hat cannot be dropt in a lady's chamber——

Ran. The devil!

Cl. But a husband is such an odd, impertinent, awkward creature, that he will be stumbling over it.

Ran. Here hath been fine work. [*Aside.*] But how, in the name of wonder, should you know all this?

Cl. By being in the same house.

Ran. In the same house!

Cl. Ay, in the same house, a witness of the confusion you have made.

Ran. Frankly's Clarinda, by all that's fortunate! It must be so! [*Aside.*]

Cl. And let me tell you, Sir, that even the dull, low-spirited diversions you ridicule in us tame creatures, are preferable to the romantic exploits that only wine can raise you to.

Ran. Yes, cousin: but I'll be even with you. [*Aside.*]

Cl. If you reflect, cousin, you will find a great deal of wit in shocking a lady's modesty, disturbing her quiet, tainting her reputation, and ruining the peace of a whole family.

Ran. To be sure.

Cl. These are the high-mettled pleasures of you men of spirit, that the insipidity of the virtuous can never arrive at. And can you in reality think your Burgundy, and your Bacchus, your Venus, and your Loves, an excuse for all this? Fie, cousin, fie.

Ran. No, cousin.

Cl.

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Cla. What, dumb ! I am glad you have modesty enough left not to go about to excuse yourself.

Ran. It is as you say ; when we are sober, and reflect but ever so little on the follies we commit, we are ashamed and sorry ; and yet the very next minute we run again into the same absurdities.

Cla. What ! moralizing, cousin ! ha, ha, ha !

Ran. What you know is not half, not a hundredth part of the mischief of my last night's frolic ; and yet, the very next petticoat I saw this morning, I must follow it, and be damn'd to me ; though for ought I know, poor Frankly's life may depend upon it.

Cla. Whose life, Sir ?

Ran. And here do I stand prating to you now.

Cla. Pray, good cousin, explain yourself.

Ran. Good cousin ! She has it. [*Afide.*] Why, whilst I was making off with the wench, Bellamy and he were quarrelling about her ; and though Jacintha and I made all the haste we could, we did not get to them before——

Cla. Before what ? I'm frighten'd out of my wits !

Ran. Not that Frankly car'd three half-pence for the girl.

Cla. But there was no mischief done, I hope ?

Ran. Pho ! a slight scratch ; nothing at all, as the surgeon said : though he was but a queer looking son of a bitch of a surgeon, neither.

Cla. Good God ! why, he should have the best that can be found in London.

Ran. Ay, indeed, so he should. That was what I was going for, when I saw you. [*Sits down.*] They are all at Jack Meggot's hard by, and you will keep me here.

Cla. I keep you here ! For Heaven's sake be gone.

Ran. Your tea is a damn'd while a coming.

Cla. You shall have no tea now, I assure you.

Ran. Nay ! one dish.

Cla. No, positively, you shall not stay.

Ran. Your commands are absolute, Madam. [*Going.*]

Cla. Then Frankly is true, and I only am to blame.

Ran. [*Returns.*] But I beg ten thousand pardons, cousin, that I should forget——

Cla. Forget what !

Ran. To salute you.

Cla. Phaw ! How can you trifle at such a time as this ?

Cla.

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Ran. A trifle! wrong not your beauty.

Cla. Lord, how teasing you are. There.

Ran [*Kisses her.*] Poor thing; how uneasy she is. Nay, no ceremony, you shall not stir a step with me.

Cla. I do not intend it. This is downright provoking [*Exit Ranger.*] Who's there?

Enter Landlady.

Land. Madam, did you ladyship call?

Cla. Does one Mr Meggot live in this neighbourhood?

Landl. Yes, Madam, a fine gentleman, and keeps a noble house, and a world of company.

Cla. Very well; I don't want his history. I wonder my servants are not come yet.

Land. Lack-a-day, Madam, they are all below.

Cla. Send up one then with a card to me. I must know the truth of this immediately. *Exitunt.*

END of the FOURTH ACT.

A C T V.

SCENE, *A room in Mr. Strictland's house; Mr. and Mrs. Strictland discovered; she weeping, and he writing.*

MRS. STRICTLAND.

HEIGH ho!

Mr. Str. What can possibly be the occasion of that sigh, Madam? You have yourself agreed to a maintenance, and a maintenance no duchess need be ashamed of.

Mrs. Str. But the extremities of provocation that drove me to that agreement——

Mr. Str. Were the effect of your own follies. Why do you disturb me? [*Writes on.*]

Mrs. Str. I would not willingly give you a moment's uneasiness; I but desire a fair and equal hearing; and if I satisfy you not in every point, then abandon me, discard me to the world, and its malicious tongues.

Mr. Str. What was it you said? Damn this pen.

Mrs. Str. I say, Mr. Strictland, I would only——

Mr. Str. You would only——You would only repeat what you have been saying this hour, I am innocent; and when I shew'd you the letter I had taken from your maid,

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maid, what was then your poor evasion, but that it was to Clarinda, and you were innocent.

Mrs. Str. Heaven knows, I am innocent.

Mr. Str. But I know your Clarinda, your woman of honour, is your blind, your cover, your — But why do I distract myself about a woman I have no longer any concerns with ? Here, Madam, is your fate. A letter to your brother in the country.

Mrs. Str. Sir —

Mr. Str. I have told him what a sister he is to receive, and how to bid her welcome.

Mrs. Str. Then my ruin is complete. My brother !

Mr. Str. I must vindicate my own honour, else what will the world say ?

Mrs. Str. That brother was my only hope, my only ground of patience. In his retirement I hoped my name might have been safe, and slept, till by some happy means you might at length have known me innocent, and pitied me.

Mr. Str. Retirement ! pretty soul ! No, no ; that face was never made for retirement ; it is another sort of retiring you are fittest for. Ha ! Hark ! What's that ? [*A knocking at the door.*] Two gentle taps — and why but two ! Was that the signal, Madam ? Stir not, on your life.

Mrs. Str. Give me resolution, heaven, to bear this usage, and keep it secret from the world. [*Aside.*]

Mr. Str. I will have no signs, no items, no hem to tell him I am here. Ha ! another tap. The gentleman is in haste, I find. [*Opens the door, and enter Tester.*] Tester ! Why did you not come in, rascal ? [*Beats him.*] All vexations meet to cross me.

Test. Lard, Sir ! what do you strike me for ? My mistress ordered me never to come in where she was, without first knocking at the door.

Mr. Str. Oh, cunning devil ! Tester is too honest to be trusted.

Mrs. Str. Unhappy man ; will nothing undeceive him ? [*Aside.*]

Test. Sir, here is a letter.

Mr. Str. To my wife ?

Test. No, Sir, to you. The servant waits below.

F

Mrs.

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Mr. Str. Art sure it is a servant ?

Test. Sir ! [*Staring.*] it is Mr. Buckle, Sir.

Mr. Str. I am mad : I know not what to say, or do, or think. But let's read [*Reads to himself.*]

" Sir, we cannot bear to reflect that Mrs. Strickland may possibly be ruin'd in your esteem, and in the voice of the world, only by the confusion which our affairs have made in your family, without offering all within our power to clear the misunderstanding between you. If you will give yourself the trouble but to step to Mr. Meggot's, where all parties will be, we doubt not but we can entirely satisfy your most flagrant suspicions, to the honour of Mrs. Strickland, and the quiet of your lives.

Jacintha, John Bellamy."

Hey ! Here is the whole gang witnessing for one another. They think I am an ass, and will be led by the nose to believe every thing. Call me a chair. [*Exit Tester.*] Yes, I will go to this rendezvous of enemies—I will—and find out all her plots, her artifices and contrivances : it will clear my conduct to her brother, and all her friends.

[*Exit Mr. Strickland.*]

Mrs. Str. Gone so abruptly ! What can that letter be about ? No matter ; there is no way left to make us easy but by my disgrace, and I must learn to suffer ; Time and innocence will teach me to bear it patiently.

Enter Lucetta.

Luc. Mrs. Bellamy, Madam, (for my young lady is married) begs you would follow Mr. Strickland to Mr. Meggot's, she makes no doubt but she shall be able to make you and my master easy.

Mrs. Str. But how came she to know any thing of the matter ?

Luc. I have been with them, Madam ; I could not bear to see so good a lady so ill-treated.

Mrs. Str. I am indeed, Lucetta, ill-treated : but I hope this day will be the last of it.

Luc. Madam Clarinda and Mr. Frankly will be there : and the young gentleman, Madam, who was with you in this room last night.

Mrs. Str. Ha ! if he is there, there may be hopes ; and it is worth the trying.

Luc. Dear lady, let me call a chair.

Mrs.

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Mrs. Str. I go with you. I cannot be more wretched than I am. [Exeunt.

SCENE, a room in Meggot's house.

Enter Frankly, Ranger, Bellamy, Jacintha, and Meggot.

Fran. Oh, Ranger; this is news indeed! Your cousin, and a lady of such fortune!

Ran. I have done the business for you; I tell you she's your own. She loves you.

Fran. You make my heart dance with joy. 'Words are too faint to tell the joy I feel.'

Ran. I have put that heart of hers into such a flutter, that I'll lay a hundred guineas, with the assistance which this lady has promised me, I fix her yours directly.

Jac. Ay, ay, Mr. Frankly, we have a design upon her which cannot fail. But you must obey orders.

Fran. Most willingly: but remember, dear lady, I have more than life at stake.

Jac. Away then into the next room; for she is this instant coming hither.

Fran. Hither! You surprise me more and more.

Jac. Here is a message from her, by which she desires leave to wait on me this afternoon.

Ran. Only for the chance of seeing you here, I assure ye.

Fran. Let me hug thee; though I know not how to believe it.

Ran. Psha! pr'ythee, don't stifle me! It is a busy day, a very busy day.

J. M. Thou art the most unaccountable creature in life.

Ran. But the most lucky one, Jack, if I succeed for Frankly as I have for Bellamy, and my heart whispers me I shall. Come in, most noble Mr. Buckle: and what have you to propose?

Enter Buckle.

Buc. A lady, Madam, in a chair, says her name is Clarinda.

Jac. Desire her to walk up.

Bel. How could you let her wait? [Exit Buckle.] You must excuse him, Madam; Buckle is a true bachelor's servant, and knows no manners.

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Jac. Away, away, Mr. Frankly, and stay till I call you. A rap with my fan shall be the signal. [*Exit Fran.*]
We make very free with your house, Mr. Meggot.

J. M. Oh, you could not oblige me more.

Enter Clarinda.

Cla. Dear Mrs Bellamy, pity my confusion. I am to wish you joy and ask you pardon all in a breath. I know not what to say; I am quite ashamed of my last night's behaviour.

Jac. Come, come, Clarinda, it is all well; all is over and forgot. Mr. Bellamy.—— [*Salute.*]

Cla. I wish you joy, Sir, with all my heart, and should have been very sorry if any folly of mine had prevented it.

Bel. Madam, I am oblig'd to you.

Cla. I see nothing of Mr. Frankly! my mind misgives me. [*Aside.*]

Ran. And so, you came hither purely out of friendship, good-nature, and humility.

Cla. Purely.

Ran. To confess your offences, to beg pardon, and to make reparation.

Cla. Purely. Is this any thing so extraordinary?

J. M. The most so of any thing in life, I think.

Ran. A very whimsical business for so fine a lady, and an errand you seldom went on before, I fancy, my dear cousin.

Jac. Never, I dare swear, if I may judge by the awkward concern she shews in delivering it.

Cla. Concern! Lard, well, I protest you are all exceeding pretty company! Being settled for life, Jacintha, gives an ease to the mind that brightens conversation strangely.

Jac. I am sorry, with all my heart, you are not in the same condition; for as you are, my dear, you are horribly *chagriné*.

Ran. But with a little of our help, Madam, the lady may recover, and be very good company.

Cla. Hum! What does he mean, Mr. Bellamy?

Bel. Ask him, Madam.

Cla. Indeed I shall not give myself the trouble.

Jac. Then you know what he means.

Cla.

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Cla. Something impertinent, I suppose, not worth explaining.

Jac. It is something you won't let him explain, I find.

Enter Buckle, and whispers Meggot.

J. M. Very well. Desire him to walk into the parlour. Madam, the gentleman is below.

Ja. Then every one to your posts, You know your cues.

Ran. I warrant ye.

[Exeunt gentlemen.]

Cla. All gone ! I am glad of it, for I want to speak to you.

Jac. And I, my dear Clarinda, have something which I do not know how to tell you : but it must be known sooner or later.

Cla. What's the matter ?

Jac. Poor Mr. Frankly——

Cla. You fright me out of my senses !

Jac. Has no wounds but what you can cure. Ha, ha, ha.

Cla. Psha ! I am angry.

Jac. Psha ! You are pleased ; and will be more so, when I tell you, this man, whom fortune has thrown in your way, is in rank and temper, the man in the world who suits you best for a husband.

Cla. Husband ! I say, husband, indeed ! Where will this end ?

[Aside.]

Jac. His very soul is yours, and he only waits an opportunity of telling you so. He is in the next room. Shall I call him in ?

Cla. My dear girl, hold !

Jac. How foolish is this coyness now, Clarinda ! If the men were here indeed, something might be said—— And so, Mr. Frankly——

Cla. How can you be so teasing ?

Jac. Nay, I am in downright earnest : and to shew how particular I have been in my enquiries, ' though ' I know you have a spirit above regarding the modish, ' paltry way of a Smithfield bargain '——his fortune——

Cla. I don't care what his fortune is.

Jac. Don't you so ? Then you are farther gone than I thought you were.

Cla. No, psha ; pr'ythee, I don't mean so neither.

Jac. I don't care what you mean ; but you won't like him

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him the worse, I hope, for having a fortune superior to your own. Now shall I call him in?

Cla. Pho, dear girl—Some other time.

Jac. [*Raps with her fan.*] That's the signal, and here he is. You shall not stir: I positively will leave you together. [*Exit Jacintha.*]

Cla. I tremble all over.

Enter Frankly.

Fran. Pardon this freedom, Madam: but I hope our having so luckily met with a common friend in Mrs. Belamy—

Cla. Sir!

Fran. Makes any farther apology for my behaviour last night, absolutely unnecessary.

Cla. So far, Mr. Frankly, that I think the apology should be rather on my side, for the impertinent bustle I made about her.

Fran. This behaviour gives me hopes, Madam: pardon the construction—but from the little bustle you made about the lady, may I not hope, you was not quite indifferent about the gentleman?

Cla. Have a care of being too sanguine in your hopes: might not a love of power, or the satisfaction of shewing that power, or the dear pleasure of abusing that power; might not these have been foundation enough for more than what I did?

Fran. Charming woman! With most of your sex, I grant, they might, but not with you. Whatever power your beauty gives, your good-nature will allow you no other use of it than to oblige.

Cla. This is the height of compliment, Mr. Frankly.

Fran. Not in my opinion, I assure you, Madam; and I am now going to put it to the trial.

Cla. What is he going to say now? [*Aside.*]

Fran. What is it that ails me, that I cannot speak? Psha! he here! [*Aside.*]

Enter Ranger.

Cla. Interrupted! impertinent!

Ran. There is no sight so ridiculous as a pair of your true lovers. Here are you two now, bowing and cringing, and keeping a passion secret from one another, that is no secret to all the house beside. And if you don't make

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make the matter up immediately, it will be all over the town within these two hours.

Cla. What do you mean?

Fran. Ranger——

Ran. Do you be quiet, can't ye? [*Aside.*] But it is over, I suppose, cousin, and you have given him your consent.

Cla. Sir, the liberties you are pleas'd to take with me——

Ran. Oh! in your airs still, are you? Why then, Mr. Frankly, there is a certain letter of yours, Sir, to this lady.——

Cla. A letter to me!

Ran. Ay! to you, Madam.

Fran. Ha! what of that letter?

Ran. It is only fallen into Mr. Strickland's hands, that is all; and he has read it.

Fran. Read it!

Ran. Ay, read it to all his family at home, and to all the company below: and if some stop be not put to it, it will be read in all the coffee-houses in town.

Fran. A stop! This sword shall put a stop to it, or I will perish in the attempt.

Ran. But will that sword put a stop to the talk of the town?—Only make it talk the faster, take my word for it.

Cla. This is all a trick.

Ran. A trick! Is it so? you shall soon see that, my fine cousin.

[*Exit Ranger.*]

Fran. It is but too true, I fear. There is such a letter, which I gave Lucetta. Can you forgive me? Was I much to blame, when I could neither see, nor hear of you?

Clar. [*Tenderly.*] You give yourself, Mr. Frankly, a thousand more uneasinesses than you need about me.

Fran. If this uneasiness but convinces you how much I love you——Interrupted again!

Cla. This is downright malice.

[*Aside.*]

Enter Ranger, followed by Jacintha, Mr. Strickland, Belamy, and Meggot.

Ran. Enter, enter, gentlemen and lady. Now you shall see whether this is a trick or no.

Cla. Mr. Strickland here! What is all this?

Jac.

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Jac. Do not be uneasy, my dear; we will explain it to you.

Fran. I cannot bear this trifling, Ranger, when my heart is on the rack.

Ran. Come this way then, and learn.

[*Jacintha, Clarinda, Frankly and Ranger retire.*

[*Mr. Strickland, Bellamy, and Meggot advance.*

Mr. Str. Why, I know not well what to say. This has a face. This letter may as well agree with Clarinda as with my wife, as you have told the story; and Lucetta explain'd it so: but she, for a sixpenny piece, would have constru'd it the other way.

J. M. But, Sir, if we produce this Mr. Frankly to you, and he owns himself the author of this letter——

Bel. And if Clarinda likewise be brought before your face to encourage his address, there can be no farther room for doubt.

Mr. Str. No. Let that appear, and I shall, I think I shall, be satisfied—But yet it cannot be——

Bel. Why not? Hear me, Sir. [They talk.

[*Jacintha, Clarinda, Frankly, and Ranger advance.*

Jac. In short, Clarinda, unless the affair is made up directly, a separation, with all the obloquy on her side, must be the consequence.

Cl. Poor Mrs. Strickland! I pity her: but for him, he deserves all he feels, were it ten times what it is.

Jac. It is for her sake only, that we beg of you both to bear his impertinence.

Cl. With all my heart. You will do what you please with me.

Fran. Generous creature!

Mr. Str. Ha! here she is, and with her the very man I saw deliver the letter to Lucetta. I do begin to fear I have made myself a fool. Now for the proof. Here is a letter, Sir, which has given me great disturbance, and these gentlemen assure me it was writ by you.

Fran. That letter, Sir, upon my honour, I left this morning with Lucetta, for this lady.

Mr. Str. For that lady! and Frankly the name at the bottom, is not feign'd, but your real name?

Fran. Frankly is my name.

Mr. Str. I see, I feel myself ridiculous.

Jac.

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Jac. Now, Mr. Strickland, I hope——

J. M. Ay, ay : a clear case.

Mr. Str. I am satisfied, and will go this instant to Mrs. Strickland.

Ran. Why then the devil fetch me, if this would satisfy me.

Mr. Str. What's that ?

Ran. Nay, nothing ; it is no affair of mine.

Bel. What do you mean, Ranger ?

Mr. Str. Ay, what do you mean ? I will know before I stir.

Ran. With all my heart, Sir. Cannot you see that all this may be a concerted matter between them ?

Fran. Ranger, you know I can resent.

Mr. Str. Go on ; I will defend you, let who will resent it.

Ran. Why then, Sir, I declare myself your friend : and were I as you, nothing but their immediate marriage should convince me.

Mr. Str. Sir, you're right, and are my friend indeed. Give me your hand.

Ran. Nay, were I to hear her say, I, Clarinda, take thee, Charles, I would not believe them, 'till I saw them a-bed together. Now resent it as you will.

Mr. Str. Ay, Sir, as you will : but nothing less shall convince me ; and so, my fine lady, if you are in earnest——

Cla. Sure, Mr. Strickland——

Mr. Str. Nay, no flouncing ; you cannot escape.

Ran. Why, Frankly, has't no soul ?

Fran. I pity her confusion.

Ran. Pity her confusion !—the man's a fool—Here, take her hand.

Fran. Thus, on my knees then, let me ravish with your, hand, your heart.

Cla. Ravish it you cannot ; for it is with all my heart, I give it you.

Mr. Str. I am satisfied.

Cla. And so am I, now it once is over.

Ran. And so am I, my dainty cousin ; and I wish you joy of a man your whole sex would go to cuffs for, if they

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they knew him but half so well as I do—Ha ! she here.
This is more than I bargain'd for. [*Aside.*]

Jacintha leads in Mrs. Strickland.

Mr. Str. [*Embracing Mrs. Strickland.*] Madam, reproach me not with my folly, and you shall never hear of it again.

Mrs. Str. Reproach you ! No ! if ever you hear the least reflection pass my lips, forsake me in that instant ; or, what would yet be worse, suspect again.

Mr. Str. It is enough. I am ashamed to talk to thee. This letter, which I wrote to your brother, thus I tear in pieces, and with it part for ever with my jealousy.

Mrs. Str. This is a joy, indeed ! as great as unexpected. Yet there is one thing wanting to make it lasting.

Ran. What the devil is coming now ? [*Aside.*]

Mrs. Str. Be assur'd, every other suspicion of me was as unjust as your last : though perhaps you had more foundations for your fears.

Ran. She won't tell, sure, for her own sake. [*Aside.*]

Mrs. Str. All must be clear'd before my heart will be at ease.

Ran. It looks plaguy like it, though ! [*Aside.*]

Mr. Str. What mean you ? I am all attention.

Mrs. Str. There was a man, as you suspected, in my chamber last night.

Mr. Str. Ha ! take care, I shall relapse.

Mrs. Str. That gentleman was he ———

Ran. Here is a devil for you ! [*Aside.*]

Mrs. Str. Let him explain the rest.

Ran. A frolic, a mere frolic, on my life.

Mr. Str. A frolic ! Zounds ! [*They interpose.*]

Ran. Nay, don't let us quarrel the very moment you declar'd yourself my friend. There was no harm done, I promise you. Nay, never frown. After I have told my story, any satisfaction you are pleas'd to ask, I shall be ready to give.

Mr. Str. Be quick then, and ease me of my pain.

Ran. Why then, as I was strolling about last night, upon the look out, I must confess ; chance, and chance only, convey'd me to your house ; where I espied a ladder of ropes most invitingly fasten'd to the window.

Jac. Which ladder I had fasten'd for my escape.

Mr.

THE SUSPICIOUS HUSBAND. 71

Mr. Str. Proceed.

Ran. Up mounted I, and up I should have gone, if it had been in the garret; *it's all one to Ranger*. I open'd one door, then another, and, to my great surprise, the whole house was silent; at last, I stole into a room where this lady was undressing.

Mr. Str. 'Sdeath and the devil! you did not dare, fure——

Ran. I don't know whether I had dared, or no, if I had not heard the maid say something of her master's being jealous. Oh, damn me, thought I, then the work is half done to my hands.

Jac. Do you mind that, Mr. Strickland?

Mr. Str. I do——I do, most feelingly.

Ran. The maid grew saucy, and most conveniently to my wishes, was turn'd out of the room; and if you had not the best wife in the world——

Mr. Str. 'Ounds, Sir! but what right have you——

Ran. What right, Sir? If you will be jealous of your wife without a cause; if you will be out at that time of night, when you might have been so much better employ'd at home; we young fellows think we have a right——

Mr. Str. No joking, I beseech you. You know not what I feel.

Ran. Then seriously, I was mad or drunk enough, call it which you will, to be very rude to this lady, for which, I ask both her pardon and yours. I am an odd sort of a fellow, perhaps; but I am above telling you or any man a lie, damn me, if I am not.

Mr. Str. I must, I cannot but believe you; and for the future, Madam, you shall find a heart ready to love and trust you. No tears, I beg; I cannot bear them.

Mrs. Str. I cannot speak, and yet there is a favour, Sir——

Mr. Str. I understand you; and, as a proof of the sincerity with which I speak, I beg it as a favour, of this lady in particular [*To Clarinda.*] and of all the company in general, to return to my house immediately, where every thing, Mr. Bellamy, shall be settled to your entire satisfaction. No thanks, I have not deserv'd them.

J. M. I beg your pardon, Sir, the fiddles are ready;

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Mrs. Bellamy has promis'd me her hand, and I won't part with one of you till midnight ; and if you are as well satisfied as you pretend to be, let our friend Rattle here begin the ball with Mrs. Strickland ; for he seems to be the hero of the day.

Mr. Str. As you and the company please.

Ran. Why, this is honest ; continue but in this humour, and faith, Sir, you may trust me to run about your house like a spaniel. I cannot sufficiently admire at the whimsicalness of my good fortune, in being so instrumental to this general happiness. Bellamy, Frankly, I wish you joy with all my heart, though I had rather you should be married than I, for all that. Never did matrimony appear to me with a smile upon her face 'till this instant.

Sure joys for ever wait each happy pair,

When sense the man, and virtue crowns the fair

And kind compliance proves their mutual care.

[A dance.]

END of the FIFTH ACT.



EPI.

E P I L O G U E

Written by Mr. GARRICK.

THO' the young smarts, I see, begin to sneer,
 And the old sinners cast a wicked leer :
 Be not alarm'd, ye fair—You've nought to fear,
 No wanton hint, no loose ambiguous sense,
 Shall flatter vicious taste at your expence.
 Leaving, for once, these shameless arts in vogue,
 We give a fable for the epilogue.

An ass there was, our author bade me say,
 Who needs must write—He did—And wrote a play.
 The parts were cast to various beasts and fowl ;
 Their stage a barn ;—The manager an owl.
 The house was cramm'd at six, with friends and foes ;
 Rakes, wits, and critics, citizens, and beaux.
 These characters appear'd in different shapes
 Of tigers, foxes, horses, bulls, and apes ;
 With others too, of lower rank and station :—
 A perfect abstract of the brute creation.
 Each, as he felt, mark'd out the author's faults,
 And thus the Connoisseurs express'd their thoughts.
 The Critic-Curs first snarl'd—the rules are broke,
 Time, place, and action, sacrific'd to joke.
 The Goats cry'd out, 'twas formal, dull, and chaste—
 Not writ for beasts of gallantry and taste.
 The Horned Cattle were in piteous taking,
 At fornication, rapes, and cuckold-making,
 The Tigers swore, he wanted fire and passion ;
 The Apes condemn'd—because it was the fashion.
 The generous Steeds allow'd him proper merit :
 Here mark'd his faults, and there approv'd his spirit.
 While brother bards bray'd forth with usual spleen,
 And, as they heard, exploded every scene.
 When Reynard's thoughts were ask'd, the strutting sage,
 Fam'd for hypocrisy, and worn with age,
 Condemn'd, the shameless licence of the stage.
 At which the Monkey skipp'd from box to box,
 And whisper'd round the judgment of the Fox.

*Abus'd the moderns ; talk'd of Rome and Greece ;
Bilk'd ev'ry box-keeper ; and damn'd the piece.*

Now ev'ry fable has a moral to it——

Be churchman, statesman, any thing——but poet.

In law, or physick, quack in what you will ;

Cant and grimace conceal the want of skill ;

Secure in these, his gravity may pass——

But here no artifice can hide the Ass.







J. Reddish del.

Engraved for John Reddish, Treasurer, 30th 1776.

J. Thorneycroft sculp.

MR. REDDISH in the Character of YOUNG BEVILLE.
"These moral Writers practise Virtue after Death."

Printed for JOHN BELL, near *Exeter-Exchange*, in the *Strand*,
and C. ETHERINGTON, at *York*.

MDCCLXXVI.

M. REDDISH in the Character of YOUNG BEVILLE.
These moral Writers practise Virtue after Death:

BELL'S EDITION.

THE
CONSCIOUS LOVERS.

A COMEDY, by Sir RICHARD STEELE.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

Theatre-Royal in Dury-Lane.

Regulated from the Prompt-Book,

By PERMISSION of the MANAGERS,

By Mr. HOPKINS, Prompter.

Illud genus narrationis, quod in personis positum est, debet habere sermonis festivitatem, animorum dissimilitudinem, gravitatem, lenitatem, spem, metum, suspicionem, desiderium, dissimulationem, misericordiam, rerum varietates, fortunæ commutationem, insperatum incommodum, subitam læticiam, jucundum, exitum rerum. Cic. Rhetor. ad Herenn. lib. 1.



L O N D O N :

Printed for JOHN BELL, near Exeter-Exchange, in the Strand,
and C. ETHERINGTON, at York.

MDCCLXVI.



P R O L O G U E.

Written by MR. WELSTED.

TO win your hearts, and to secure your praise,
 The comic-writers strive by various ways :
 By subtle stratagems they act their game,
 And leave untry'd no avenue to fame.
 One writes the spouse a beating from his wife :
 And says, each stroke was copy'd from the life.
 Some fix all wit and humour in grimace,
 And make a livelihood of Pinkey's face :
 Here, one gay shew and costly habit tries,
 Confiding to the judgment of your eyes :
 Another smuts his scene (a cunning shaver)
 Sure of the rakes and of the wenches favour.
 Oft' have these arts prevail'd ; and one may guess,
 If practis'd o'er again, would find success.
 But the bold sage, the poet of to-night,
 By new and desperate rules resolv'd to write ;
 Fain would he give more just applauses rise,
 And please by wit that scorns the aids of vice : —
 The praise he seeks, from worthier motives springs,
 Such praise, as praise to those that give it brings.
 Your aid, must humbly fought, then, Britons, lend,
 And lib'ral mirth, like lib'ral men defend :
 No more let ribaldry, with licence writ,
 Usurp the name of eloquence or wit ;
 No more let lawless farce uncensur'd go,
 The lewd dull gleanings of a Smithfield show.
 'Tis yours with breeding to refine the age,
 To chasten wit, and moralize the stage. }
 Ye modest, wise and good, ye fair, ye brave,
 To-night the champion of your virtues save ;
 Redeem from long contempt the comic name,
 And judge politely for your country's fame.

D R A M A T I S P E R S O N Æ.

M E N.

	Drury-Lane.	Covent-Garden.
Sir John Bevil,	Mr. Bransby.	Mr. Fearon.
Mr. Sealand	Mr. Aickin.	Mr. Clarke.
Bevil jun. in love with		
Indiana,	Mr. Reddish.	Mr. Lewis.
Myrtle, in love with		
Lucinda,	Mr. Jefferson.	Mr. Wroughton.
Cimberton, a coxcomb,	Mr. Parsons.	Mr. Quick.
Humphrey, an old ser-		
vant to Sir John,	Mr. Usher.	Mr. Thompson.
Tom, servant to Bevil		
jun.	Mr. King.	Mr. Woodward.
Daniel, a country boy,		
servant to Indiana,	Mr. Waldron,	Mr. Wewitzer.

W O M E N.

Mrs. Sealand, second		
wife to Sealand,	Mrs. Cross.	Mrs. Pitt.
Isabella, sister to Sea-		
land,	Mrs. Johnston.	Mrs. Booth.
Indiana, Sea'and's		
daughter by his first		
wife,	Miss Younge.	Mrs. Jackson.
Lucinda, Sealand's		
daughter by his se-	Miss Hopkins.	Miss Ambrose.
cond wife,	Mrs. Abington.	Mrs. Mattocks.
Pbillis, maid to Lucinda,		

SCENE, London.

THE

THE CONSCIOUS LOVERS.

A C T I.

SCENE, *Sir John Bevil's House.*

Enter Sir John Bevil and Humphrey.

Sir JOHN BEVIL.

HAVE you order'd that I should not be interrupted while I am dressing?

Humph. Yes, Sir; I believ'd you had something of moment to say to me.

Sir J. B. Let me see, Humphrey; I think it is now full forty years since I first took thee to be about myself.

Humph. I think, Sir, it has been an easy forty years, and I have pass'd 'em without much sickness, care or labour.

Sir J. B. Thou hast a brave constitution; you are a year or two older than I am, firrah.

Humph. You have ever been of that mind, Sir.

Sir J. B. You knave, you know it; I took thee for thy gravity and sobriety, in my wild years.

Humph. Ah, Sir! our manners were form'd from our different fortunes, not our different ages; wealth gave a loss to your youth, and poverty put a restraint upon mine.

Sir J. B. Well, Humphrey, you know I have been a kind master to you; I have us'd you, for the ingenious nature I observed in you from the beginning, more like an humble friend than a servant.

Humph. I humbly beg you'll be so tender of me as to explain your commands, Sir, without any farther preparation.

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Sir J. B. I'll tell thee then. In the first place, this wedding of my son's, in all probability, (shut the door) will never be at all.

Humph. How, Sir! not be at all! for what reason is it carried on in appearance?

Sir J. B. Honest Humphrey, have patience, and I'll tell thee all in order. I have myself, in some part of my life, lived, indeed, with freedom, but, I hope, without reproach: now, I thought liberty would be as little injurious to my son; therefore, as soon as he grew towards man, I indulg'd him in living after his own manner. I know not how otherwise to judge of his inclination; for what can be concluded from a behaviour under restraint and fear? But what charms me above all expression is, that my son has never, in the least action, the most distant hint or word, valued himself upon that great estate of his mother's, which, according to our marriage-settlement he has had ever since he came to age.

Humph. No, Sir; on the contrary, he seems afraid of appearing to enjoy it, before you, or any belonging to you——He is as dependent and resign'd to your will, as if he had not a farthing but what must come from your immediate bounty——You have ever acted like a good and generous father, and he like an obedient and grateful son.

Sir J. B. 'Nay, his carriage is so easy to all with whom he converses, that he is never assuming, never prefers himself to others, nor is ever guilty of that rough sincerity which a man is not called to, and certainly disoblige most of his acquaintance.' To be short, Humphrey, his reputation was so fair in the world, that old Sealand, the great India merchant, has offer'd his only daughter, and sole heiress to that vast estate of his, as a wife for him. You may be sure I made no difficulties, the match was agreed on, and this very day named for the wedding.

Humph. What hinders the proceeding?

Sir J. B. Don't interrupt me. You know I was last Thursday at the masquerade; my son, you may remember, soon found us out——He knew his grandfather's habit, which I then wore; and tho' it was in the mode, in the last age, yet the maskers, you know, follow'd us as if

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if we had been the most monstrous figures in that whole assembly.

Hum. I remember, indeed, a young man of quality, in the habit of a clown, that was particularly troublesome.

Sir J. B. Right—He was too much what he seem'd to be. You remember how impertinently he follow'd, and teized us, and wou'd know who we were.

Hum. I know he has a mind to come into that particular. [Aside.]

Sir J. B. Ay, he followed us, till the gentleman who led the lady in the Indian mantle, presented that gay creature to the rustick, and bid him (like Cymon in the fable) grow polite, by falling in love, and let that worthy old gentleman alone, meaning me. The clown was not reform'd, but rudely persisted, and offered to force off my mask; with that the gentleman throwing off his own, appeared to be my son, and in his concern for me, tore off that of the nobleman; at this they seized each other; the company called the guards; and, in the surprise, the lady swoon'd away; upon which my son quitted his adversary, and had now no care but of the lady——when, raising her in his arms, Art thou gone, cry'd he, for ever——forbid it, Heaven!——She revives at his known voice,——and with the most familiar tho' modest gesture, hangs in safety over his shoulders weeping, but wept as in the arms of one before whom she could give herself a loose, were she not under observation; while she hides her face in his neck, he carefully conveys her from the company.

Hum. I have observed this accident has dwelt upon you very strongly.

Sir J. B. Her uncommon air, her noble modesty, the dignity of her person, and the occasion itself, drew the whole assembly together; and I soon heard it buzz'd about, she was the adopted daughter of a famous sea-officer, who had serv'd in France. Now this unexpected and public discovery of my son's so deep concern for her——

Hum. Was what, I suppose, alarm'd Mr. Sealand, in behalf of his daughter, to break off the match.

Sir J. B. You are right——He came to me yesterday, and

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and said, he thought himself disengaged from the bargain; being credibly informed my son was already marry'd, or worse, to the lady at the masquerade. I palliated matters, and insisted on our agreement; but we parted, with little less than a direct breach between us.

Hum. Well, Sir; and what notice have you taken of all this to my young master?

Sir J. B. That's what I wanted to debate with you—I have said nothing to him yet—But look you, Humphrey—if there is so much in this amour of his, that he denies upon my summons to marry, I have cause enough to be offended; and then, by my insisting upon his marrying to-day, I shall know how far he is engag'd to this lady in masquerade, and from thence only shall be able to take my measures; in the mean time, I would have you find out how far that rogue his man is let into his secret—He, I know, will play tricks as much to cross me as to serve his master.

Hum. Why do you think so of him, Sir? I believe he is no worse than I was for you, at your son's age.

Sir J. B. I see it in the rascal's looks. But I have dwelt on these things too long: I'll go to my son immediately, and while I'm gone, your part is to convince his rogue Tom, that I am in earnest. I'll leave him to you. [Exit.]

Hum. Well, tho' this father and son live as well together as possible, yet their fear of giving each other pain, is attended with constant mutual uneasiness. I'm sure I have enough to do to be honest, and yet keep well with them both: but they know I love 'em, and that makes the task less painful however—Oh, here's the prince of poor coxcombs, the representative of all the better set than taught.—Ho, ho, Tom! Whither so gay and so airy this morning?

Enter Tom, singing.

Tom. Sir, we servants of single gentleman are another kind of people, than you domestic ordinary drudges that do business. We are rais'd above you. The pleasures of board-wages, tavern-dinners, and many a clear gain; vails, alas! you never heard or dreamt of.

Hum. Thou hast follies and vices enough for a man of ten thousand a year, tho' 'tis but as t'other day that I

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sent for you to town, to put you into Mr. Sealand's family, that you might learn a little before I put you to my young master, who is too gentle for training such a rude thing as you were into proper obedience——You then pull'd off your hat to every one you met in the street, like a bashful great awkward cub as you were. But your great oaken cudgel, when you were a booby, became you much better than that dangling stick at your button, now you are a fop; that's fit for nothing, except it hangs there to be ready for your master's hand, when you are impertinent.

Tom. Uncle Humphrey, you know my master scorns to strike his servants. You talk as if the world was now, just as it was when my old master and you were in your youth——when you went to dinner because it was so much a clock, when the great blow was given in the hall at the pantry door, and all the family came out of their holes, in such strange dresses and formal faces, as you see in the pictures in our long gallery in the country.

Hum. Why, you wild rogue!

Tom. You could not fall to your dinner till a formal fellow, in a black gown, laid something over the meat, as if the cook had not made it ready enough.

Hum. Sirrah, who do you prate after?——Despising men of sacred characters! I hope you never heard my young master talk so like a profligate.

Tom. Sir, I say you put upon me, when I first came to town, about being orderly, and the doctrine of wearing shams, to make linen last clean a fortnight, keeping my cloaths fresh, and wearing a frock within doors.

Hum. Sirrah, I gave you those lessons because I suppos'd at that time, your master and you might have din'd at home every day, and cost you nothing; then you might have made you a good family servant: but the gang you have frequented since, at chocolate-houses and taverns, in a continual round of noise and extravagance——

Tom. I don't know what you heavy inmates call noise and extravagance; but we gentlemen, who are well fed, and cut a figure, Sir, think it a fine life, and that we must be very pretty fellows who are kept only to be looked at.

Hum. Very well, Sir——I hope the fashion of being
lewd

THE CONSCIOUS LOVERS.

lewd and extravagant, despising of decency and order, is almost at an end, since it is arrived at persons of your quality.

Tom. Master Humphrey, ha, ha! you were an unhappy lad to be sent up to town in such queer days as you were. Why now, Sir, the lacquies are the men of pleasure of the age; the top gamesters; and many a lac'd coat about town, have had their education in our party-colour'd regiment——We are false lovers; have a taste of music, poetry, billet-doux, dress, politicks; ruin damsels; and when we are weary of this lewd town, and have a mind to take up, whip into our masters wigs and linen, and marry fortunes.

Hum. Hey day!

Tom. Nay, Sir, our order is carry'd up to the highest dignities and distinctions: step but into the painted chamber——and by our titles you'd take us all for men of quality——then again, come down to the Court of Requests, and you shall see us all laying our broken heads together for the good of the nation: and tho' we never carry a question *nemine contradicente*, yet this I can say with a safe conscience, (and I wish every gentleman of our cloth could lay his hand upon his heart and say the same) that I never took so much as a single mug of beer for my vote in all my life.

Hum. Sirrah, there is no enduring your extravagance. I'll hear you prate no longer. I wanted to see you, to enquire how things go with your master, as far as you understand them; I suppose he knows he is to be married to-day.

Tom. Aye, Sir, he knows it, and is dress'd as gay as the sun; but, between you and I, my dear, he has a very heavy heart under all that gaiety. As soon as he was dress'd I retir'd, but overheard him sigh in the most heavy manner. He walk'd thoughtfully to and fro in the room, then went into his closet; when he came out, he gave me this for his mistress, whose maid you know——

Hum. Is passionately fond of your fine person.

Tom. The poor fool is so tender, and loves to hear me talk of the world, and the plays, operas, and *ridottos*, for the winter; the parks and Bellfize, for our summer
diver-

THE CONSCIOUS LOVERS. M

diversions ; and, Lard ! says she, you are so wild—but you have a world of humour.

Hum. Coxcomb ! Well, but why don't you run with your master's letter to Mrs. Lucinda, as he order'd you ?

Tom. Because Mrs. Lucinda is not so easily come at as you think for.

Hum. Not easily come at ? Why, Sir, are not her father and my old master agreed that she and Mr. Bevil are to be one flesh before to-morrow morning ?

Tom. It's no matter for that : her mother, it seems, Mrs. Sealand, has not agreed to it : and you must know, Mr. Humphrey, that in that family the grey mare is the better horse.

Hum. What dost thou mean ?

Tom. In one word, Mrs. Sealand pretends to have a will of her own, and has provided a relation of hers, a stiff, starch'd philosopher, and a wise fool, for her daughter ; for which reason, for these ten days past, she has suffer'd no message nor letter from my master to come near her.

Hum. And where had you this intelligence ?

Tom. From a foolish, fond soul, that can keep nothing from me—One that will deliver this letter too, if she is rightly manag'd.

Hum. What, her pretty hand-maid, Mrs. Phillis ?

Tom. Even she, Sir. This is the very hour, you know, she usually comes hither, under a pretence of a visit to our house-keeper forsooth, but in reality to have a glance at—

Hum. Your sweet face, I warrant you.

Tom. Nothing else in nature. You must know, I love to frolic, and play with the little wanton.—

Hum. Play with the little wanton ! What will this world come to !

Tom. I met her this morning, in a new manteau and petticoat, not a bit the worse for her lady's wearing ; and she has always new thoughts and new airs with new cloaths—then she never fails to steal some glance or gesture from every visitant at their house ; and is, indeed, the whole town of coquettes at second hand—But here she comes ; in one motion she speaks and describes herself better than all the words in the world can.

Hum.

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Hum. Then I hope, dear Sir, when your own affair is over, you will be so good as to mind your master's with her.

Tom. Dear Humphrey, you know my master is my friend, and those are people I never forget.—

Hum. Sauciness itself! But I'll leave you to do your best for him. [Exit.

Enter Phillis.

Phil. Oh, Mr. Thomas, is Mrs. Sugar-key at home?—Lard, one is almost atham'd to pass along the streets. The town is quite empty, and nobody of fashion left in it; and the ordinary people do so stare to see any thing dress'd like a woman of condition, 'as it were on the 'same floor with them,' pass by. Alas! alas! it is a sad thing to walk. Oh, Fortune! Fortune!

Tom. What! a sad thing to walk! Why, Madam Phillis, do you wish yourself lame?

Phil. No, Mr. Thomas, but I wish I were generally carry'd in a coach or chair, and of a fortune neither to stand nor go, but to totter, or slide, to be short-sighted, or stare, to flieer in the face, to look distant, to observe, to overlook, yet all become me; and if I was rich, I could twine and loll as well as the best of them. Oh, Tom! Tom! is it not a pity that you should be so great a coxcomb, and I so great a coquette, and yet be such poor devils as we are?

Tom. Mrs. Phillis, I am your humble servant for that—

Phil. Yes, Mr. Thomas, I know how much you are my humble servant, and know what you said to Mrs. Judy, upon seeing her in one of her lady's cast manteaus: That any one would have thought her the lady, and that she had ordered the other to wear it till it sat easy—for now only it was becoming—to my lady it was only a covering, to Mrs. Judy it was a habit. This you said after somebody or other. Oh, Tom! Tom! thou art as false and as base, as the best gentleman of them all; but, you wretch, talk to me no more on the old odious subject. Don't, I say.

Tom. I know not how to resist your commands, Madam.

[In a submissive tone, retiring.

Phil.

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Phil. Commands about parting are grown mighty easy to you of late.

Tom. Oh, I have her! I have nettled and put her into the right temper to be wrought upon, and set a prating. [*Aside.*—Why truly, to be plain with you, Mrs. Phillis, I can take little comfort of late in frequenting your house.

Phil. Pray, Mr. Thomas, what is it all of a sudden offends your nicety at our house?

Tom. I don't care to speak particulars; but I dislike the whole.

Phil. I thank you, Sir; I am a part of that whole.

Tom. Mistake me not, good Phillis.

Phil. Good Phillis! Saucy enough. But however—

Tom. I say, it is that thou art a part, which gives me pain for the disposition of the whole. You must know, Madam, to be serious, I am a man, at the bottom, of prodigious nice honour. You are too much expos'd to company at your house. To be plain, I don't like so many, that would be your mistress's lovers, whispering to you.

Phil. Don't think to put that upon me. You say this because I wrung you to the heart, when I touch'd your guilty conscience about Judy.

Tom. Ah, Phillis! Phillis! if you but knew my heart!

Phil. I know too much on't.

Tom. Nay, then poor Crispo's fate and mine are—
' Therefore give me leave to say, or sing at least, as he
' does upon the same occasion——

‘ *Se vedette, &c.* [*Sings.*]

Phil. What, do you think I'm to be fobb'd off with a song?—I don't question but you have sung the same to Mrs. Judy too.

Tom. Don't disparage your charms, good Phillis, with jealousy of so worthless an object; besides, she is a poor hussy; and if you doubt the sincerity of my love, you will allow me true to my interest. You are a fortune, Phillis——

Phil. What would the fop be at now? In good time indeed, you shall be setting up for a fortune.

Tom. Dear Mrs. Phillis, you have such a spirit, that we shall never be dull in marriage, when we come together.

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But I tell you, you are a fortune, and you have an estate in my hands. [*He pulls out a purse, she eyes it.*]

Phil. What pretence have I to what is in your hands, Mr. Thomas?

Tom. As thus: there are hours, you know, when a lady is neither pleased nor displeased, neither sick or well, when she lolls or loiters, when she is without desires, from having more of every thing than she knows what to do with.

Phil. Well, what then?

Tom. When she has not life enough to keep her bright eyes quite open to look at her own dear image in the glass.

Phil. Explain thyself, and don't be so fond of thy own prating.

Tom. There are also prosperous and good-natur'd moments, as when a knot or a patch is happily fix'd; when the complexion particularly flourishes.

Phil. Well, what then? I have not patience!

Tom. Why then—or on the like occasions—we servants, who have skill to know how to time business, see when such a pretty folded thing as this [*shows a letter.*] may be presented, laid, or dropped, as best suits the present humour. And, Madam, because it is a long, wearisome journey to run through all the several stages of a lady's temper, my master, who is the most reasonable man in the world, presents you this to bear your charges on the road. [*Gives her the purse.*]

Phil. Now you think me a corrupt hussy.

Tom. Oh, fie, I only think you'll take the letter.

Phil. Nay, I know you do; but I know my own innocence; I take it for my mistress's sake.

Tom. I know it, my pretty one, I know it.

Phil. Yes, I say I do it, because I would not have my mistress deluded by one who gives no proof of his passion: but I'll talk more of this, as you see me on my way home—No, Tom, I assure thee; I take this trash of thy master's, not for the value of the thing, but as it convinces me he has a true respect for my mistress. I remember a verse to the purpose.

They may be false who languish and complain,

But they who part with money never feign. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE,

SCENE, Bevil junior's lodging.

Bevil junior, reading.

Bev. jun. (These moral writers practise virtue after death.) This charming vision of Mirza! such an author consulted in a morning, sets the spirits for the vicissitudes of the day, better than the glass does a man's person. But what a day have I to go through! to put on an easy look with an aking heart.—If this lady my father urges me to marry, should not refuse me, my dilemma is insupportable. But why should I fear it? Is not she in equal distress with me? Has not the letter I have sent her this morning, confess'd my inclination to another? Nay, have I not moral assurances of her engagements too, to my friend Myrtle? It's impossible but she must give in to it: for, sure, to be deny'd, is a favour any man may pretend to. It must be so—Well then, with the assurance of being rejected, I think I may confidently say to my father, I am ready to marry her—Then let me resolve upon (what I am not very good at, though it is) an honest dissimulation.

Enter Tom.

Tom. Sir John Bevil, Sir, is in the next room.

B. jun. Duncce! why did you not bring him in?

Tom. I told him, Sir, you were in your closet.

B. jun. I thought you had known, Sir, it was my duty to see my father any where.

[Going himself to the door.]

Tom. The devil's in my master! he has always more wit than I have.

*[Aside.]**Bevil junior, introducing Sir John.*

B. jun. Sir, you are the most gallant, the most complaisant of all parents—Sure 'tis not a compliment to say these lodgings are yours—Why wou'd you not walk in, Sir?

Sir J. B. I was loth to interrupt you unseasonably on your wedding-day.

B. jun. One to whom I am beholden for my birth-day, might have used less ceremony.

Sir J. B. Well, son, I have intelligence you have writ to your mistress this morning. It would please my

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curiosity to know the contents of a wedding-day letter ; for courtship must then be over.

B. jun. I assure you, Sir, there was no insolence in it, upon the prospect of such a vast fortune's being added to our family ; but much acknowledgment of the lady's great desert.

Sir J. B. But, dear Jack, are you in earnest in all this ? And will you really marry her ?

B. jun. Did I ever disobey any command of yours, Sir ? Nay, any inclination that I saw you bent upon ?

Sir J. B. Why, I can't say you have, son ; but, methinks, in this whole business, you have not been so warm as I could have wished you : you have visited her, it is true, but you have not been particular—Every one knows you can say and do as handsome things as any man ; but you have done nothing, but lived in the general, being complaisant only.

B. jun. As I am ever prepared to marry, if you bid me, so I am ready to let it alone, if you will have me.

[*Humphrey enters unobserved.*]

Sir J. B. Look you there, now ! why, what am I to think of this so absolute and so indifferent a resignation ?

B. jun. I think that I am still your son, Sir—Sir—you have been married, and I have not. And you have, Sir, found the inconvenience there is, when a man weds with too much love in his head. I have been told, Sir, that at the time you married, you made a mighty bustle on the occasion—There was challenging and fighting, scaling walls—locking up the lady—and the gallant under an arrest, for fear of killing all his rivals. Now, Sir, I suppose you having found the ill consequence of these strong passions and prejudices, in preference of one woman to another ; in case of a man's becoming a widower—

Sir J. B. How is this ?

B. jun. I say, Sir, experience has made you wiser in your care of me ; for, Sir, since you lost my dear mother, your time has been so heavy, so lonely, and so tasteless, that you are so good as to guard me against the like unhappiness, by marrying me prudentially, by way of bargain and sale : for, as you well judge, a woman that is espoused for a fortune, is yet a better bargain,

‘bargain, if she dies; for then a man well enjoys what he did marry, the money; and is disencumbered of what he did not marry, the woman.

‘Sir J. B. But pray, Sir, do you think Lucinda then a woman of such little merit?

‘B. jun. Pardon me, Sir, I don’t carry it so far—neither; I am rather afraid I shall like her too well; she has, for one of her fortune, a great many needles and superfluous, good qualities.

‘Sir J. B. I am afraid, son, there’s something I don’t see yet; something that’s smothered under all this raillery.

‘B. jun. Not in the least, Sir.’—If the lady is dress’d and ready, you see I am. I suppose the lawyers are ready too.

Enter Humphrey.

Humph. Sir, Mr. Sealand is at the coffee-house, and has sent to speak with you.

Sir J. B. Oh! that’s well! Then I warrant the lawyers are ready. Son, you’ll be in the way, you say—

B. jun. If you please, Sir, I’ll take a chair and go to Mr. Sealand’s, where the young lady and I will wait, your leisure.

Sir J. B. By no means—The old fellow will be so vain, if he sees—

B. jun. Aye—But the young lady, Sir, will think me so indifferent—

Humph. Ay—there you are right—press your readiness to go to the bride—he won’t let you.

B. jun. Are you sure of that? [Aside to Bevil jun.]

Humph. How he likes being prevented. [Aside.]

Sir J. B. No, no: you are an hour or two too early. [Looking on his watch.]

‘B. jun. You’ll allow me, Sir, to think it too late to visit a beautiful, virtuous, young woman, in the pride and bloom of life, ready to give herself to my arms; and to place her happiness or misery, for the future, in being agreeable or displeasing to me, is a—Call a chair.’

Sir J. B. ‘No, no, no, dear Jack!’ Besides, this Sealand is a moody old fellow. There’s no dealing with some people, but by managing with indifference. We must

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must leave to him the conduct of this day. It is the last of his commanding his daughter.

B. jun. Sir, he can't take it ill, that I am impatient to be hers.

' Sir *J. B.* Pray let me govern in this matter. You can't tell how humour some old fellows are.—There's no offering reason to some of 'em, especially when they are rich.—If my son should see him, before I've brought old Sealand into better temper, the match would be impracticable. [*Afide.*]

' *Humph.* Pray, Sir, let me beg you to let Mr. Bevil go.—See whether he will not. [*Afide to Sir John.*]
' —[*Then to Bev.*] Pray, Sir, command yourself; since you see my master is positive, it is better you should not go.

' *B. jun.* My father commands me as to the object of my affections; but I hope he will not as to the warmth and height of them.

' Sir *J. Bev.* So, I must even leave things as I found them; and in the mean time, at least, keep old Sealand out of his fight.—Well, son, I'll go myself and take orders in your affair.—You'll be in the way, I suppose, if I send to you.—I'll leave your old friend with you.—Humphrey—don't let him stir, d'ye hear. Your servant, your servant.

[*Exit Sir John.*]

Humph. I have a sad time on't, Sir, between you and my master—I see you are unwilling, and I know his violent inclinations for the match—I must betray neither, and yet deceive you both, for your common good—Heav'n grant a good end of this matter: but there is a lady, Sir, that gives your father much trouble and sorrow.—You'll pardon me.

B. jun. Humphrey, I know thou art a friend to both; and in that confidence, I dare tell thee.—That lady—is a woman of honour and virtue. You may assure yourself, I never will marry without my father's consent: but give me leave to say too, this declaration does not come up to a promise, that I will take whomsoever he pleases.

' *Humph.* Come, Sir, I wholly understand you: you would engage my services to free you from this woman, whom

‘ whom my master intends you, to make way, in time,
‘ for the woman you have really a mind to.

‘ *B. jun.* Honest Humphrey, you have always been an
‘ useful friend to my father and myself; I beg you to
‘ continue your good offices, and don’t let us come to
‘ the necessity of a dispute; for if we should dispute, I
‘ must either part with more than life, or lose the best
‘ of fathers.’

Humb. My dear master, were I but worthy to know
this secret, that so near concerns you, my life, my all,
should be engaged to serve you. This, Sir, I dare pro-
mise, that I am sure I will and can be secret: your
trust, at worst, but leaves you where you were; and if
I cannot serve you, I will at once be plain, and tell you so.

B. jun. That’s all I ask. Thou hast made it now my
interest to trust thee—Be patient then, and hear the
story of my heart.

Hum. I am all attention, Sir.

B. jun. You may remember, Humphrey, that in my
last travels, my father grew uneasy at my making so
long a stay at Toulon.

Hum. I remember it; he was apprehensive some wo-
man had laid hold of you.

B. jun. His fears were just; for there I first saw this
lady: she is of English birth: her father’s name was
Danvers, a younger brother, of an ancient family, and
originally an eminent merchant of Bristol; who, upon
repeated misfortunes, was reduced to go privately to the
Indies. In this retreat Providence again grew favour-
able to his industry, and, in six years time, restored
him to his former fortunes. On this, he sent direc-
tions over, that his wife and little family should follow
him to the Indies. His wife, impatient to obey such
welcome orders, would not wait the leisure of a convoy,
but took the first occasion of a single ship, and with her
husband’s sister only, and this daughter, then scarce
seven years old, undertook the fatal voyage. For here,
poor creature, she lost her liberty and life; she, and her
family, with all they had, were unfortunately taken
by a privateer from Toulon. Being thus made a priso-
ner, though, as such, not ill-treated, yet the fright, the
shock, and the cruel disappointment, seized with such
violence

violence upon her unhealthy frame, she sickened, pined, and died at sea.

Hum. Poor soul ! Oh, the helpless infant !

B. jun. Her sister yet survived; and had the care of her. The captain too proved to have humanity, and became a father to her; for having himself married an English woman, and being childless, he brought home, into Toulon, this her little country-woman, this orphan, I may call her, presenting her, with all her dead mother's moveables of value, to his wife, to be educated, as his own adopted daughter.

Hum. Fortune here seemed, again, to smile on her.

B. jun. Only to make her frowns more terrible. For in his height of fortune, this captain too, her benefactor, unfortunately was killed at sea, and dying intestate, his estate fell wholly to an advocate, his brother, who coming soon to take possession, there found, among his other riches, this blooming virgin, at his mercy.

Hum. He durst not sure abuse his power !

B. jun. No wonder if his pampered blood was fired at the sight of her—in short, he loved : but when all arts and gentle means had failed to move, he offered too his menaces in vain, denouncing vengeance on her cruelty; demanding her to account for all her maintenance, from her childhood; seized on her little fortune, as his own inheritance, and was dragging her by violence to prison, when Providence at the instant interposed, and sent me, by miracle, to relieve her.

Hum. 'Twas Providence indeed ! But pray, Sir, after all this trouble, how came this lady at last to England ?

B. jun. The disappointed advocate, finding she had so unexpected a support, on cooler thoughts, descended to a composition; which I, without her knowledge, secretly discharged.

Hum. That generous concealment made the obligation double.

B. jun. Having thus obtained her liberty, I prevailed, not without some difficulty, to see her safe to England, where we no sooner arrived, but my father, jealous of my being imprudently engaged, immediately proposed this other fatal match that hangs upon my quiet.

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Hum. I find, Sir, you are irrecoverably fixed upon this lady.

B. jun. As my vital life dwells in my heart—and yet you see—what I do to please my father: walk in this pageantry of dress, this splendid covering of sorrow—But, Humphrey, you have your lesson.

Hump. Now, Sir, I have but one material question—

B. jun. Ask it freely.

Hum. Is it, then, your own passion for this secret lady, or hers for you, that gives you this aversion to the match your father has proposed you?

B. jun. I shall appear, Humphrey, more romantic in my answer, than in all the rest of my story: for though I dote on her to death, and have no little reason to believe she has the same thoughts for me; yet in all my acquaintance, and utmost privacies with her, I never once directly told her, that I loved.

Hum. How was it possible to avoid it?

B. jun. My tender obligations to my father have laid so inviolable a restraint upon my conduct, that 'till I have his consent to speak, I am determined, on that subject, to be dumb for ever—*An honourable retreat shall always be at least within my power, however fortune may dispose of me; the lady may repine, perhaps, but never shall reproach me.*

Hum. Well, Sir, to your praise be it spoken, you are certainly the most unfashionable lover in Great-Britain.

Enter Tom.

Tom. Sir, Mr. Myrtle's at the next door, and if you are at leisure, will be glad to wait on you.

B. jun. Whenever he pleases—Hold, Tom! did you receive no answer to my letter?

Tom. Sir, I was desired to call again; for I was told, her mother would not let her be out of her sight; but about an hour hence, Mrs. Phillis said, I should have one.

B. jun. Very well.

Hum. Sir, I will take another opportunity; in the mean time, I only think it proper to tell you, that from a secret I know, you may appear to your father as forward as you please, to marry Lucinda, without the least hazard

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hazard of its coming to a conclusion——Sir, your most obedient servant.

B. jun. Honest Humphrey, continue but my friend, in this exigence, and you shall always find me yours.

[*Exit Humph.*

I long to hear how my letter has succeeded with Lucinda. 'But, I think, it cannot fail; for, at worst, were it possible she would take it ill, her resentment of my indifference may as probably occasion a delay as her taking it right.'——Poor Myrtle, what terrors must he be in all this while?——Since he knows she is offered to me, and refused to him, there is no conversing, or taking any measures with him, for his own service.—But I ought to bear with my friend, and use him as one in adversity.

All his disquietudes by my own I prove,

For none exceeds perplexity in love.

[*Exeunt.*

END of the FIRST ACT.

A C T II.

SCENE *continues.*

Enter Bevil jun. and Tom.

TOM.

SIR, Mr. Myrtle.

B. jun. Very well——do you step again, and wait for an answer to my letter.

[*Exit Tom.*

Enter Myrtle.

Well, Charles, why so much care in thy countenance? Is there any thing in this world deserves it? You, who used to be so gay, so open, so vacant!

Myr. I think we have of late chang'd complexions. You, who us'd to be much the graver man, are now all air in your behaviour——But the cause of my concern, may, for ought I know, be the same object that gives you all this satisfaction. In a word, I am told that you are this very day (and your dress confirms me in it) to be married to Lucinda.

B. jun. You are not misinform'd——Nay, put not on the terrors of a rival, till you hear me out. I shall disoblige

oblige the best of fathers, if I don't seem ready to marry Lucinda; and you know I have ever told you, you might make use of my secret resolution never to marry her, for your own service, as you please. But I am now driven to the extremity of immediately refusing, or complying, unless you help me to escape the match.

Myr. Escape, Sir! neither her merit, nor her fortune are below your acceptance.—Escaping, do you call it?

B. jun. Dear Sir, do you wish I should desire the match?

Myr. No——but such is my humorous and sickly state of mind, since it has been able to relish nothing but Lucinda, that tho' I must owe my happiness to your aversion to this marriage, I can't bear to hear her spoken of with levity or unconcern.

B. jun. Pardon me, Sir, I shall transgress that way no more. She has understanding, beauty, shape, complexion, wit——

Myr. Nay, dear Bevil, don't speak of her as if you lov'd her, neither.

B. jun. Why then, to give you ease at once, tho' I allow Lucinda to have good sense, wit, beauty, and virtue; I know another, in whom these qualities appear to me more amiable, than in her.

Myr. There you spoke like a reasonable and good-natur'd friend. When you acknowledge her merit, and own your prepossession for another, at once you gratify my fondness, and cure my jealousy.

B. jun. But all this while you take no notice, you have no apprehension, of another man, that has twice the fortune of either of us.

Myr. Cimberton! Hang him, a formal, philosophical, pedantic coxcomb——For the sot, with all these crude notions of divers things, under the direction of great vanity, and very little judgment, shews his strongest bias is avarice, which is so predominant in him, that he will examine the limbs of his mistress with the caution of a jockey, and pays no more compliment to her personal charms, than if she were a mere breeding animal.

B. jun. Are you sure that is not affected? I have known some women sooner set on fire by that sort of negligence, than by all the blaze and ceremony of a court.

Myr.

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Myr. No, no; hang him, the rogue has no art, it is pure simple insolence and stupidity.

B. jun. Yet with all this, I don't take him for a fool.

Myr. I own the man is not a natural; he has a very quick sense, tho' a very slow understanding.—He says, indeed, many things, that want only the circumstances of time and place, to be very just and agreeable.

B. jun. Well, you may be sure of me, if you can disappoint him; but my intelligence says, the mother has actually sent for the conveyancer to draw articles for his marriage with Lucinda; tho' those for mine with her, are, by her father's order, ready for signing; but it seems she has not thought fit to consult either him or his daughter in the matter.

Myr. Pshaw! a poor troublesome woman——Neither Lucinda, nor her father, will ever be brought to comply with it—besides I am sure, Cimberton can make no settlement upon her, without the concurrence of his great uncle Sir Geoffry, in the West.

B. jun. Well, Sir, and I can tell you, that's the very point that is now laid before her counsel, to know whether a firm settlement can be made, without this uncle's actually joining in it.—Now, pray, consider, Sir, when my affair with Lucinda comes, as it soon must, to an open rupture; how are you sure that Cimberton's fortune may not then tempt her father, too, to hear his proposals?

Myr. There you are right indeed; that must be provided against——Do you know who are her counsel?

B. jun. Yes, for your service I have found out that too; they are serjeant Bramble, and old Target—by the way; they are neither of 'em known in the family: now I was thinking, why you might not put a couple of false counsel upon her, to delay and confound matters a little——besides, it may probably let you into the bottom of her whole design against you.

Myr. As how, pray?

B. jun. Why, can't you slip on a black wig and a gown, and be old Bramble yourself?

Myr. Ha! I don't dislike it——but what shall I do for a brother in the case?

B. jun. What think you of my fellow, Tom? The rogue's intelligent, and is a good mimick; all his part
will

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will be but to stutter heartily, for that's old Target's case—
 ' nay, it would be an immoral thing to mock him, were it
 ' not that his impatience is the occasion of its breaking
 ' out to that degree'—The conduct of the scene will chiefly lie upon you.

Myr. I like it of all things; if you'll send Tom to my chambers, I will give him full instructions. This will certainly give me occasion to raise difficulties, to puzzle or confound her project for a while, at least.

B. jun. I warrant you success; so far we are right then. And now, Charles, your apprehension of my marrying her, is all you have to get over.

Myr. Dear Bevil, tho' I know you are my friend; yet when I abstract myself from my own interest in the thing, I know no objection she can make to you, or you to her, and therefore hope—

B. jun. Dear Myrtle, I am as much oblig'd to you for the cause of your suspicion, as I am offended at the effect: but be assured, I am taking measures for your certain security, and that all things with regard to me will end in your entire satisfaction.

Myr. Well, I'll promise you to be as easy and as confident as I can; tho' I cannot but remember that I have more than life at stake on your fidelity. [Going.]

B. jun. Then, depend upon it, you have no chance against you.

Myr. Nay, no ceremony; you know I must be going. [Exit Myrtle.]

B. jun. Well, this is another instance of the perplexities which arise too, in faithful friendship. ' We must often, in
 ' this life, go on in our good offices, even under the displeasure of those to whom we do them, in compassion to their
 ' weaknesses and mistakes.' But all this while, poor Indiana is tortured with the doubt of me. ' She has no
 ' support or comfort but in my fidelity, yet sees me daily
 ' press'd to marriage with another. How painful, in such
 ' a crisis, must be every hour she thinks on me! I'll let
 ' her see, at least, my conduct to her is not chang'd.' I'll take this opportunity to visit her; for tho' the religious vow I have made to my father, restrains me from ever marrying without his approbation, yet that confines me not from seeing a virtuous woman, that is the pure
 style="text-align: center;">C
 style="text-align: right;">delight

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delight of my eyes, and the guiltless joy of my heart,
But the best condition of human life is but a gentler misery.

To hope for perfect happiness is vain,
And love has ever its allays of pain.

[*Exit*]

SCENE, Indiana's lodging.

Enter Isabella and Indiana.

If. Yes—I say 'tis artifice, dear child; I say to thee again, and again, 'tis all skill and management.

In. Will you persuade me there can be an ill design in supporting me in the condition of a woman of quality? attended, dress'd, and lodg'd like one, in my appearance abroad, and my furniture at home, every way in the most sumptuous manner, and he that does it has an artifice, a design in it?

If. Yes, yes.

In. And all this without so much as explaining to me, that all about me comes from him?

If. Ay, ay,—the more for that—that keeps the title to all you have the more in him.

In. The more in him!—He scorns the thought—

If. Then he—he—he——

In. Well, be not so eager——If he is an ill man, let's look into his stratagems. Here is another of them. [*Shewing a letter.*] Here's two hundred and fifty pounds in bank-notes, with these words, "To pay for the set of dressing-plate, which will be brought home to-morrow." Why, dear aunt, now, here's another piece of skill for you, which I own I cannot comprehend—and it is with a bleeding heart I hear you say any thing to the disadvantage of Mr. Bevil. When he is present, I look upon him as one to whom I owe my life, and the support of it; then again, as the man who loves me with sincerity and honour. When his eyes are cast another way, and I dare survey him, my heart is painfully divided between shame and love—' Oh! I could tell you——

If. Oh, you need not; I imagine all this for you.

In. This is my state of mind in his presence; and when he is absent, you are ever dinning my ears with notions of the arts of men; that his hidden bounty, his respectful conduct, his careful provision for me, after his preserving

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• preserving me from the utmost misery, are certain signs
• he means nothing, but to make I know not what of me.

If. Oh, you have a sweet opinion of him, truly!

In. I have, when I am with him, ten thousand
• things, besides my sex's natural decency and shame, to
• suppress my heart, that yearns to thank, to praise, to
• say it loves him.' I say, thus it is with me while I see
him; and in his absence, I am entertain'd with nothing
but your endeavours to tear this amiable image from my
heart, and in its stead to place a base dissembler; an artful
invader of my happiness, my innocence, my honour.

If. Ah, poor soul! has not his plot taken? Don't you
die for him? Has not the way he has taken, been the
most proper with you? Oh, ho! he has sense, and has
judg'd the thing right.

In. Go on, then, since nothing can answer you; say
what you will of him — Heigh! ho!

If. Heigh! ho! Indeed. It is better to say so as you
are now, than as many others are. There are among the
destroyers of women, the gentle, the generous, the mild,
the affable, the humble, who all, soon after their success
in their designs, turn to the contrary of those characters.
• I will own to you, Mr. Bevil carries his hypocrisy the
• best of any man living; but still he is a man, and there-
• fore a hypocrite. They have usurp'd an exemption
• from shame, from any baseness, any cruelty towards us.
They embrace without love; they make vows without
conscience of obligation; they are partners, nay, seducers
to the crime, wherein they pretend to be less guilty.

In. That's truly observ'd. [*Aside.*] But what's all this
to Bevil?

If. This is to Bevil, and all mankind. 'Trust not those
• who will think the worse of you for your confidence in
• them; serpents who lie in wait for doves.' Won't you
be on your guard against those who would betray you?
Won't you doubt those who would condemn you for be-
lieving 'em? 'Take it from me, fair and natural dealing
• is to invite injuries; 'tis bleating to escape wolves,
• who would devour you.' Such is the world; and such
(since the behaviour of one man to myself) have I be-
lieved all the rest of the sex. [*Aside.*]

In. I will not doubt the truth of Bevil, I will not
doubt

doubt it: he has not spoken it by an organ that is given to lying: his eyes are all that have ever told me that he was mine. I know his virtue, I know his filial piety, and ought to trust his management with a father, to whom he has uncommon obligations. What have I to be concern'd for? My lesson is very short. If he takes me for ever, my purpose of life is only to please him. If he leaves me, (which Heaven avert) I know he'll do it nobly; and I shall have nothing to do but to learn to die, after worse than death has happen'd to me.

If. Ay, do, persist in your credulity! flatter yourself that a man of his figure and fortune will make himself the jest of the town, and marry a handsome beggar for love.

In. The town! I must tell you, Madam, the fools that laugh at Mr. Bevil, will but make themselves more ridiculous; his actions are the result of thinking, and he has sense enough to make even virtue fashionable.

If. 'O' my conscience, he has turn'd her head! Come, come; if he were the honest fool you take him for, why has he kept you here these three weeks, without sending you to Bristol, in search of your father, your family, and your relations?

In. I am convinc'd he still designs it; 'and that nothing keeps him here but the necessity of not coming to an open breach with his father, in regard to the match he has propos'd him;' besides, has he not writ to Bristol? And has not he advice, that my father has not been heard of there, almost these twenty years?

If. All sham, mere evasion; he is afraid, if he should carry you thither, your honest relations may take you out of his hands, and so blow up all his wicked hopes at once.

In. Wicked hopes! Did I ever give him any such?

If. Has he ever given you any honest ones? Can you say, in your conscience, he has ever once offer'd to marry you?

In. No; but by his behaviour I am convinc'd he will offer it, the moment 'tis in his power, or consistent with his honour, to make such a promise good to me.

If. His honour!

In. I will rely upon it; therefore desire you will not make my life uneasy by these ungrateful jealousies of one,
to

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to whom I am, and wish to be oblig'd : for from his integrity alone I have resolv'd to hope for happiness.

If. Nay, I have done my duty ; if you won't see, at your peril be it. —

In. Let it be—This is his hour of visiting me. [*Apart.*

If. Oh ! to be sure, keep up your form ; do not see him in a bed-chamber. This is pure prudence, when she is liable, whenever he meets her, to be conveyed where'er he pleases. [*Apart.*

In. All the rest of my life is but waiting till he comes. I live only when I'm with him. [*Exit.*

If. Well, go thy way, thou wilful innocent ! I once had almost as much love for a man, who poorly left me, to marry an estate—and I am now, against my will, what they call an old maid—but I will not let the peevishness of that condition grow upon me—only keep up the suspicion of it, to prevent this creature's being any other than a virgin, except upon proper terms. [*Exit.*

Re-enter Indiana, speaking to a servant.

In. Desire Mr. Bevil to walk in—Design ! impossible ! A base, designing mind could never think of what he hourly puts in practice—and yet, since the late rumour of his marriage, he seems more reserv'd than formerly—He sends in, too, before he sees me, to know if I am at leisure—Such new respect may cover coldness in the heart—it certainly makes me thoughtful—I'll know the worst at once ; I'll lay such fair occasions in his way, that it shall be impossible to avoid an explanation—for these doubts are insupportable—but see, he comes, and clears them all.

Enter Bevil jun.

B. jun. Madam, your most obedient—I am afraid I broke in upon your rest last night—'twas very late before we parted ; but 'twas your own fault ; I never saw you in such agreeable humour.

In. I am extremely glad we were both pleas'd ; for I thought I never saw you better company.

B. jun. Me, Madam ! you rally ; I said very little.

In. But I am afraid you heard me say a great deal ; and when a woman is in the talking vein, the most agreeable thing a man can do, you know, is to have patience to hear her.

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B. jun. Then it's pity, Madam, you should ever be silent, that we might be always agreeable to one another.

In. If I had your talent, or power, to make my actions speak for me, I might indeed be silent, and yet pretend to something more than the agreeable.

B. jun. If I might be vain of any thing in my power, Madam, it is that my understanding, from all your sex, has mark'd you out as the most deserving object of my esteem.

In. Should I think I deserve this, it were enough to make my vanity forfeit the very esteem you offer me.

B. jun. How so, Madam?

In. Because esteem is the result of reason, and to deserve it from good sense, the height of human glory. —

Nay, I had rather a man of honour should pay me that, than all the homage of a sincere and humble love.

B. jun. You certainly distinguish right, Madam; love often kindles from external merit only —

In. But esteem arises from a higher source, the merit of the soul —

B. jun. True — And great souls only can deserve it. [Bowing respectfully.]

In. Now I think they are greater still, that can so charitably part with it.

B. jun. Now, Madam, you make me vain, since the utmost pride and pleasure of my life is, that I esteem you — as I ought.

In. [Aside.] As he ought! still more perplexing! he neither saves nor kills my hope.

B. jun. But, Madam, we grow grave, methinks — Let's find some other subject — Pray, how did you like the opera last night?

In. First, give me leave to thank you for my tickets.

B. jun. Oh! your servant, Madam — But, pray, tell me, you, now, who are never partial to the fashion, I fancy, must be the properest judge of a mighty dispute among the ladies, that is, whether Crispo or Griselda is the more agreeable entertainment.

In. With submission, now, I cannot be a proper judge of this question.

B. jun. How so, Madam?

In.

' *In.* Because I find I have a partiality for one of them.

' *B. jun.* Pray, which is that?

' *In.* I do not know——there's something in that rural cottage of Griselda, her forlorn condition, her poverty, her solitude, her resignation, her innocent slumbers, and that lulling *dolce sogno* that's sung over her; it had an effect upon me, that——in short, I never was so well deceiv'd at any of them.

' *B. jun.* Oh! now then I can account for the dispute: Griselda, it seems, is the distress of an injur'd, innocent woman; Crispo, that only of a man in the same condition; therefore the men are mostly concern'd for Crispo, and by a natural indulgence, both sexes for Griselda.

' *In.* So that judgment, you think, ought to be for one, tho' fancy and complaisance have got ground for the other. Well, I believe you will never give me leave to dispute with you on any subject; for I own Crispo has its charms for me too: though, in the main, all the pleasure the best opera gives us, is but a keen sensation——Methinks 'tis pity the mind can't have a little more share in the entertainment——The music is certainly fine; but, in my thoughts, there's none of your composers come up to old Shakespeare and Otway.

' *B. jun.* How, Madam! Why, if a woman of your sense were to say this in a drawing-room——

Enter Servant.

Ser. Sir, here's Signor Carbonelli says he waits your commands in the next room.

B. jun. A-propos! you were saying yesterday, Madam, you had a mind to hear him——will you give him leave to entertain you now?

' *In.* By all means. Desire the gentleman to walk in.

[*Ex. Servant.*]

' *B. jun.* I fancy you will find something in this hand, that is uncommon.

' *In.* You are always finding ways, Mr. Bevil, to make life seem less tedious to me.

Enter Music-master.

' When the gentleman pleases.'

After a sonata is play'd, Bevil junior waits on the master to the door, &c.

B. jun. You smile, Madam, to see me so complaisant to

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to one whom I pay for his visit. Now, I own, I think it not enough barely to pay those whose talents are superior to our own (I mean such talents as would become our condition, if we had them.) Methinks we ought to do something more than barely gratify them for what they do at our command, only because their fortune is below us.

In. You say I smile; I assure you it was a smile of approbation; for indeed I cannot but think it the distinguishing part of a gentleman, to make his superiority of fortune as easy to his inferiors as he can.—Now, once more to try him. [*Aside.*—I was saying just now, I believe you would never let me dispute with you, and I dare say it will always be so. However, I must have your opinion upon a subject which created a debate between my aunt and me, just before you came hither; she would needs have it, that no man ever does any extraordinary kindness or service for a woman, but for his own sake.

B. jun. Well, Madam! indeed I can't but be of her mind.

In. What, though he would maintain and support her, without demanding any thing of her on her part?

B. jun. Why, Madam, is making an expence in the service of a valuable woman, (for such I must suppose her) though she should never do him any favour, nay, though she should never know who did her such service, such a mighty heroic business?

In. Certainly! I should think he must be a man of an uncommon mould.

B. jun. Dear Madam, why so? 'Tis but at best a better taste in expence. To bestow upon one whom he may think one of the ornaments of the whole creation; to be conscious, that from his superfluity, an innocent, a virtuous spirit, is supported above the temptations, the sorrows of life; that he sees satisfaction, health, and gladness in her countenance, while he enjoys the happiness of seeing her (as that I will suppose too, or he must be too abstracted, too insensible;) I say, if he is allowed to delight in that prospect, alas! what mighty matter is there in all this?

In. No mighty matter in so disinterested a friendship?

B. jun. Disinterested! I can't think him so. Your
hero,

hero, Madam, is no more than what every gentleman ought to be, and I believe very many are——He is only one who takes more delight in reflexions than in sensations; he is more pleased with thinking than eating; that's the utmost you can say of him——Why, Madam, a greater expence than all this, men lay out upon an unnecessary stable of horses.

In. Can you be sincere in what you say?

B. jun. You may depend upon it, if you know any such man, he does not love dogs inordinately.

In. No, that he does not.

B. jun. Nor cards, nor dice.

In. No.

B. jun. Nor bottle companions.

In. No.

B. jun. Nor loose women.

In. No, I'm sure he does not.

B. jun. Take my word, then, if your admired hero is not liable to any of these kind of demands, there's no such preheminance in this as you imagine: nay, this way of expence you speak of, is what exalts and raises him that has a taste for it; and at the same time his delight is incapable of satiety, disgust, or penitence.

In. But still I insist his having no private interest in the action, makes it prodigious, almost incredible.

B. jun. Dear Madam, I never knew you more mistaken. Why, who can be more an usurer, than he who lays out his money in such valuable purchases? If pleasure be worth purchasing, how great a pleasure is it to him who has a true taste of life, to ease an aching heart, to see the human countenance lighted up into smiles of joy, on the receipt of a bit of ore, which is superfluous, and otherwise useless in a man's own pocket? What could a man do better with his cash? This is the effect of a humane disposition, where there is only a general tie of nature, and common necessity. What then must it be, when we serve an object of merit, of admiration!

In. Well, the more you argue against it, the more I shall admire the generosity.

B. jun. Nay—then, Madam, 'tis time to fly, after a declaration, that my opinion strengthens my adversary's argument——I had best hasten to my appointment with
Mr.

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Mr. Myrtle, and begone while we are friends, and—before things are brought to an extremity— [*Exit carelessly.*
Enter Isabella.

Is. Well, Madam, what think you of him now, pray?

In. I protest I begin to fear he is wholly disinterested in what he does for me. On my heart he has no other view, but the mere pleasure of doing it, and has neither good or bad designs upon me.

Is. Ah, dear niece! don't be in fear of both; I'll warrant you, you will know time enough, that he is not indifferent.

In. You please me when you tell me so; for if he has any wishes towards me, I know he will not pursue them, but with honour.

Is. I wish I were as confident of one as t'other—I saw the respectful downcast of his eye, when you catch'd him gazing at you during the music. 'He, I warrant, was surpris'd, as if he had been taken stealing your watch.' Oh, the undissembled, guilty look!

In. But did you observe any thing really? I thought he look'd most charmingly graceful. How engaging is modesty in a man, when one knows there is a great mind within! 'So tender a confusion, and yet, in other respects, so much himself, so collected, so dauntless, so determin'd!

Is. Ah, niece! 'there is a sort of bashfulness, which is the best engine to carry on a shameless purpose.' Some men's modesty serves their wickedness, as hypocrisy gains the respect due to piety. But I will own to you, there is one hopeful symptom, if there could be such a thing as a disinterested lover; but till—till—till—

In. Till what?

Is. Till I know whether Mr. Myrtle and Mr. Bevil are really friends or foes——And that I will be convinced of before I sleep; for you shall not be deceiv'd. [*Exit Isabella.*

In. I'm sure I never shall, if your fears can guard me. In the mean time, I'll wrap myself up in the integrity of my own heart, nor dare to doubt of his.

As conscious honour all his actions steers;
 So conscious innocence dispels my fears.

[*Exit.*

END of the SECOND ACT.

ACT

ACT III.

SCENE, Sealand's House.

Enter Tom, meeting Phillis.

TOM.

WELL, Phillis! — What with a face, as if you had never seen me before — What a work have I to do now? She has seen some new visitant at their house, whose airs she has catch'd, and is resolv'd to practise them upon me. Numberless are the changes she'll dance thro', before she'll answer this plain question; *videlicet*, Have you deliver'd my master's letter to your lady? Nay, I know her too well, to ask an account of it in an ordinary way; I'll be in my airs as well as she. [*Aside.*] — Well, Madam, as unhappy as you are at present pleased to make me, I would not in the general be any other than what I am; I would not be a bit wiser, a bit richer, a bit taller, a bit shorter, than I am at this instant. [*Looking stedfastly at her.*]

Phil. Did ever any body doubt, Master Thomas, but that you were extremely satisfied with your sweet self?

Tom. I am, indeed — The thing I have least reason to be satisfied with is my fortune, and I am glad of my poverty; perhaps if I were rich, I should overlook the finest woman in the world, that wants nothing but riches to be thought so.

Phil. How prettily was that said? But I'll have a great deal more, before I'll say one word. [*Aside.*]

Tom. I should, perhaps, have been stupidly above her, had I not been her equal; and by not being her equal, never had opportunity of being her slave. I am my master's servant for hire; I am my mistress's from choice; wou'd she but approve my passion!

Phil. I think it is the first time I ever heard you speak of it, with any sense of the anguish, if you really do suffer any.

Tom. Ah, Phillis! Can you doubt, after what you have seen?

Phil. I know not what I have seen nor what I have heard; but since I am at leisure, you may tell me when you fell in love with me; how you fell in love with me; and

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and what you have suffer'd, or are ready to suffer for me.

Tom. Oh! the unmerciful jade! When I'm in haste about my master's letter—But I must go thro' it. [*Aside.*]—Ah! too well I remember, when, and how, and on what occasion I was first surpris'd. It was on the first of April, one thousand seven hundred and fifteen, I came into Mr. Sealand's service; I was then a hobble-de-hoy, and you a pretty little tight girl, a favourite handmaid of the housekeeper—At that time, we neither of us knew what was in us: I remember, I was ordered to get out of the window, one pair of stairs, to rub the sashes clean,—the person employ'd on the inner-side, was your charming self, whom I had never seen before.

Phil. I think I remember the silly accident. What made ye, you oaf, ready to fall down into the street?

Tom. You know not, I warrant you—You could not guess what surpris'd me—You took no delight, when you immediately grew wanton in your conquest, and put your lips close and breath'd upon the glass, and when my lips approach'd, a dirty cloth you rubb'd against my face, and hid your beauteous form; when I again drew near, you spit, and rubb'd, and smil'd at my undoing.

Phil. What silly thoughts you men have!

Tom. We were Pyramus and Thisbe—but ten times harder was my fate; Pyramus could peep only through a wall; I saw her, saw my Thisbe in all her beauty, but as much kept from her as if a hundred walls between, for there was more, there was her will against me—Would she but relent!—Oh, Phillis! Phillis! shorten my torment, and declare you pity me.

Phil. I believe it's very sufferable; the pain is not so exquisite, but that you may bear it a little longer.

Tom. Oh, my charming Phillis! if all depended on my fair one's will, I could with glory suffer—But, dearest creature, consider our miserable state.

Phil. How! miserable!

Tom. We are miserable to be in love, and under the command of others than those we love—with that generous passion in the heart, to be sent to and fro on errands, call'd, check'd, and rated for the meanest trifles—Oh, Phillis! you don't know how many China cups, and

glasses, my passion for you has made me break: you have broken my fortune, as well as my heart.

Phil. Well, Mr. Thomas, I cannot but own to you, that I believe your master writes, and you speak the best of any men in the world. Never was a woman so well pleas'd with a letter, as my young lady was with his, and this is an answer to it. *[Gives him a letter.]*

Tom. This was well done, my dearest; consider, we must strike out some pretty livelihood for ourselves, by closing their affairs: it will be nothing for them to give us a little being of our own, some small tenement out of their large possessions. Whatever they give us, it will be more than what they keep for themselves: one acre, with Phillis, would be worth a whole county without her.

Phil. Oh, could I but believe you!

Tom. If not the utterance, believe the touch of my lips. *[Kisses her.]*

Phil. There's no contradicting you. How closely you argue, Tom!

Tom. And will closer in due time. But I must hasten with this letter, to hasten towards the possession of you—then, Phillis, consider how I must be reveng'd (look to it!) of all your skittishness, shy looks, and at best but coy compliances.

Phil. Oh, Tom! you grow wanton, and sensual, as my lady calls it, I must not endure it; Oh, foh! you are a man, an odious, filthy male creature! You should behave, if you had a right sense, or were a man of sense, like Mr. Cimberton, with distance and indifference; 'or let me see some other becoming hard word with seeming in—in—advertency,' and not rush on one as if you were seizing a prey. But, hush—the ladies are coming—Good Tom, don't kiss me above once, and be gone—Lard, we have been fooling and toying, and not consider'd the main business of our masters and mistresses.

Tom. Why, their business is to be fooling and toying, as soon as the parchments are ready.

Phil. Well remember'd—parchments—my lady, to my knowledge, is preparing writings between her coxcomb cousin Cimberton and my mistress; though my master has an eye to the parchments already prepar'd
D between

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between your master, Mr. Bevil, and my mistress; and I believe, my mistress herself has sign'd and seal'd, in her heart, to Mr. Myrtle—Did I not bid you kiss me but once, and be gone? But I know you won't be satisfy'd.

Tom. No, you smooth creature, how should I?

[*Kissing her hand.*]

Phil. Well, since you are so humble, or so cool, as to ravish my hand only, I'll take my leave of you like a great lady, and you a man quality. [*They salute formally.*]

Tom. Pox of all this state. [*Offers to kiss her more closely.*]

Phil. No, pr'ythee Tom, mind your business. 'We must follow that interest which will take; but endeavour at that which will be most for us, and we like most—Oh, here is my young mistress! [*Tom taps her neck behind, and kisses his fingers.*] Go, ye liquorish fool.

[*Exit Tom.*]

Enter Lucinda.

Luc. Who was that you were hurrying away?

Phil. One that I had no mind to part with.

Luc. Why did you turn him away then?

Phil. For your ladyship's service, to carry your ladyship's letter to his master. I could hardly get the rogue away.

Luc. Why, has he so little love for his master?

Phil. No, but he has so-much love for his mistress.

Luc. But I thought I heard him kiss you. Why do you suffer that?

Phil. Why, Madam, we vulgar take it to be a sign of love. We servants, we poor people, that have nothing but our persons to bestow, or treat for, 'are forc'd to deal and bargain by way of sample; and therefore, as we have no parchments or wax necessary in our agreements, we squeeze with our hands, and seal with our lips, to ratify vows and promises.

Luc. But can't you trust one another, without such earnest down?

Phil. We don't think it safe, any more than you gentry, to come together without deeds executed.

Luc. Thou art a pert merry huffey.

Phil. I wish, Madam, your lover and you were as happy as Tom and your servant are.

Luc

Luc. You grow impertinent.

Phil. I have done, Madam; and I won't ask you, what you intend to do with Mr. Myrtle, what your father will do with Mr. Bevil, nor what you all, especially my lady, mean by admitting Mr. Cimberton as particularly here, as if he were married to you already; nay, you are married actually as far as people of quality are.

Luc. How's that?

Phil. You have different beds in the same house.

Luc. Pshaw! I have a very great value for Mr. Bevil, but have absolutely put an end to his pretensions, in the letter I gave you for him: 'but my father in his heart still has a mind to him, were it not for this woman they talk of; and I am apt to imagine, he is married to her, or never designs to marry at all.'

Phil. Then Mr. Myrtle —

Luc. He had my parents' leave to apply to me, and by that he has won me, and my affections: who is to have this body of mine, without 'em, it seems, is nothing to me; my mother says, 'tis indecent for me to let my thoughts stray about the person of my husband: nay, she says, a maid, rightly virtuous, tho' she may have been where her lover was a thousand times, should not have made observations enough, to know him from another man, when she sees him in a third place.

Phil. That is more than the severity of a nun, for not to see when one may, is hardly possible; not to see when one can't, is very easy: at this rate, Madam, there are a great many whom you have not seen, who —

Luc. Mamma says, the first time you see your husband should be at that instant he is made so. When your father, with the help of the minister, gives you to him, then you are to see him; then you are to observe and take notice of him, because then you are to obey him.

Phil. But does not my lady remember, you are to love, as well as to obey?

Luc. To love is a passion, 'tis a desire, and we must have no desires. Oh! I cannot endure the reflexion! With what insensibility on my part, with what more than patience, have I been expos'd, and offered to some awkward booby or other, in every country of Great-Britain!

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Phil. Indeed, Madam, I wonder I never heard you speak of it before, with this indignation.

Luc. Every corner of the land has presented me with a wealthy coxcomb. As fast as one treaty has gone off, another has come on, till my name and person has been the tittle-tattle of the whole town. 'What is this world come to! No shame left! To be bartered for, like the beasts of the field, and that in such an instance as coming together, to an intire familiarity, and union of soul and body, and this without being so much as well-wishers to each other, but for encrease of fortune.'

Phil. But, Madam, all these vexations will end very soon, in one for all: Mr. Cimberton is your mother's kinsman, and three hundred years an older gentleman than any lover you ever had; for which reason, with that of his prodigious large estate, she is resolved on him, and has sent to consult the lawyers accordingly. Nay, has, whether you know it or no, been in treaty with Sir Geoffry, who to join in the settlement, has accepted of a sum to do it, and is every moment expected in town for that purpose.

Luc. How do you get all this intelligence?

Phil. By an art I have, I thank my stars, beyond all the waiting-maids in Great-Britain: the art of list'ning, Madam, for your ladyship's service.

Luc. I shall soon know as much as you do. Leave me, leave me, Phillis, begone: here, here, I'll turn you out. My mother says I must not converse with my servants; tho' I must converse with no one else. [*Exit Phil.*]
'How unhappy are we who are born to great fortunes! No one looks at us with indifference, or acts towards us on the foot of plain-dealing; yet, by all I have been heretofore offered to, or treated for, I have been us'd with the most agreeable of all abuses, flattery: but now by this flegmatic fool I am us'd as nothing, or a mere thing: he, forsooth, is too wise, too learned, to have any regard to desires; and I know not what the learned oaf calls sentiments of love and passion.'—Here he comes with my mother—It's much if he looks at me; or if he does, takes no more notice of me than of any other moveable in the room.

Enter

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Enter Mrs. Sealand and Mr. Cimberton.

Mrs. Sea. How do I admire this noble, this learned taste of yours, and the worthy regard you have to our own antient and honourable house, in consulting a means to keep the blood as pure, and as regularly descended as may be.

Cim. Why really, Madam, the young women of this age are treated with discourses of such a tendency, and their imaginations so bewilder'd in flesh and blood, that a man of reason can't talk to be understood; they have no ideas of happiness, but what are more gross than the gratification of hunger and thirst.

Luc. With how much reflection he is a coxcomb! [*Aside.*

Cim. And in truth, Madam, I have consider'd it as a most brutal custom, that persons of the first character in the world, should go as ordinarily, and with as little shame, to bed, as to dinner with one another. They proceed to the propagation of the species, as openly as to the preservation of the individual.

Luc. She that willingly goes to bed to thee, must have no shame, I'm sure. [*Aside.*

Mrs. Sea. Oh, cousin Cimberton! cousin Cimberton! how abstracted, how refined, is your sense of things! but, indeed, it is too true; there is nothing so ordinary as to say, in the best govern'd families, my master and lady are gone to bed—one does not know but it might have been said of one's self. [*Hiding her face with her fan.*

Cim. Lycurgus, Madam, instituted otherwise: among the Lacedemonians, the whole female world was pregnant, but none, but the mothers themselves, knew by whom; their meetings were secret, and the amorous congress always by stealth; and no such professed doings between the sexes, as are tolerated among us under the audacious word, marriage.

Mrs. Sea. Oh! had I liv'd in those days, and been a matron of Sparta, one might, with less indecency, have had ten children, according to that modest institution, than one, under the confusion of our modern, barefac'd manner.

Luc. And yet, poor woman, she has gone thro' the whole ceremony, and here I stand a melancholy proof of it.

[*Aside.*
Mrs.

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Mrs. Sea. We will talk then of business. That girl walking about the room there, is to be your wife. She has, I confess, no ideas, no sentiments, that speak her born of a thinking mother.

Cim. I have observ'd her; her lively look, free air, and disengag'd countenance, speak her very——

Luc. Very, what?

Cim. If you please, Madam—to set her a little that way.

Mrs. Sea. Lucinda, say nothing to him, you are not a match for him; when you are married, you may speak to such a husband, when you're spoken to: but I am disposing of you above yourself every way.

Cim. Madam, you cannot but observe the inconveniencies I expose myself to, in hopes that your ladyship will be the consort of my better part. As for the young woman, she is rather an impediment, than a help to a man of letters and speculation. Madam, there is no reflection, no philosophy, can at all times subdue the sensitive life, but the animal shall sometimes carry away the man—Ha! aye, the vermillion of her lips.

Luc. Pray don't talk of me thus.

Cim. The pretty enough—pant of her bosom.

Luc. Sir! Madam, don't you hear him?

Cim. Her forward chest.

Luc. Intolerable!

Cim. High health.

Luc. The grave, easy impudence of him!

Cim. Proud heart.

Luc. Stupid coxcomb!

Cim. I say, Madam, her impatience, while we are looking at her, throws out all attractions—her arms—her neck—what a spring in her step!

Luc. Don't you run me over thus, you strange unaccountable——

Cim. What an elasticity in her veins and arteries!

Luc. I have no veins, no arteries.

Mrs. Sea. Oh, child, hear him, he talks finely, he's a scholar, he knows what you have.

Cim. The speaking invitation of her shape, the gathering of herself up, and the indignation you see in the pretty

pretty little thing—now I am considering her, on this occasion, but as one that is to be pregnant—

Luc. The familiar, learned, unseasonable puppy !
[*Aside.*]

Cim. And pregnant undoubtedly she will be yearly. I fear I shan't, for many years, have discretion enough to give her one fallow season.

Luc. Monster ! there's no bearing it. The hideous sot !—there's no enduring it, to be thus surveyed like a steed at sale !

Cim. At sale !—She's very illiterate : but she's very well limb'd too ; turn her in, I see what she is.

Mrs. Sea. Go, you creature ; I am ashamed of you.

[*Exit Lucinda in a rage.*]

Cim. No harm done—You know, Madam, the better sort of people, as I observ'd to you, treat by their lawyers of weddings [*adjusting himself at the glass*] and the woman in the bargain, like the mansion-house in the sale of the estate, is thrown in, and what that is, whether good or bad, is not at all consider'd.

Mrs. Sea. I grant it, and therefore make no demand for her youth, and beauty, and every other accomplishment, as the common world think 'em, because she is not polite.

Cim. ' I know your exalted understanding, abstracted ' as it is from vulgar prejudice, will not be offended when ' I declare to you,' Madam, I marry to have an heir to my estate, and not to beget a colony, or a plantation : this young woman's beauty and constitution will demand provision for a tenth child at least.

Mrs. Sea. ' With all that wit and learning, how considerate ! What an œconomist ! [*Aside.*] Sir I cannot ' make her any other than what she is ; or say she is ' much better than the other young women of this age, ' or fit for much besides being a mother : ' but I have given directions for the marriage settlements, and Sir Geoffrey Cimberton's council is to meet ours here at this hour, concerning his joining in the deed, which when executed makes you capable of settling what is due to Lucinda's fortune ; herself, as I told you, I say nothing of.

Cim. No, no, no, indeed, Madam, it is not usual, and
I must

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I must depend upon my own reflection, and philosophy, not to overstock my family.

Mrs. Sea. I cannot help her, cousin Cimberton; but she is, for ought I see, as well as the daughter of any body else.

Cim. That is very true, Madam.

Enter a Servant who whispers Mrs. Sealand.

Mrs. Sea. The lawyers are come, 'and now we are to hear what they have resolved as to the point whether it is necessary that Sir Geoffry should join in the settlement, as being what they call in the remainder.' But, good cousin, you must have patience with 'em. These lawyers, I am told, are of a different kind; one is what they call a chamber-council, the other a pleader: the conveyancer is slow, from an imperfection in his speech, and therefore shun'd the bar, but extremely passionate, and impatient of contradiction: the other is as warm as he; but has a tongue so voluble, and a head so conceited, he will suffer nobody to speak but himself.

Cim. You mean old Serjeant Target, and Counsellor Bramble, I have heard of 'em.

Seal. The same; shew in the gentlemen.

[Exit Servant.]

Re-enter servant, introducing Myrtle and Tom, disguis'd as Bramble and Target.

Mrs. Seal. Gentlemen, this is the party concern'd, Mr. Cimberton; and I hope you have consider'd of the matter.

Tar. Yes, Madam, we have agreed that it must be by indent—dent—dent—dent—

Bram. Yes, Madam, Mr. Serjeant and myself have agreed, as he is pleas'd to inform you, that it must be an indenture tripartite, and tripartite let it be, for Sir Geoffry must needs be a party. Old Cimberton in the year 1619, says, in that ancient roll, in Mr. Serjeant's hands, as recourse thereto being had, will more at large appear ———

Tar. Yes, and by the deeds in your hands, it appears that——

Bram. Mr. Serjeant, I beg of you to make no inferences upon what is in our custody; but speak to the titles
in

in your own deeds—I shall not shew that deed 'till my client is in town.

Cim. Your know best your own methods.

Mrs. Seal. The single question is, whether the entail is such, that my cousin Sir Geoffry, is necessary in this affair?

Bram. Yes, as to the lordship of Tretriplet, but not as to the messuage of Grimgribber.

Tar. I say, that Gr—gr—that Gr—gr—Grimgribber, Grimgribber is in us. That is to say, the remainder thereof, as well as that of Tr—tr—Triplet.

Bram. You go upon the deed of Sir Ralph, made in the middle of the last century, precedent to that in which old Cimberton made over the remainder, and made it pass to the heirs general; by which your client comes in; and I question whether the remainder even of Tretriplet is in him—But we are willing to wave that, and give him a valuable consideration. But we shall not purchase what is in us for ever, as Grimgribber is, at the rate as we guard against the contingent of Mr. Cimberton having no son—Then we know Sir Geoffry is the first of the collateral male line in this family—Yet—

Tar. Sir, Gr—gr—ber is—

Bram. I apprehend you very well, and your argument might be of force, and we would be inclin'd to hear that in all its parts—But, Sir, I see very plainly what you are going to—I tell you it is as probable a contingent that Sir Geoffry may die before Mr. Cimberton, as that he may outlive him.

Tar. Sir, we are not ripe for that yet, but I must say—

Bram. Sir, I allow you the whole extent of that argument; but that will go no farther than as to the claimants under old Cimberton—I am of opinion, that according to the instructions of Sir Ralph, he could not dock the entail, and then create a new estate for the heirs in general.

Tar. Sir, I have no patience to be told that, when Gr—gr—ber—

Bram. I will allow it you, Mr. Serjeant; but there must be the word heirs for ever, to make such an estate as you pretend.

Cim.

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Cim. I must be impartial, though you are counsel for my side of the question—Were it not that you are so good as to allow him what he has not said, I should think it very hard you should answer him without hearing him—But, gentlemen, I believe you have both consider'd this matter, and are firm in your different opinions: 'twere better therefore, you proceeded according to the particular sense of each of you, and give your thoughts distinctly in writing—And do you see, Sirs, pray let me have a copy of what you say in English.

Bram. Why, what is all we have been saying?—In English! Oh! but I forgot myself, you're a wit—But however, to please you, Sir, you shall have it, in as plain terms as the law will admit of.

Cim. But I would have it, Sir, without delay.

Bram. That, Sir, the law will not admit of; the courts are sitting at Westminster, and I am this moment oblig'd to be at every one of them, and 'twould be wrong if I should not be in the hall to attend one of 'em at least, the rest would take it ill else—Therefore, I must leave what I have said to Mr. Serjeant's consideration, and I will digest his arguments on my part, and you shall hear from me again, Sir. [Exit Bramble.]

Tar. Agreed, agreed.

Cim. Mr. Bramble is very quick—He parted a little abruptly.

Tar. He could not bear my argument, I pinched him to the quick, about that Gr—gr—ber.

Mrs. Sea. I saw that, for he durst not so much as hear you—I shall send to you, Mr. Serjeant, as soon as Sir Geoffry comes to town, and then I hope all may be adjusted.

Tar. I shall be at my chambers, at my usual hours.

[Exit.]

Cim. Madam, if you please, I'll now attend you to the tea-table, where I shall hear from your ladyship, reason and good sense, after all this law and gibberish.

Mrs. Seal. 'Tis a wonderful thing, Sir, that men of their profession do not study to talk the substance of what they have to say, in the language of the rest of the world; sure they'd find their account in it.

Cim. They might, perhaps, Madam, with people of your

your good sense ; but, with the generality 'twould never do ; the vulgar would have no respect for truth and knowledge, if they were expos'd to naked view.

Truth is too simple, of all art bereav'd,
Since the world will---why let it be deceiv'd. [*Exeunt.*]

A C T IV.

SCENE, Bevil junior's lodgings.

Bevil jun. *with a letter in his hand, followed by Tom.*

T O M.

UPON my life, Sir, I know nothing of the matter. I never open'd my lips to Mr. Myrtle, about any thing of your honour's letter to Madam Lucinda.

B. jun. What's the fool in such a fright for ? I don't suppose you did : what I would know is, whether Mr. Myrtle shew'd any suspicion, or ask'd you any questions, to lead you to say casually, that you had carry'd any such letter for me this morning.

Tom. Why, Sir, if he did ask me any questions, how could I help it ?

B. jun. I don't say you could, oaf ! I am not questioning you, but him. What did he say to you ?

Tom. Why, Sir, when I came to his chambers, to be dress'd for the lawyer's part, your honour was pleas'd to put me upon ; he ask'd me, if I had been to Mr. Sealand's this morning ?---So I told him, Sir, I often went thither---because, Sir, if I had not said that, he might have thought there was something more in my going now, than at another time.

B. jun. Very well---The fellow's caution, I find, has given him this jealousy. [*Aside.*] Did he ask you no other questions ?

Tom. Yes, Sir---now I remember, as we came away, in the hackney-coach from Mr. Sealand's ; Tom, says he, as I came in to your master this morning, he bade you go for an answer to a letter he had sent. Pray did you bring him any ? says he---Ah ! says I, Sir, your honour is pleas'd to joke with me, you have a mind to know whether I can keep a secret or no.

B. jun.

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B. jun. And so by shewing him you could, you told him you had one.

Tom. Sir——

[*Confus'd.*

B. jun. What mean actions does jealousy make a man stoop to! How poorly has he us'd art with a servant to make him betray his master! Well; and when did he give you this letter for me?

Tom. Sir, he writ it before he pull'd off his lawyer's gown, at his own chambers.

B. jun. Very well; and what did he say when you brought him my answer to it?

Tom. He look'd a little out of humour, Sir, and said, it was very well.

B. jun. I knew he would be grave upon't.---Wait without.

Tom. Hum! 'gad I don't like this; I am afraid we are in the wrong box here——

[*Exit Tom.*

B. jun. I put on a serenity while my fellow was present, but I have never been more thoroughly disturb'd. This hot man, to write me a challenge, on supposed artificial dealing, when I profess'd myself his friend!—I can live contented without glory; but I cannot suffer shame. What's to be done? But first, let me consider Lucinda's letter again.

[*Reads.*

"Sir, I hope it is consistent with the laws a woman ought to impose upon herself, to acknowledge, that your manner of declining a treaty of marriage in our family, and desiring the refusal may come from me, has something more enagaging in it, than the courtship of him, who, I fear, will fall to my lot, 'except your friend exerts himself for our common safety and happiness.' I have reasons for desiring Mr. Myrtle may not know of this letter, till hereafter, and am your most obliged humble servant,

Lucinda Sealand."

Well, but the postscript.

[*Reads.*

"I won't, upon second thoughts, hide any thing from you: but my reason for concealing this is, that Mr. Myrtle has a jealousy in his temper, which gives me some terrors; but my esteem for him inclines me to hope, that only an ill effect which sometimes accompanies a tender love: and what may be cured by a careful and unblameable conduct."

Thus

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Thus has this lady made me her friend and confidant, and put herself, in a kind, under my protection; I cannot tell him immediately the purport of her letter, except I could cure him of the violent and untractable passion of jealousy, and to serve him and her, by disobeying her in the article of secrecy, more than I should by complying with her directions; but then this duelling, which custom has impos'd upon every man who would live with reputation and honour in the world. How must I preserve myself from imputations there? He'll, forsooth, call it, or think it; fear, if I explain without fighting—But his letter— I'll read it again——

“Sir, You have us'd me basely, in corresponding and carrying on a treaty where you told me you were indifferent. I have changed my sword since I saw you, which advertisement I thought proper to send you, against the next meeting between you and the injur'd

Charles Myrtle.”

Enter Tom.

Tom. Mr. Myrtle, Sir: would your honour please to see him?

B. jun. Why, you stupid creature! Let Mr. Myrtle wait at my lodgings! Shew him up. [*Exit Tom.*] Well, I am resolv'd upon my carriage to him——He is in love, and in every circumstance of life a little distrustful, which I must allow for—But here he is.

Enter Tom introducing Myrtle.

Sir, I am extremely obliged to you for this honour——But, Sir, you, with your very discerning face; leave the room. [*Exit Tom.*] Well, Mr. Myrtle, your commands with me?

Myr. The time, the place, our long acquaintance, and many other circumstances which affect me on this occasion, oblige me, without farther ceremony, or conference, to desire you would not only, as you already have, acknowledge the receipt of my letter, but also comply with the request in it. I must have farther notice taken of my message than these half lines—I have yours—I shall be at home——

B. jun. Sir, I own, I have received a letter from you, in a very unusual stile; but as I design every thing in this matter shall be your own action, your own seeking,

E

I shall

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I shall understand nothing but what you are pleas'd to confirm face to face, and I have already forgot the contents of your epistle.

Myr. This cool manner is very agreeable to the abuse you have already made of my simplicity and frankness; and I see your moderation tends to your own advantage, and not mine; to your own safety, not consideration of your friend.

B. jun. My own safety, Mr. Myrtle!

Myr. Your own safety, Mr. Bevil.

B. jun. Look you, Mr. Myrtle, there's no disguising that I understand what you would be at. But, Sir, you know I have often dared to disapprove of the decisions a tyrant custom has introduced, to the breach of all laws both divine and human.

Myr. Mr. Bevil, Mr. Bevil, it would be a good first principle, in those who have so tender a conscience that way, to have as much abhorrence of doing injuries, as---

B. jun. As what?

Myr. As fear of answering for 'em.

B. jun. As fear of answering for 'em! But that apprehension is just or blameable, according to the object of that fear—I have often told you, in confidence of heart, I abhorred the daring to offend the author of life, and rushing into his presence. I say, by the very same act, to commit the crime against him, and immediately to urge on to his tribunal.

Myr. Mr. Bevil, I must tell you, this coolness, this gravity, this shew of conscience, shall never cheat me of my mistress. You have, indeed, the best excuse for life, the hopes of possessing Lucinda: but, consider, Sir, I have as much reason to be weary of it, if I am to lose her; and my first attempt to recover her, shall be to let her see the dauntless man who is to be her guardian and protector.

B. jun. Sir, shew me but the least glimpse of argument, that I am authoris'd, by my own hand, to vindicate any lawless insult of this nature, and I will shew thee, to chastize thee, hardly deserves the name of courage. Slight, inconsiderate man! There is, Mr. Myrtle, no such terror in quick anger; and you shall, you know not why,

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why, be cool, as you have, you know not why, been warm.

Myrt. Is the woman one loves so little an occasion of anger? You, perhaps, who know not what it is to love, who have your ready, your commodious, your foreign trinket, for your loose hours; and from your fortune, your specious outward carriage, and other lucky circumstances, as easy a way to the possession of a woman of honour; you know nothing of what it is to be alarmed, to be distracted, with anxiety and terror of losing more than life. Your marriage, happy man! goes on like common business, and in the interim, you have your rambling captive, your Indian princess, for your soft moments of dalliance, your convenient, your ready Indiana.

B. jun. You have touched me beyond the patience of a man; and I'm excusable in the guard of innocence, or from the infirmity of human nature, which can bear no more, to accept your invitation, and observe your letter—Sir, I'll attend you.

Enter Tom.

Tom. Did you call, Sir? I thought you did. I heard you speak aloud.

B. jun. Yes, go call a coach.

Tom. Sir—Master—Mr. Myrtle—Friends—Gentlemen—What d'ye mean? I am but a servant, or—

B. jun. Call a coach. *[Exit Tom.]*

[A long pause, walking sullenly by each other.]

[Aside.] Shall I, though provoked to the uttermost, recover myself at the entrance of a third person, and that my servant too, and not have respect enough to all I have ever been receiving from infancy, the obligation to the best of fathers, to an unhappy virgin too, whose life depends on mine. *[Shutting the door.]*

[To Myrtle.] I have, thank heaven, had time to recollect myself, and shall not, for fear of what such a rash man as you think of me, keep longer unexplained the false appearances, under which your infirmity of temper makes you suffer; when, perhaps, too much regard to a false point of honour, makes me prolong that suffering.

Myrt. I am sure, Mr. Bevil cannot doubt, but I had rather

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rather have satisfaction from his innocence, than his sword.

B. jun. Why then would you ask it first that way?

Myrt. Consider, you kept your temper yourself no longer than till I spoke to the disadvantage of her you loved.

B. jun. True. But let me tell you, I have saved you from the most exquisite distress, even though you had succeeded in the dispute. I know you so well, that I am sure, to have found this letter about a man you had killed, would have been worse than death to yourself—Read it—When he is thoroughly mortify'd, and shame has got the better of jealousy, he will deserve to be assisted towards obtaining Lucinda. [*Aside.*]

Myrt. With what a superiority has he turned the injury on me, as the aggressor! I begin to fear I have been too far transported—"A treaty in our family!" is not that saying too much? I shall relapse—But I find (on the postscript) "something like jealousy"—with what face can I see my benefactor, my advocate, whom I have treated like a betrayer.—Oh, Bevil! with what words shall I—

B. jun. There needs none; to convince, is much more than to conquer.

Myrt. But can you—

B. jun. You have o'erpaid the inquietude you gave me, in the change I see in you towards me. Alas, what machines are we! thy face is alter'd to that of another man; to that of my companion, my friend.

Myrt. That I could be such a precipitate wretch!

Bev. jun. Pray no more.

Myrt. Let me reflect how many friends have died by the hands of friends, for want of temper; and you must give me a leave to say again and again, how much I am beholden to that superior spirit you have subdued me with—what had become of one of us, or perhaps both, had you been as weak as I was, and as incapable of reason?

B. jun. I congratulate to us both the escape from ourselves, and hope the memory of it will make us dearer friends than ever.

Myrt. Dear Bevil, your friendly conduct has convinced

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vinced me that there is nothing manly, but what is conducted by reason, and agreeable to the practice of virtue and justice; and yet, how many have been sacrificed to that idol, the unreasonable opinion of men! Nay, they are so ridiculous in it, that they often use their swords against each other, with dissembled anger and real fear.

Betray'd by honour, and compell'd by shame,
They hazard being, to preserve a name.

Nor dare inquire into the dread mistake:

'Till plung'd in sad eternity they wake. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, *St. James's park.*

Enter Sir John Bevil and Mr. Sealand.

Sir J. B. Give me leave, however, Mr. Sealand, as we are upon a treaty for uniting our families, to mention only the business of an ancient house—Genealogy and descent are to be of some consideration, in an affair of this sort—

Mr. Seal. Genealogy and descent!—‘Sir, there has been in our family a very large one. There was Gulfrid the father of Edward, the father of Ptolomey, the father of Crassus, the father of earl Richard, the father of Henry the Marquis, the father of duke John—

‘Sir J. B. What do you rave, Mr. Sealand? All these great names in your family?

‘Mr. Seal. These! Yes, Sir—I have heard my father name them all, and more.

‘Sir J. B. Ay, Sir?—And did he say they were all in your family?

‘Mr. Seal. Yes, Sir, he kept them all—He was the greatest cocker in England—He said, duke John won many battles, but never lost him one.

‘Sir J. B. Oh, Sir, your servant, you are laughing at my laying any stress upon descent.—But I must tell you, Sir, I never knew any one, but he that wanted that advantage, turn it into ridicule.

‘Mr. Seal. And I never knew any who had many better advantages, put that into his account. But, Sir John, value yourself as you please upon your ancient house, I am to talk freely of every thing you are pleased to put into your bill of rates on this occasion—Yet,

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Sir, I have made no objections to your son's family——
'Tis his morals that I doubt.

Sir *J. B.* Sir, I can't help saying that what might injure a citizen's credit, may be no stain to a gentleman's honour.

Mr. *S.* Sir John, the honour of a gentleman is liable to be tainted, by as small a matter as the credit of a trader; we are talking of a marriage, and in such a case, the father of a young woman will not think it an addition to the honour or credit of her lover——that he is a keeper——

Sir *J. B.* Mr. Sealand, don't take upon you to spoil my son's marriage with any woman else.

Mr. *S.* Sir John, let him apply to any woman else, and have as many mistresses as he pleases——

Sir *J. B.* My son, Sir, is a discreet and sober gentleman.

Mr. *S.* Sir, I never saw a man that wench'd soberly and discreetly, that ever left it off——the decency observed in the practice, hides, even from the sinner, the iniquity of it, ' They pursue it, not that their appetites hurry 'em away; but, I warrant you, because 'tis their opinion, they may do it.

' Sir *J. B.* Were what you suspect a truth——do you design to keep your daughter a virgin 'till you find a man unblemish'd that way?

' Mr. *S.* Sir, as much a cit as you take me for—— I know the town and the world——and give me leave to say that we merchants are a species of gentry, that have grown into the world this last century, and are as honourable, and almost as useful, as you landed folks, that have always thought yourselves so much above us; for your trading, forsooth! is extended no farther, than a load of hay, or a fat ox——You are pleasant people, indeed! because you are generally bred up to be lazy, therefore, I warrant you, industry is dishonourable.

' Sir *J. B.* Be not offended, Sir; let us go back to our point.

' Mr. *S.* Oh! not at all offended——but I don't love to leave any part of the account unclosed——look you, Sir John, comparisons are odious, and more particularly

‘ particularly so on occasions of this kind, when we are projecting races, that are to be made out of both sides of the comparisons.’

Sir J. B. But, my son, Sir, is, in the eye of the world, a gentleman of merit.

Mr. S. I own to you, I think him so.—But, Sir John, I am a man exercised, and experienced in chances, and disasters; I lost, in my earlier years, a very fine wife, and with her a poor little infant. This makes me, perhaps, over-cautious, to preserve the second bounty of Providence to me, and be as careful as I can of this child—You’ll pardon me, my poor girl, Sir, is as valuable to me, as your boasted son, to you.

Sir J. B. Why that’s one very good reason, Mr. Sealand, why I wish my son had her.

Mr. S. There is nothing but this strange lady here, this incognita, that can be objected to him—here and there a man falls in love with an artful creature, and gives up all the motives of life, to that one passion.

Sir J. B. A man of my son’s understanding, cannot be supposed to be one of them.

Mr. S. Very wise men have been so enslaved; and when a man marries with one of them upon his hands, whether moved from the demand of the world, or lighter reasons; such a husband soils with his wife for a month perhaps.—then good b’w’ye, Madam—the show’s over—Ah! John Dryden points out such a husband to a hair, where he says;

And while abroad so prodigal the dolt is;

Poor spouse at home as ragged as a colt is.

Now in plain terms, Sir, I shall not care to have my poor girl turned a grazing, and that must be the case when—

Sir J. B. But pray consider, Sir, my son—

Mr. S. Look you, Sir, I’ll make the matter short. This unknown lady, as I told you, is all the objection I have to him. But one way or other, he is, or has been, certainly engaged to her—I am therefore resolved this very afternoon, to visit her. Now from her behaviour, or appearance, I shall soon be let into, what I may fear or hope for.

Sir J. B. Sir, I am very confident, there can be nothing

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nothing inquired into, relating to my son, that will not, upon being understood, turn to his advantage.

Mr. S. I hope that as sincerely, as you believe it—Sir John Bevil, when I am satisfied in this great point, if your son's conduct answers the character you give him, I shall wish your alliance more than that of any gentleman in Great-Britain, and so your servant. [*Exit.*]

Sir J. B. He is gone in a way but barely civil; but his great wealth, and the merit of his only child, the heiress of it, are not to be lost for a little peevishness—
[*Exit.*]

‘ *Enter Humphrey.*

‘ Oh ! Humphrey, you are come in a seasonable minute ; I want to talk to thee, and to tell thee, that my head and heart are on the rack, about my son.

‘ *Hum.* Sir, you may trust his discretion, I am sure you may.

‘ Sir J. B. Why, I do believe I may, and yet I'm in a thousand fears, when I lay this vast wealth before me. When I consider his prepossessions, either generous to a folly, in an honourable love, or abandoned past redemption, in a vicious one ; and from the one or the other, his insensibility to the fairest prospect towards doubling our estate. A father, who knows how useful wealth is, and how necessary, even to those who despise it, I say a father, Humphrey, a father cannot bear it.

‘ *Hum.* Be not transported, Sir ; you will grow incapable of taking any resolution, in your perplexity.

‘ Sir J. B. Yes, as angry as I am with him, I would not have him surprized in any thing—This mercantile rough man may go grossly into the examination of this matter, and talk to the gentlewoman so as to—

‘ *Hum.* No, I hope, not in an abrupt manner.

‘ Sir J. B. No, I hope not ! Why, dost thou know any thing of her, or of him, or of any thing of it, or all of it ?

‘ *Hum.* My dear master, I know so much, that I told him this very day, you had reason to be secretly out of humour about her.

‘ Sir J. B. Did you go so far ? Well, what said he to that ?

‘ *Hum.*

‘ *Hum.* His words were, looking upon me stedfastly :
‘ *Humphrey*, says he, that woman is a woman of honour.

‘ *Sir J. B.* How ! Do you think he is married to her, or designs to marry her ?

‘ *Hum.* I can say nothing to the latter——But, he says, he can marry no one without your consent, while you are living.

‘ *Sir J. B.* If he said so much, I know he scorns to break his word with me.

‘ *Hum.* I am sure of that.

‘ *Sir J. B.* You are sure of that——Well ! that’s some comfort——Then I have nothing to do, but to see the bottom of this matter during this present ruffle——

‘ Oh, *Humphrey*——

‘ *Hum.* You are not ill, I hope, Sir.

‘ *Sir J. B.* Yes, a man is very ill, that is in a very ill humour. To be a father, is to be in care for one, whom you oftener disoblige than please, by that very care——Oh ! that sons could know the duty to a father, before they themselves are fathers——But, perhaps you’ll say now, that I am one of the happiest fathers in the world ; but I assure you, that of the very happiest is not a condition to be envied.

‘ *Hum.* Sir, your pain arises, not from the thing itself, but your particular sense of it——You are overfond, nay, give me leave to say, you are unjustly apprehensive from your fondness. My master Bevil never disoblige you, and he will, I know he will, do every thing you ought to expect.

‘ *Sir J. B.* He won’t take all this money with this girl——For ought I know, he will, forsooth, have so much moderation, as to think he ought not to force his liking for any consideration.

‘ *Hum.* He is to marry her, not you ; he is to live with her, not you, Sir.

‘ *Sir J. B.* I know not what to think ; but I know, nothing can be more miserable than to be in this doubt——Follow me, I must come to some resolution.’

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SCENE, Bevil junior's lodging.

Enter Tom and Phillis.

Tom. Well, Madam, if you must speak with Mr. Myrtle, you shall; he is now with my master in the library.

Phil. But you must leave me alone with him, for he can't make me a present, nor I so handsomely take any thing from him, before you; it would not be decent.

Tom. It will be very decent indeed, for me to retire, and leave my mistress with another man.

Pb. He is a gentleman, and will treat one properly.

Tom. I believe so—but, however, I won't be far off, and therefore will venture to trust you; I'll call him to you. [*Exit Tom.*]

Pb. What a deal of pother and sputter here is, between my mistress and Mr. Myrtle, 'from mere punicilio?' I could any hour of the day get her to her lover, and would do it——But she, forsooth, will allow no plot to get him; but if he can come to her, I know she would be glad of it; I must therefore do her an acceptable violence and surprize her into his arms. I am sure I go by the best rule imaginable: if she were my maid, I should think her the best servant in the world, for doing so by me.

Enter Myrtle and Tom.

Oh, Sir! You and Mr. Bevil are fine gentlemen, to let a lady remain under such difficulties as my poor mistress, and not attempt to set her at liberty, or release her from the danger of being instantly married to Cimberton.

Myr. Tom has been telling—But what is to be done?

Pb. What is to be done—when a man can't come at his mistress?—Why can't you fire our house, or the next house to us, to make us run out, and you take us!

Myrt. How, Mrs. Phillis——

Pb. Ay——let me see that rogue deny to fire a house, make a riot, or any other little thing, when there were no other way to come at me.

Tom. I am obliged to you, Madam.

Pb. Why, don't we hear every day of people's hanging themselves for love, and won't they venture the hazard of being hanged for love?—Oh! were I a man——

Myr.

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Myrt. What manly thing would you have me undertake, according to your ladyship's notion of a man?

Pb. Only be at once, what, one time or other, you may be, and wish to be, and must be.

Myr. Dear girl, talk plainly to me, and consider, I, in my condition, can't be in very good humour—you say to be at once what I must be.

Pb. Ay, ay——I mean no more than to be an old man; 'I saw you do it very well at the masquerade:' in a word, old Sir Geoffrey Cimberton is every hour expected in town, to join in the deeds and settlements, for marrying Mr. Cimberton——He is half blind, half lame, half deaf, half dumb; though, as to his passions and desires, he is as warm and ridiculous as when in the heat of youth.

Tom. Come, to the business, and don't keep the gentleman in suspense for the pleasure of being courted, as you serve me.

Pb. I saw you at the masquerade act such a one to perfection. Go, and put on that very habit, and come to our house as Sir Geoffrey. There is not one there, but myself, knows his person; I was born in the parish where he is lord of the manor. I have seen him often and often at church, in the country. Do not hesitate; but come thither; they will think you bring a certain security against Mr. Myrtle, and you bring Mr. Myrtle; leave the rest to me, I leave this with you; and expect——They don't, I told you, know you; they think you out of town, which you had as good be for ever, if you lose this opportunity——I must be gone; I know I am wanted at home.

Myr. My dear Phillis!

[Catches and kisses her, and gives her money.]

Pb. Oh, fie! My kisses are not my own; you have committed violence; but I'll carry 'em to the right owner. *[Tom, kisses her.]* Come, see me down stairs. *[To Tom.]* and leave the lover to think of his last game for the prize.

[Exeunt Tom and Phillis.]

Myrt. I think I will instantly attempt this wild expedient——'the extravagance of it will make me less suspected, and it will give me opportunity to assert my own right to Lucinda, without whom I cannot live.'

But

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But I am so mortify'd at this conduct of mine towards poor Bevil; he must think meanly of me—I know not how to reassume myself, and be in spirit enough for such an adventure as this——Yet I must attempt it, if it be only to be near Lucinda, under her present perplexities; and sure——

The next delight to transport, with the fair,
Is to relieve her, in her hours of care. [Exit.]

END of the FOURTH ACT.

A C T V.

SCENE, Sealand's house.

Enter Phillis, with lights, before Myrtle; disguised like old Sir Geoffry; supported by Mrs. Sealand, Lucinda, and Cimberton.

Mrs. SEALAND.

NOW I have seen you thus far, Sir Geoffry, will you excuse me a moment, while I give my necessary orders for your accommodation?

[Exit Mrs. Seal.]

Myr. I have not seen you, cousin Cimberton, since you were ten years old; and as it is incumbent on you, to keep up your name and family, I shall, upon very reasonable terms, join with you in a settlement to that purpose. Though I must tell you, cousin, this is the first merchant that has married into our house.

Luc. Deuce on 'em! am I a merchant, because my father is? [Aside.]

Myr. But is he directly a trader at this time?

Cimb. There's no hiding the disgrace, Sir; he trades to all parts of the world.

Myr. We never had one of our family before, who descended from persons that did any thing.

Cimb. Sir, since it is a girl that they have, I am, for the honour of my family, willing to take it in again; and to sink her into our name, and no harm done.

Myr. 'Tis prudently and generously resolved.——
Is this the young thing?

Cimb. Yes, Sir.

Phil.

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Phil. Good Madam, don't be out of humour, but let them run to the utmost of their extravagance—Hear them out.

Myr. Can't I see her nearer? My eyes are but weak.

Phil. Beside, I am sure the uncle has something worth your notice. I'll take care to get off the young one, and leave you to observe what may be wrought out of the old one for your good. [Exit.]

Cim. Madam, this old gentleman, your great uncle, desires to be introduced to you, and to see you nearer. —Approach, Sir.

Myr. By your leave young lady—[Puts on spectacles.] —Cousin Cimberton, she has exactly that sort of neck and bosom, for which my sister Gertrude was so much admir'd in the year sixty-one, before the French dresses first discovered any thing in women below the chin.

Luc. 'What a very odd situation am I in! tho' I can-
'not but be diverted at the extravagance of their hu-
'mours, equally unsuitable to their age'—Chin, quotha!
—I don't believe my passionate lover, there, knows whether I have one or not. Ha! ha!

Cim. Madam, I would not willingly offend,; but I have a better glass— [Pulls out a large one.]

Enter Phillis to Cimberton.

Phil. Sir, my lady desires to shew the apartment to you, that she intends for Sir Geoffry.

Cim. Well, Sir, by that time you have sufficiently gazed and sunned yourself in the beauties of my spouse, there, I will wait on you again. [Ex. Cim. and Phil.]

Myr. Were it not, Madam, that I might be troublesome, there is something of importance, tho' we are alone, which I would say more safe from being heard.

Luc. There is something in this old fellow, methinks, that raises my curiosity.

Myr. To be free, Madam, I as heartily condemn this kinsman of mine, as you do; and am sorry to see so much beauty and merit devoted by your parents, to so insensible a possessor.

Luc. Surprising!—I hope then, Sir, you will not contribute to the wrong you are so generous to pity, whatever may be the interest of your family.

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Myr. This hand of mine shall never be employ'd to sign any thing against your good and happiness.

Luc. I am sorry, Sir, it is not in my power to make you proper acknowledgments; but there is a gentleman in the world, whose gratitude will, I am sure, be worthy of the favour.

Myr. All the thanks I desire, Madam, are in your power to give.

Luc. Name them, and command them.

Myr. Only, Madam, that the first time you are alone with your lover, you will with open arms receive him.

Luc. As willingly as heart could wish it.

Myr. Thus then he claims your promise. Oh, Lucinda!

Luc. Oh, a cheat, a cheat, a cheat!

Myr. Hush! 'tis I, 'tis I, your lover, Myrtle himself, Madam.

Luc. Oh, blest me, what rashness and folly to surprise me so——But hush——my mother——

Enter Mrs. Sealand, Cimberton, and Phillis.

Mrs. S. How now! what's the matter?

Luc. Oh, Madam! as soon as you left the room, my uncle fell into a sudden fit,; and—and—so I cry'd out for help to support him, and conduct him to his chamber.

Mrs. S. That was kindly done. Alas, Sir! how do you find yourself?

Myrt. Never was taken in so odd a way in my life——Pray lead me——Oh, I was talking here——pray carry me——to my cousin Cimberton's young lady——

Mrs. S. [*Aside.*] My cousin Cimberton's young lady!
'How zealous he is, even in his extremity, for the match! A right Cimberton!'

[*Cimberton and Lucinda lead him, as one in pain.*]

Cim. Pox, uncle! you will pull my ear off.

Luc. Pray, uncle! you will squeeze me to death.

Mrs. S. No matter, no matter—he knows not what he does. Come, Sir, shall I help you out?

Myr. By no means; I'll trouble nobody but my young cousins here.

[*Cim. and Luc. lead him off.*]

Phil. But pray, Madam, does your ladyship intend that Mr. Cimberton shall really marry my young mistress at last. I don't think he likes her.

Mrs. S.

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Mrs. Seal. That's not material. Men of his speculation are above desires—But be it as it may; now I have given old Sir Geoffry the trouble of coming up to sign and seal, with what countenance can I be off?

Phil. As well as with twenty others, Madam. It is the glory and honour of a great fortune, to live in continual treaties, and still to break off: it looks great, Madam.

Mrs. S. True, Phillis—yet to return our blood again into the Cimberrons, is an honour not to be rejected—But were not you saying, that Sir John Bevil's creature, Humphrey, has been with Mr. Sealand?

Phil. Yes, Madam, I overheard them agree that Mr. Sealand should go himself, and visit this unknown lady, that Mr. Bevil is so great with; and if he found nothing there to fright him, that Mr. Bevil should still marry my young mistress.

Mrs. S. How! nay, then, he shall find she is my daughter, as well as his—I'll follow him this instant, and take the whole family along with me. The disputed power of disposing of my own daughter shall be at an end this very night—I'll live no longer in anxiety, for a little huffey; that hurts my appearance wherever I carry her; and for whose sake I seem to be not at all regarded, and that in the best of my days.

Phil. Indeed, Madam, if she were married, your ladyship might very well be taken for Mr. Sealand's daughter.

Mrs. S. Nay, when the chit has not been with me, I have heard the men say as much—I'll no longer cut off the greatest pleasure of a woman's life, (the shining in assemblies) by her forward anticipation of the respect that's due to her superior—She shall down to Cimberron-hall—she shall—she shall.

Phil. I hope, Madam, I shall stay with your ladyship.

Mrs. S. Thou shalt, Phillis, and I'll place thee then more about me—But order chairs immediately—I'll begone this minute. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, *Charing-Cross.*

Enter Mr. Sealand and Humphrey.

Mr. S. I am very glad, Mr. Humphrey, that you agree

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agree with me, that it is for our common good, I should look thoroughly into this matter.

Hum. I am, indeed, of that opinion; for there is no artifice, nothing concealed in our family, which ought in justice to be known; I need not desire you, Sir, to treat the lady with care and respect.

Mr. S. Master Humphrey—I shall not be rude, tho' I design to be a little abrupt, and come into the matter at once, to see how she will bear, upon a surprise.—

Hum. That's the door; Sir, I wish you success.
[While Humphrey speaks, Sealord consults his table-book.] I am less concern'd what happens there, because I hear Mr. Myrtle is well lodg'd, as old Sir Geoffry; so I am willing to let this gentleman employ himself here, to give them time at home: for I am sure 'tis necessary, for the quiet of our family, that Lucinda were dispos'd of out of it, since Mr. Bevil's inclination is so much otherwise engaged. *[Exit.*

Mr. S. 'I think this is the door' *[Knocks.]* I'll carry this matter with an air of authority, to enquire, tho' I make an errand to begin discourse. *[Knocks again, enter a foot-boy]* So, young man; is your lady within?

Boy. Alack, Sir! I am but a country boy—I don't know whether she is or noa; but an you'll stay a bit, I'll goa, and ask the gentlewoman that's with her.

Mr. S. Why, firrah, tho' you are a country boy, you can see, can't you? You know whether she is at home, when you see her, don't you?

Boy. Nay, nay, I'm not such a country lad neither, master, to think she is at home, because I see her. I have been in town but a month, and I lost one place already, for believing my own eyes.

Mr. S. Why, firrah, have you learnt to lie already?

Boy. Ah, master! things that are lies in the country, are not lies at London—I begin to know my business a little better than so—but an you please to walk in, I'll call a gentlewoman to you, that can tell you for certain—she can make bold to ask my lady herself.

Mr. S. Oh, then, she is within, I find, tho' you dare not say so.

Boy. Nay, nay, that's neither here nor there; what's matter whether she is within or no, if she has not a mind to see any body?

Mr. S.

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Mr. S. I can't tell, sirrah, whether you are arch or simple; but, however, get me a direct answer, and here's a shilling for you.

Boy. Will you please to walk in, I'll see what I can do for you.

Mr. S. I see you will be fit for your business in time, child. But I expect to meet with nothing but extraordinaries in such a house.

Boy. Such a house, Sir! you han't seen it yet. Pray walk in.

Mr. S. Sir, I'll wait upon you.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, Indiana's house.

Enter Isabella and Boy.

If. 'What anxiety do I feel for this poor creature! 'What will be the end of her? Such a languishing, un-reserv'd passion for a man, that at last must certainly leave or ruin her! and perhaps both! then the aggravation of the distress is, that she dare not believe he will — Not but, I must own, if they are both what they would seem, they are made for one another, as much as Adam and Eve were; for there is no other of their kind but themselves.' So, Daniel, what news with you?

Boy. Madam, there's a gentleman below wou'd speak with my lady.

If. Sirrah, don't you know Mr. Bevil yet?

Boy. Madam, 'tis not the gentleman who comes every day, and asks for you,, and won't go in till he knows whether you are with her or no.

If. Ha! that's a particular I did not know before. Well, be it who it will, let him come up to me.

[*Exit Boy; and re-enters with Mr. Sealand.*]

Isabella looks amaz'd.

Mr. S. Madam, I can't blame your being a little surpris'd to see a perfect stranger make a visit, and —

If. I am indeed surpris'd — I see he does not know me.

[*Aside.*]

Mr. S. You are very prettily lodg'd here, Madam; in troth you seem to have every thing in plenty — a thousand a year, I warrant you, upon this pretty nest of rooms, and the dainty one within them.

[*Aside, and looking about.*]

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If. [*Apart.*] Twenty years, it seems, have less effect in the alteration of a man of thirty, than of a girl of fourteen—he's almost still the same; 'but, alas! I find, by other men, as well as himself, I am not what I was—' As soon as he spoke, I was convinc'd 'twas he!—How shall I contain my surprise and satisfaction!—He must not know me yet.

Mr. S. Madam, I hope I don't give you any disturbance; but there is a young lady here, with whom I have a particular business to discourse, and I hope she will admit me to that favour.

If. Why, Sir, have you had any notice concerning her? I wonder who could give it you.

Mr. S. That, Madam, is fit only to be communicated to herself.

If. Well, Sir, you shall see her——' I find he knows 'nothing yet, nor shall for me: I am resolv'd I will observe this interlude, this sport of nature and of fortune.'—You shall see her presently, Sir; for now I am as a mother, and will trust her with you. [*Exit.*]

Mr. Sea. As a mother! right; that's the old phrase for one of those commodore ladies, who lend out beauty for hire, to young gentlemen that have pressing occasions. But here comes the precious lady herself. In troth, a very lightly woman.

Enter Indiana.

Ind. I am told, Sir, you have some affair that requires your speaking with me.

Mr. Sea. Yes, Madam. There came to my hands a bill drawn by Mr. Bevil, which is payable to-morrow; and he, in the intercourse of business, sent it to me, who have cash of his, and desired me to send a servant with it; but I have made bold to bring you the money myself.

Ind. Sir, was that necessary?

Mr. Sea. No, Madam; but to be free with you, the fame of your beauty, and the regard, which Mr. Bevil is a little too well known to have for you, excited my curiosity.

Ind. Too well known to have for me! Your sober appearance, Sir, which my friend describ'd, made me expect

pect no rudeness, or absurdity, at least—Who's there? Sir, if you pay the money to a servant, 'twill be as well.

Mr. Sea. Pray, Madam, be not offended; I came hither on an innocent, nay a virtuous design; and, if you will have patience to hear me, it may be as useful to you, as you are in friendship with Mr. Bevil, as to my only daughter, whom I was this day disposing of.

Ind. You make me hope, Sir, I have mistaken you: I am compos'd again; be free, say on—what I am afraid to hear. [*Aside.*]

Mr. Sea. I fear'd, indeed, an unwarranted passion here, but I did not think it was in abuse of so worthy an object, so accomplish'd a lady, as your sense and mien bespeak—but the youth of our age care not what merit and virtue they bring to shame, so they gratify—

Ind. Sir—you are going into very great errors—but, as you are pleas'd to say you see something in me that has chang'd, at least, the colour of your suspicions, so has your appearance alter'd mine, and made me earnestly attentive to what has any way concern'd you, to enquire into my affairs and character.

Mrs. Sea. How sensibly! With what an air she talks!

Ind. Good Sir, be seated—and tell me tenderly—keep all your suspicions concerning me alive, that you may in a proper and prepared way—acquaint me why the care of your daughter obliges a person of your seeming worth and fortune, to be thus inquisitive about a wretched, helpless, friendless—[*Weeping.*] But I beg your pardon—tho' I am an orphan, your child is not; and your concern for her, it seems, has brought you hither—I'll be compos'd—pray go on, Sir.

Mr. Sea. How could Mr. Bevil be such a monster, to injure such a woman?

Ind. No, Sir; you wrong him; he has not injured me—my support is from his bounty.

Mr. Sea. Bounty! When gluttons give high prices for delicacies, they are prodigious bountiful.

Ind. Still, still you will persist in that error—But my own fears tell me all—You are the gentleman, I suppose, for whose happy daughter he is design'd a husband, by his good father, and he has, perhaps, con-

sented

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sented to the overture, and he is to be, perhaps, this night a bridegroom.

Mr. Sea. I own he was intended such : but, Madam, on your account, I am determin'd to defer my daughter's marriage, till I am satisfied from your own mouth, of what nature are the obligations you are under to him.

Ind. His actions, Sir, his eyes, have only made me think he design'd to make me the partner of his heart. The goodness and gentleness of his demeanour made me misinterpret all ; 'twas my own hope, my own passion, that deluded me ; he never made one amorous advance to me ; his large heart, and bestowing hand, have only help'd the miserable : nor know I why, but from his mere delight in virtue, that I have been his care, the object on which to indulge and please himself with pouring favours.

Mr. Sea. Madam, I know not why it is, but I, as well as you, am, methinks, afraid of entering into the matter I came about ; but 'tis the same thing, as if we had talk'd never so distinctly—he ne'er shall have a daughter of mine.

Ind. If you say this from what you think of me, you wrong yourself and him. Let not me, miserable though I may be, do injury to my benefactor : no, Sir, my treatment ought rather to reconcile you to his virtues—If to bestow without a prospect of return ; if to delight in supporting, what might, perhaps, be thought an object of desire, with no other view than to be her guard against those who would not be so disinterested ; if these actions, Sir, can in a careful parent's eye commend him to a daughter, give yours, Sir ; give her to my honest, generous Bevil.—What have I to do, but sigh, and weep, to rave, run wild, a lunatick in chains, or hid in darkness, mutter in distracted starts, and broken accents, my strange, strange story !

Mr. Sea. Take comfort, Madam.

Ind. All my comfort must be to expostulate in madness, to relieve with frenzy my despair, and shrieking to demand of fate, why, why was I born to such variety of sorrows ?

Mr. Sea. If I have been the least occasion——

Ind. No : 'twas Heaven's high will I should be such
—To be plunder'd in my cradle ; tofs'd on the seas ;
and, even there, an infant captive, to lose my mother,
hear but of my father—To be adopted ; lose my adop-
ter ; then plunged again in worse calamities !

Mr. Sea. An infant captive !

Ind. Yet then, to find the most charming of man-
kind, once more to set me free, from what I thought
the last distress, to load me with his services, his boun-
ties, and his favours ; to support my very life, in a
way that stole, at the same time, my very soul itself
from me.

Mr. Sea. And has young Bevil been this worthy man ?

Ind. Yet then again ; this very man to take another,
without leaving me the right, the pretence of easing my
fond heart with tears ?—For, oh ! I can't reproach him,
though the same hand that raised me to this height, now
throws me down the precipice.

Mr. Sea. Dear lady ! Oh, yet one moment's patience ;
my heart grows full with your affliction ! But yet,
there's something in your story that *promises relief when*
you least hope it.

Ind. My portion here is bitterness and sorrow.

Mr. Sea. Do not think so. Pray answer me : Does
Bevil know your name and family ?

Ind. Alas, too well ! Oh, could I be any other thing
than what I am—I'll tear away all traces of my for-
mer self, my little ornaments, the remains of my first
state, the hints of what I ought to have been—

[In her disorder she throws away her bracelet which
Sealand takes up, and looks earnestly at it.

Séa. Ha ! what's this ? My eyes are not deceiv'd ! It
is, it is the same ; the very bracelet which I bequeath'd
my wife at our last mournful parting.

Ind. What said you, Sir ? Your wife ! Whither does
my fancy carry me ? What means this new felt motion
at my heart ? And yet again my fortune but deludes me ;
for, if I err not, Sir, your name is Sealand : but my lost
father's name was——

Mr. Sea. Danvers ; was it not ?

Ind. What new amazement ! That is, indeed, my fa-
mily.

Mr.

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Mr. Sea. Know then, when my misfortunes drove me to the Indies, for reasons too tedious now to mention, I chang'd my name of Danvers into Sealand.

Enter Isabella.

If. If yet there wants an explanation of your wonder, examine well this face—yours, Sir, I well remember—gaze on, and read in me, you sister Isabella.

Mr. Sea. My sister!

If. But here's a claim more tender yet—your Indiana, Sir, your long lost daughter.

Mr. Sea. Oh, my child, my child!

Ind. All-gracious Heaven! Is it possible! Do I embrace my father!

Mr. Sea. And do I hold thee!—These passions are too strong for utterance—Rise, rise, my child, and give my tears their way—Oh, my sister! [*Embracing her.*]

If. Now, dearest niece, 'my groundless fears, my 'painful cares no more shall vex thee;' if I have wrong'd thy noble lover with too hard suspicions, my just concern for thee, I hope, will plead my pardon.

Mr. Sea. Oh, make him then the full amends, and be yourself the messenger of joy: fly this instant;—tell him all these wond'rous turns of Providence in his favour; tell him I have now a daughter to bestow, which he no longer will decline; that this day he still shall be a bridegroom: nor shall a fortune, the merit which his father seeks, be wanting. Tell him, the reward of all his virtues waits on his acceptance. [*Exit Isabella.*] My dearest Indiana!

[*Turns and embraces her.*]

Ind. Have I then, at last, a father's sanction on my love? His bounteous hand to give, and make my heart a present worthy of Bevil's generosity?

Mr. Sea. Oh, my child! how are our sorrows past o'er-paid by such a meeting! Though I have lost so many years of soft paternal dalliance with thee, yet, in one day to find thee thus, and thus bestow thee, in such perfect happiness, is ample, ample reparation; and yet again, the merit of thy lover—

Ind. Oh, had I spirits left to tell you of his actions; 'how strongly filial duty has suppressed his love, and 'how concealment still has doubled all his obligation,'
the

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the pride, the joy of his alliance, Sir, would warm your heart, as he has conquer'd mine.

Mr. Sea. How laudable is love, when born of virtue ! I burn to embrace him——

Ind. See, Sir, my aunt already has succeeded, and brought him to your wishes.

Enter Isabella, *with* Sir John Bevil, Bevil *jun.* *Mrs.* Sealand, Cimberton, Myrtle, *and* Lucinda.

Sir J. B. [*Entering.*] Where ? Where's this scene of wonder ?——*Mr. Sealand*, I congratulate, on this occasion, our mutual happiness—Your good sister, Sir, has, with the story of your daughter's fortune, fill'd us with surprise and joy. Now all exceptions are remov'd ; my son has now avow'd his love, and turn'd all former jealousies and doubts to approbation, and, I am told, your goodness has consented to reward him.

Mr. Sea. If, Sir, a fortune equal to his father's hopes can make this object worthy his acceptance.

B. jun. I hear your mention, Sir, of fortune, with pleasure only, as it may prove the means to reconcile the best of fathers to my love ; let him be provident, but let me be happy—My ever destin'd, my acknowledg'd wife !

[*Embracing* Indiana.]

Ind. Wife !—Oh, my ever loved, my lord, my master !

Sir J. B. I congratulate myself as well as you, that I have a son, who could, under such disadvantages, discover your great merit.

Mr. Sea. Oh, Sir John, how vain, how weak is human prudence ! What care, what foresight, what imagination could contrive such blest events, to make our children happy, as Providence in one short hour has laid before us ?

Cim. [*To Mrs. Sealand.*] I am afraid, Madam, *Mr. Sealand* is a little too busy for our affair, if you please we'll take another opportunity.

Mrs. Sea. Let us have patience, Sir. }

Cim. But we make Sir Geoffry wait, } *During this*
Madam. } *Bev. jun. pre-*
 } *sents Lucinda*

Mr. Oh, Sir, I'm not in haste. } *to Indiana.*

Mr. Sea. But here ; here's our general benefactor.

Ex-

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Excellent young man, that could be, at once, a lover to her beauty, and a parent to her virtue !

B. jun. If you think that an obligation, Sir, give me leave to overpay myself, in the only instance that can now add to my felicity, by begging you to bestow this lady on Mr. Myrtle.

Mr. Sea. She is without his reserve ; I beg he may be sent for——Mr. Cimberton, notwithstanding you never had my consent, yet there is, since I saw you, another objection to your marriage with my daughter.

Cim. I hope, Sir, your lady has conceal'd nothing from me ?

Mr. Sea. Troth, Sir, nothing but what was conceal'd from myself ; another daughter, who has an undoubted title to half my estate.

Cim. How, Mr. Sealand ! Why then if half Mrs. Lucinda's fortune is gone, you can't say, that any of my estate is settled upon her ; I was in treaty for the whole : but if that is not to be come at, to be sure there can be no bargain——Sir——I have nothing to do but to take my leave of your good lady, my cousin, and beg pardon for the trouble I have given this old gentleman.

Myr. That you have, Mr. Cimberton, with all my heart.

[*Discovers himself.*]

Omnes. Mr. Myrtle !

Myr. And I beg pardon of the whole company, that I assumed the person of Sir Geoffry, only to be present at the danger of this lady's being disposed of, and in her utmost exigence to assert my right to her ; which if her parents will ratify, as they once favour'd my pretensions, no abatement of fortune shall lessen her value to me.

Luc. Generous man !

Mr. Sea. If, Sir, you can overlook the injury of being in treaty with one who has meanly left her, as you have generously asserted your right in her, she is yours.

Luc. Mr. Myrtle, tho' you have ever had my heart, yet now I find I love you more, because I deserve you less.

Mrs. Sea. Well, however I'm glad the girl's disposed of any way.

[*Aside.*]

B. jun. Myrtle, no longer rivals now, but brothers.

Myr.

THE CONSCIOUS LOVERS. 73

Myr. Dear Bevil, you are born to triumph over me :
But now our competition ceases ; I rejoice in the prehe-
minence of your virtue, and your alliance adds charms
to Lucinda.

Sir J. B. Now, ladies and gentlemen, you have set
the world a fair example. Your happiness is owing to
your constancy and merit ; and the several difficulties
you have struggled with, evidently shew,

Whate'er the generous mind itself denies,

The secret care of Providence supplies.

[*Exeunt.*]

END of the FIFTH ACT.



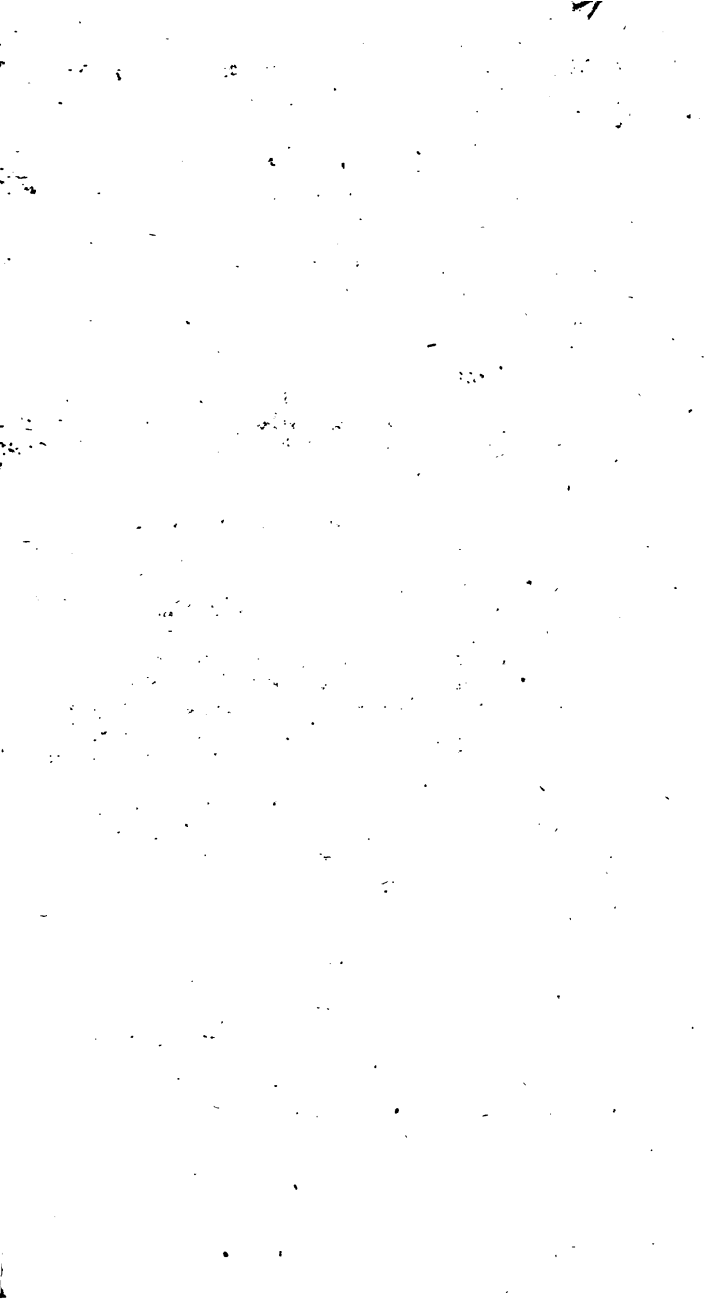
EPILOGUE.

Written by Mr. WELSTED.

Intended to be Spoken by INDIANA.

OUR author, whom intreaties cannot move,
Spite of the dear coquetry that you love,
Swears he'll not frustrate, so he plainly means,
By a loose epilogue, his decent scenes.
Is it not, Sirs, hard fate I meet to-day,
To keep me rigid still, beyond the play?
And yet, I'm sav'd a world of pains that way:
I now can look, I now can move at ease,
Nor need I torture these poor limbs to please;
Nor with the hand or foot attempt surprise,
Nor wrest my features, nor fatigue my eyes.
Bless me! What freakish gambols have I play'd!
What motions try'd, and wanton looks betray'd!
Out of pure kindness all! To over-rule
The threaten'd hiss, and screen some scribbling fool.
With more respect I'm entertain'd to-night:
Our author thinks, I can with ease delight.
My artless looks while modest graces arm,
He says, I need but to appear and charm.
A wife so form'd by these examples bred,
Pours joy and gladness 'round the marriage-bed;
Soft source of comfort, kind relief from care,
And 'tis her least perfection to be fair.
The nymph with Indiana's worth who vies,
A nation will behold with Bevil's eyes.







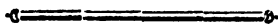
J. Roberts del.

Published for the British Theatre Aug 1st 1776.

Thornhill sculp.

*M. WOODWARD, in the Character of CAPT. BRAZEN.
Truth to the Touch! faith.*

BELL'S EDITION.



THE
RECRUITING OFFICER.

A COMEDY,

As written by G. FARQUHAR, Esq.

DISTINGUISHING ALSO THE
VARIATIONS OF THE THEATRE,

AS PERFORMED AT THE

Theatre-Royal in Dury-Lane.

Regulated from the Prompt-Book,

By PERMISSION of the MANAGERS,

By Mr. HOPKINS, Prompter.

——— *Captique dolis, donisque coacti.*

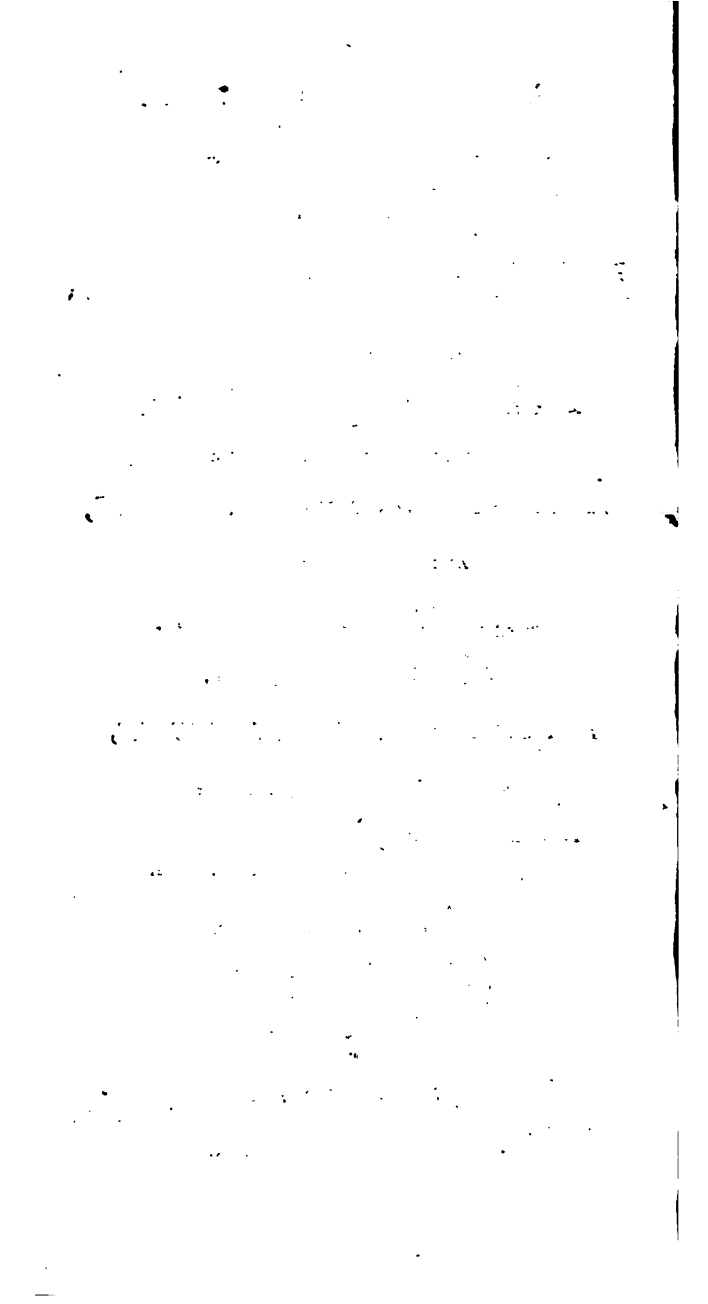
VIRG. Lib. ii. *Æneid.*



L O N D O N :

Printed for JOHN BELL, near *Exeter-Exchange*, in the *Strand*,
and C. ETHERINGTON, at *York*.

MDCCCLXXVI.



TO ALL
FRIENDS round the WREKIN.

My Lords and Gentlemen,

INstead of the mercenary expectations that attend addresses of this nature, I humbly beg, that this may be received as an acknowledgment for the favours you have already conferred; I have transgressed the rules of dedication, in offering you any thing in that style, without first asking your leave: but the entertainment I found in Shropshire commands me to be grateful, and that's all I intend.

It was my good fortune to be ordered some time ago into the place which is made the scene of this comedy; I was a perfect stranger to every thing in Salop, but its character of loyalty, the number of its inhabitants, the alacrity of the gentlemen in recruiting the army, with their generous and hospitable reception of strangers.

This character I found so amply verified in every particular, that you made recruiting, which is the greatest fatigue upon earth to others, to be the greatest pleasure in the world to me.

The kingdom cannot shew better bodies of men, better inclinations for the service, more generosity, more good understanding, nor more politeness than is to be found at the foot of the Wrekin.

Some little turns of humour that I met with almost within the shade of that famous hill, gave the rise to this comedy; and people were apprehensive, that, by the example of some others, I would make the town merry at the expence of the country-gentlemen: but they forgot that I was to write a comedy, not a libel; and that whilst I held to nature, no person of any character in your country could suffer by being exposed. I have drawn the justice and the clown in their *puris naturalibus*; the one an apprehensive, sturdy, brave block-head; and the other a worthy, honest, generous gentleman, hearty in his country's cause, and of as good an understanding as I could give him, which I must confess is far short of his own.

I humbly beg leave to interline a word or two of the adventures of the Recruiting Officer upon the stage.

DEDICATION.

Mr. Rich, who commands the company for which those recruits were raised, has desired me to acquit him before the world of a charge which he thinks lies heavy upon him, for acting this play on Mr. Durfey's third night.

Be it known unto all men by these presents, that it was my act and deed, or rather Mr. Durfey's; for he would play his third night against the first of mine. He brought down a huge flight of frightful birds upon me; when (heaven knows) I had not a feathered fowl in my play, except one single Kite: but I presently made Plume a bird, because of his name, and Brazen another, because of the feather in his hat; and with these three I engaged his whole empire, which I think was as great a wonder as any in the sun.

But to answer his complaints more gravely, the season was far advanced; the officers that made the greatest figures in my play were all commanded to their posts abroad, and waited only for a wind, which might possibly turn in less than a day: and I know none of Mr. Durfey's birds that had posts abroad but his Woodcocks, and their season is over; so that he might put off a day with less prejudice than the Recruiting Officer could; who has this farther to say for himself, that he was posted before the other spake, and could not with credit recede from his station.

These and some other rubs this Comedy met with before it appeared. But, on the other hand, it had powerful helps to set it forward: the Duke of Ormond encouraged the author, and the Earl of Orrery approved the play. My recruits were reviewed by my general and my colonel, and could not fail to pass muster; and still to add to my success, they were raised among my friends round the Wrekin.

This health has the advantage over our other celebrated toasts, never to grow worse for the wearing: 'tis a lasting beauty, old without age, and common without scandal. That you may live long to set it cheerfully round, and to enjoy the abundant pleasures of your fair and plentiful country, is the hearty wish of,

My Lords and Gentlemen,

Your most obliged,

And most obedient servant,

G. FARQUHAR.

P R O L O G U E.

*I*N ancient times, when Helen's fatal charms
 Rouz'd the contending universe to arms,
 The Grecian council happily deputed
 The sly Ulysses forth——to raise recruits.
 The artful captain found, without delay,
 Where great Achilles, a deserter, lay;
 Him, fate had warn'd to shun the Trojan blows;
 Him, Greece requir'd——against the Trojan foes.
 All their recruiting arts were needful here,
 To raise this great, this tim'rous volunteer.
 Ulysses well could talk——he stirs, he warms
 The warlike youth——He listens to the charms
 Of plunders, fine lac'd coats, and glitt'ring arms;
 Ulysses caught the young aspiring boy,
 And list'd him who wrought the fate of Troy.
 Thus, by recruiting, was bold Hector slain:
 Recruiting thus, fair Helen did regain.
 If for one Helen, such prodigious things
 Were acted, that they even list'd kings;
 If for one Helen's artful, vicious charms,
 Half the transported world was found in arms;
 What for so many Helens may we dare,
 Whose minds as well as faces, are so fair?
 If by one Helen's eyes, old Greece could find
 Its Homer fir'd to write, ev'n Homer blind;
 Then Britons sure beyond compare may write,
 That view so many Helens ev'ry night.

D R A M A T I S P E R S O N Æ.

D R U R Y L A N E.

M E N.

Mr. <i>Balance</i> ,	} Three Justices,	Mr. Packer,
Mr. <i>Scale</i> ,		Mr. Farren,
Mr. <i>Scruple</i> ,		Mr. Griffith,
Mr. <i>Worthy</i> , a Gentleman of <i>Shropshire</i> ,		Mr. Whitfield.
Capt. <i>Plume</i> ,	} Two Recruiting Officers,	Mr. Smith.
Capt. <i>Brazen</i> ,		Mr. King.
<i>Kite</i> , Serjeant to <i>Plume</i> ,		Mr. Palmer.
<i>Bullock</i> , a Country Clown,		Mr. Moody.
<i>Coflar Pear-main</i> ,	} Two Recruits,	Mr. Parsons.
<i>Tho. Apple-tree</i> ,		Mr. Burton.

W O M E N.

<i>Melinda</i> , a Lady of Fortune,	} Mrs. Greville.
<i>Sylvia</i> , Daughter to <i>Balance</i> ,	
in Love with <i>Plume</i> ,	
<i>Lucy</i> , <i>Melinda</i> 's Maid,	
<i>Rose</i> , a Country Wench,	Miss Younge.
	Mrs. Davies.
	Miss Jarratt.

Constable, Recruits, Mob, Servants, and Attendants.

S C E N E, S H R E W S B U R Y.

C O V E N T G A R D E N.

Mr. <i>Balance</i> ,	Mr. Hull,
Mr. <i>Scale</i> ,	Mr. Fox.
Mr. <i>Scruple</i> ,	Mr. Thompson.
Mr. <i>Worthy</i> ,	Mr. Du-Bellamy.
Capt. <i>Plume</i> ,	Mr. Smith.
Capt. <i>Brazen</i> ,	Mr. Woodward.
<i>Kite</i> ,	Mr. Gardner.
<i>Bullock</i> ,	Mr. Dunstall.
<i>Coflar Pear-main</i> ,	Mr. Quick.
<i>Tho. Apple-tree</i> ,	Mr. Lee-Lewes.
<i>Melinda</i> ,	Mrs. Baker.
<i>Sylvia</i> ,	Miss Macklin.
<i>Lucy</i> ,	Mrs. Pitt.
<i>Rose</i> .	Mrs. Kniveton.

THE RECRUITING OFFICER.

A C T I.

SCENE, *the Market Place*—*Drum beats the Grenadier's March.*

Enter Serjeant Kite, followed by Thomas Apple-tree, Costar Pear-main, and the Mob.

KITE, *making a Speech.*

IF any gentlemen soldiers, or others, have a mind to serve his Majesty, and pull down the French King: If any 'prentices have severe masters, any children have undutiful parents: If any servants have too little wages, or any husband too much wife; let them repair to the noble Serjeant Kite, at the sign of the Raven, in this good town of Shrewsbury, and they shall receive present relief and entertainment—Gentlemen, I don't beat my drums here to insnare or inveigle any man, for you must know, gentlemen, that I am a man of honour: besides, I don't beat up for common soldiers; no, I list only grenadiers; grenadiers, gentlemen—Pray, gentlemen, observe this cap—This is the cap of honour; it dubs a man a gentleman, in the drawing of a tricker; and he that has the good fortune to be born six foot high, was born to be a great man—Sir, will you give me leave to try this cap upon your head?

Cost. Is there no harm in't? Won't the cap list me?

Kite. No, no, no more than I can—Come, let me see how it becomes you.

Cost. Are you sure there be no conjuration in it? No gunpowder plot upon me?

Kite. No, no, friend; don't fear, man.

Cost. My mind misgives me plaguily—Let me see it—

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it—[*Going to put it on.*] It smells woundily of sweat and brimstone. Smell, Tummas.

Tho. Ay, wauns does it.

Cost. Pray, Serjeant, what writing is this upon the face of it?

Kite. The crown, or the bed of honour.

Cost. Pray now, what may be that same bed of honour?

Kite. Oh! a mighty large bed! bigger by half than the great bed at Ware—ten thousand people may lie in it together, and never feel one another.

Cost. My wife and I wou'd do well to lie in't, for we don't care for feeling one another—But do folk sleep found in this same bed of honour?

Kite. Sound! Ay, so sound that they never wake.

Cost. Wauns! I wish again that my wife lay there.

Kite. Say you so! Then, I find, brother—

Cost. Brother! Hold there, friend; I am no kindred to you that I know of yet—Look'e, Serjeant, no coaxing, no wheedling, d'ye see—If I have a mind to list, why so—If not, why 'tis not so—therefore take your cap and your brothership back again, for I am not disposed at this present writing—No coaxing, no brothering me, faith.

Kite. I coax! I wheedle! I'm above it, Sir: I have serv'd twenty campaigns—But, Sir, you talk well, and I must own that you are a man every inch of you, a pretty, young, sprightly fellow—I love a fellow with a spirit; but I scorn to coax, 'tis base: though I must say, that never in my life have I seen a man better built. How firm and strong he treads! he steps like a castle; but I scorn to wheedle any man—Come, honest lad, will you take share of a pot?

Cost. Nay, for that matter, I'll spend my penny with the best he that wears a head, that is, begging your pardon, Sir, and in a fair way.

Kite. Give me your hand then; and now, gentlemen, I have no more to say, but this---here's a purse of gold, and there is a tub of humming ale at my quarters—'Tis the king's money, and the king's drink—He's a generous king, and loves his subjects---I hope, gentlemen, you won't refuse the king's health?

All Mob. No, no, no.

Kite. Huzza, then! huzza for the king, and the honour of Shropshire.

All.

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All Mob. Huzza !

Kite. Beat, Drum.

[*Exeunt shouting, drum beating a Grenadier's March.*
Enter Plume in a riding habit.

Plume. By the grenadier's march that should be my drum ; and by that shout, it should beat with success—Let me see—four o'clock---[*Looking on his watch.*] At ten yesterday morning I left London---An hundred and twenty miles in thirty hours is pretty smart riding, but nothing to the fatigue of recruiting.

Enter Kite.

Kite. Welcome to Shrewsbury, noble captain : from the banks of the Danube to the Severn side, noble captain, you're welcome.

Plume. A very elegant reception, indeed, Mr. Kite ; I find you are fairly enter'd into your recruiting strain---Pray, what success ?

Kite. I've been here a week, and I've recruited five.

Plume. Five ! Pray what are they ?

Kite. I have list'd the strong man of Kent, the king of the gypsies, a Scotch pedlar, a scoundrel attorney, and a Welch parson.

Plume. An attorney ! Wert thou mad ? List a lawyer ! Discharge him, discharge him this minute.

Kite. Why, Sir ?

Plume. Because I will have nobody in my company that can write ; a fellow that can write can draw petitions---I say, this minute discharge him.

Kite. And what shall I do with the parson ?

Plume. Can he write ?

Kite. Hum ! He plays rarely upon the fiddle.

Plume. Keep him by all means---But how stands the country affected ? Were the people pleas'd with the news of my coming to town ?

Kite. Sir, the mob are so pleas'd with your honour, and the justices and better sort of people are so delighted with me, that we shall soon do your business---But, Sir, you have got a recruit here that you little think of.

Plume. Who ?

Kite. One that you beat up for the last time you were in the country : You remember your old friend Molly at the Castle ?

Plume.

to THE RECRUITING OFFICER.

Plume. She's not with child, I hope.

Kite. She was brought to-bed yesterday.

Plume. Kite, you must father the child.

Kite. And so her friends will oblige me to marry the mother.

Plume. If they should, we'll take her with us; she can wash, you know, and make a bed upon occasion.

Kite. Ay, or unmake it upon occasion. But your honour knows that I am married already.

Plume. To how many?

Kite. I can't tell readily---I have set them down here upon the back of the muster roll. [*Draws it out.*] Let me see,---Imprimis, Mrs. Shely Snikereyes, she sells potatoes upon Ormond Key in Dublin---Peggy Guzzle, the brandy woman at the Horse-Guards, at Whitehall---Dolly Waggon, the Carrier's daughter at Hull---Mada-moiselle Van Bottom-flat at the Buss---Then Jenny Oakham, the Ship-carpenter's widow at Portsmouth; but I don't reckon upon her, for she was married at the same time to two Lieutenants of Marines and a man of war's Boatswain.

Plume. A full company---You have nam'd five---Come make them half a dozen.---Kite, is the child a boy or a girl?

Kite. A chopping boy.

Plume. Then set the mother down in your list, and the boy in mine: Enter him a grenadier by the name of Francis Kite, absent upon furlow---I'll allow you a man's pay for his subsistence, and now go comfort the wench in the straw.

Kite. I shall, Sir.

Plume. But hold, have you made any use of your German doctor's habit since you arriv'd?

Kite. Yes, yes, Sir, and my fame's all about the country for the most faithful fortune-teller that ever told a lie---I was oblig'd to let my landlord into the secret, for the convenience of keeping it so; but he's an honest fellow, and will be faithful to any roguery that is trusted to him. This device, Sir, will get you men, and me money, which I think is all we want at present---But yonder comes your friend Mr. Worthy.---Has your honour any farther commands?

Plume.

THE RECRUITING OFFICER. 11

Plume. None at present. [*Exit Kite.*] 'Tis indeed the picture of Worthy, but the life's departed.

Enter Worthy.

What, arms a-cross, Worthy! Methinks you should hold them open when a friend's so near---The man has got the vapours in his ears, I believe: I must expel this melancholy spirit.

Spleen, thou worst of fiends below,
Fly, I conjure thee, by this magic blow.

[*Slaps Worthy on the Shoulder.*]

Wor. Plume! my dear captain, welcome. Safe and sound return'd!

Plume. I 'scaped safe from Germany, and sound, I hope, from London; you see I have lost neither leg, arm, nor nose. Then for my inside, 'tis neither troubled with sympathies nor antipathies; and I have an excellent stomach for roast-beef.

Wor. Thou art a happy fellow; once I was so.

Plume. What ails thee, man? No inundations nor earthquakes in Wales, I hope? Has your father rose from the dead and re-assumed his estate?

Wor. No.

Plume. Then you are marry'd surely?

Wor. No.

Plume. Then you are mad, or turning Quaker?

Wor. Come, I must out with it---Your once gay, roving friend is dwindled into an obsequious, thoughtful, romantic, constant coxcomb.

Plume. And pray what is all this for?

Wor. For a woman.

Plume. Shake hands, brother. If thou go to that, behold me as obsequious, as thoughtful, and as constant a coxcomb as your worship.

Wor. For whom?

Plume. For a regiment---But for a woman! 'Sdeath I have been constant to fifteen at a time, but never melancholy for one; and can the love of one bring you into this condition? Pray, who is this wonderful Helen?

Wor. A Helen indeed! not to be won under ten years siege; as great a beauty, and as great a jilt.

Plume. A jilt! Pho! Is she as great a whore?

Wor. No, no.

Plume.

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Plume. 'Tis ten thousand pities. But who is she? Do I know her?

Wor. Very well.

Plume. That's impossible—I know no woman that will hold out a ten year's siege.

Wor. What think you of Melinda?

Plume. Melinda! Why she began to capitulate this time twelve-month, and offered to surrender upon honourable terms; and I advis'd you to propose a settlement of five hundred pounds a year to her, before I went last abroad.

Wor. I did, and she hearken'd to it, desiring only one week to consider—When, beyond her hopes, the town was reliev'd, and I forc'd to turn my siege into a blockade.

Plume. Explain, explain.

Wor. My Lady Richly, her aunt in Flintshire dies, and leaves her, at this critical time, twenty thousand pounds.

Plume. Oh, the devil! What a delicate woman was there spoil'd! But by the rules of war now—Worthy, blockade was foolish—After such a convoy of provisions was enter'd the place, you could have no thought of reducing it by famine; you should have redoubled your attacks, taken the town by storm, or have died upon the breach.

Wor. I did make one general assault, but was so vigorously repuls'd, that despairing of ever gaining her for a mistress, I have alter'd my conduct, given my addresses the obsequious and distant turn, and court her now for a wife.

Plume. So as you grew obsequious, she grew haughty; and because you approach'd her as a goddess, she us'd you like a dog.

Wor. Exactly.

Plume. 'Tis the way of 'em all.—Come, Worthy, your obsequious and distant airs will never bring you together; you must not think to surmount her pride by your humility. Wou'd you bring her to better thoughts of you, she must be reduc'd to a meaner opinion of herself. Let me see, the very first thing that I would do, should be to lie with her chambermaid, and hire three or four wenches in the neighbourhood to report that I had got them with child—Suppose we lampoon'd all
the

THE RECRUITING OFFICER. 13

the pretty women in town, and left her out; or, what if we made a ball, and forgot to invite her with one or two of the ugliest.

Wor. These would be mortifications, I must confess; but we live in such a precise, dull place, that we can have no balls, no lampoons, no——

Plume. What! no bastards! and so many recruiting officers in town! I thought 'twas a maxim among them, to leave as many recruits in the country as they carry'd out.

Wor. No-body doubts your good will, noble captain, in serving your country with your best blood; witness our friend Molly at the Castle; there have been tears in town about that business, captain.

Plume. I hope Sylvia has not heard of it.

Wor. Oh, Sir, have you thought of her? I began to fancy you had forgot poor Sylvia.

Plume. Your affairs had quite put mine out of my head. 'Tis true, Sylvia and I had once agreed to go to bed together, could we have adjusted preliminaries; but she would have the wedding before consummation, and I was for consummation before the wedding; we could not agree. She was a pert, obstinate fool, and would lose her maidenhead her own way, so she may keep it for Plume.

Wor. But do you intend to marry upon no other conditions?

Plume. Your pardon, Sir, I'll marry upon no condition at all.—If I should, I am resolv'd never to bind myself to a woman for my whole life, till I know whether I shall like her company for half an hour. Suppose I marry'd a woman that wanted a leg.—Such a thing might be, unless I examined the goods before-hand——If people would but try one another's constitutions before they engag'd, it would prevent all these elopements, divorces, and the devil knows what.

Wor. Nay, for that matter, the town did not stick to say, that——

Plume. I hate country-towns for that reason—if your town has a dishonourable thought of Sylvia, it deserves to be burnt to the ground—I love Sylvia, I admire her frank, generous disposition—There's something in that
B girl

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girl more than woman—her sex is but a foil to her—the ingratitude, dissimulation, envy, pride, avarice, and vanity, of her sister females, do but set off their contraries in her—In short, were I once a general, I wou'd marry her.

Wor. Faith, you have reason—for were you but a corporal she would marry you—But my Melinda coquets it with every fellow she sees—I'll lay fifty pounds she makes love to you.

Plume. I'll lay you a hundred that I return it, if she does—Look'e, Worthy, I'll win her and give her to you afterwards.

Wor. If you win her, you shall wear her, faith; I would not value the conquest without the credit of the victory.

Enter Kite.

Kite. Captain, Captain, a word in your ear.

Plume. You may speak out, here are none but friends.

Kite. You know, Sir, that you sent me to comfort the good woman in the straw, Mrs. Molly—my wife, Mr. Worthy.

Wor. O ho! very well: I wish you joy, Mr. Kite.

Kite. Your worship very well may—for I have got both a wife and child in half an hour—But as I was saying—you sent me to comfort Mrs. Molly—my wife, I mean—But what d'ye think, Sir? She was better comforted before I came.

Plume. As how?

Kite. Why, Sir, a footman in a blue livery had brought her ten guineas to buy her baby clothes.

Plume. Who, in the name of wonder, could send them?

Kite. Nay, Sir, I must whisper that—Mrs. Sylvia.

Plume. Sylvia! Generous creature!

Wor. Sylvia! Impossible!

Kite. Here are the guineas, Sir.—I took the gold as part of my wife's portion. Nay farther, Sir, she sent word the child should be taken all imaginable care of, and that she intended to stand godmother. The same footman, as I was coming to you with this news, call'd arter me, and told me that his lady would speak with me—I went, and upon hearing that you were come to town, she gave me half a guinea for the news; and
ordered

THE RECRUITING OFFICER. 15

ordered me to tell you, that Justice Balance, her father, who is just come out of the country, would be glad to see you.

Plume. There's a girl for you, Worthy—Is there any thing of woman in this? No, 'tis noble, generous, manly, friendship. Shew me another woman that would lose an inch of her prerogative that way, without tears, fits, and reproaches. The common jealousy of her sex, which is nothing but their avarice of pleasure, she despises: and can part with the lover, though she dies for the man----Come, Worthy---Where's the best wine? for there I'll quarter.

Wor. Horton has a fresh pipe of choice Barcelona, which I would not let him pierce before, because I reserv'd the maidenhead of it for your welcome to town.

Plume. Let's away then—Mr. Kite, go to the lady, with my humble service, and tell her I shall only refresh a little, and wait upon her.

Wor. Hold, Kite—have you seen the other recruiting captain?

Kite. No, Sir, I'd have you to know I don't keep such company.

Plume. Another! Who is he?

Wor. My rival, in the first place, and the most unaccountable fellow—but I'll tell you more as we go.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, an Apartment.

Melinda and Sylvia meeting.

Mel. Welcome to town, cousin Sylvia. [*Salute.*] I envy'd you your retreat in the country; for Shrewsbury, methinks, and all your heads of shires, are the most irregular places for living; here we have smog, noise, scandal, affectation, and pretension; in short, every thing to give the spleen—and nothing to divert it---then the air is intolerable.

Syl. Oh, Madam! I have heard the town commended for its air.

Mel. But you don't consider, Sylvia, how long I have liv'd in't! for I can assure you, that to a lady, the least vice in her constitution---no air can be good above half a year. Change of air I take to be the most agreeable of any variety in life.

B. 2.

Syl.

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Syl. As you say, cousin Melinda, there are several sorts of airs.

Mel. Psha! I talk only of the air we breathe, or more properly, of that we taste—Have not you, Sylvia, found a vast difference in the taste of airs?

Syl. Pray, cousin, are not vapours a sort of air? Taste air! you might as well tell me, I may feed upon air? but pr'ythee, my dear Melinda, don't put on such an air to me. Your education and mine were just the same; and I remember the time when we never troubled our heads about air, but when the sharp air from the Welsh mountains made our fingers ake in a cold morning at the boarding-school.

Mel. Our education, cousin, was the same, but our temperaments had nothing alike; you have the constitution of an horse.

Syl. So far as to be troubled neither with spleen, cholic, nor vapours; I need no salts for my stomach, no hartshorn for my head, nor wash for my complexion; I can gallop all the morning after the hunting-horn, and all the evening after a fiddle. In short, I can do every thing with my father, but drink and shoot flying, and I am sure I can do every thing my mother could, were I put to the trial.

Mel. You are in a fair way of being put to't; for I am told your captain is come to town.

Syl. Ay, Melinda, he is come, and I'll take care he sha'n't go without a companion.

Mel. You are certainly mad, cousin,

Syl.———"And there's a pleasure in being mad,
Which none but madmen know."

Mel. Thou poor romantic Quixote!---Hast thou the vanity to imagine, that a young sprightly officer, that rambles o'er half the globe in half a year, can confine his thoughts to the little daughter of a country justice in an obscure part of the world?

Syl. Psha! what care I for his thoughts; I should not like a man with confin'd thoughts, it shews a narrowness of soul. 'Constancy is but a dull sleepy quality at best, they will hardly admit it among the manly virtues, nor do I think it deserves a place with bravery, knowledge, policy, justice, and some other qualities

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‘qualities that are proper for that noble sex.’ In short, Melinda, I think a petticoat a mighty simple thing, and I am heartily tired of my sex.

Mel. That is, you are tir’d of an appendix to our sex, that you can’t so handsomely get rid of in petticoats as if you were in breeches—O’ my conscience, Sylvia, hadst thou been a man, thou hadst been the greatest rake in christendom.

Syl. I should have endeavour’d to know the world, which a man can never do thoroughly, without half a hundred friendships, and as many amours; but now I think on’t, how stands your affair with Mr. Worthy?

Mel. He’s my aversion.

Syl. Vapours!

Mel. What do you say, Madam?

Syl. I say that you should not use that honest fellow so inhumanly. He’s a gentleman of parts and fortune; and besides that, he’s my Plume’s friend; and by all that’s sacred, if you don’t use him better, I shall expect satisfaction.

Mel. Satisfaction! you begin to fancy yourself in breeches in good earnest—But, to be plain with you, I like Worthy the worse for being so intimate with your captain, for I take him to be a loose, idle, unmannerly coxcomb.

Syl. Oh, Madam, you never saw him, perhaps, since you were mistress of twenty thousand pounds: you only knew him when you were capitulating with Worthy for a settlement, which perhaps might encourage him to be a little loose and unmannerly with you.

Mel. What do you mean, Madam?

Syl. My meaning needs no interpretation, Madam.

Mel. Better it had, Madam, for methinks you are too plain.

Syl. If you mean the plainness of my person, I think your ladyship’s as plain as me to the full.

Mel. Were I sure of that, I would be glad to take up with a rakehell officer, as you do.

Syl. Again! look’e, Madam, you are in your own house.

Mel. And if you had kept in yours, I should have excused you.

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Syl. Don't be troubled, Madam, I shan't desire to have my visit return'd.

Mel. The sooner therefore you make an end of this the better.

Syl. I am easily persuaded to follow my inclinations, and so, Madam, your humble servant. [Exit.

Mel. Saucy thing!

Enter Lucy.

Lucy. What's the matter, Madam?

Mel. Did not you see the proud nothing, how she swell'd upon the arrival of her fellow?

Luc. Her fellow has not been long enough arrived to occasion any great swelling, Madam; I don't believe she has seen him yet.

Mel. Nor shan't, if I can help it—Let me see—I have it---bring me pen and ink---Hold, I'll go write in my closet.

Luc. An answer to this letter, I hope, Madam?

Mel. Who sent it? [Presents a letter.

Luc. Your captain, Madam.

Mel. He's a fool, and I am tir'd of him: send it back unopen'd.

Luc. The messenger's gone, Madam.

Mel. Then how shou'd I send an answer? Call him back immediately, while I go write. [Exeunt.

END of the FIRST ACT.

A C T II.

SCENE, *an Apartment.*

Enter Justice Balance and Plume.

BALANCE.

LOOK'E, captain, give us but blood for our money, and you shan't want men. 'I remember that 'for some years of the last war, we had no blood, no 'wounds, but in the officers mouths; nothing for our 'millions but news-papers, not worth a reading— 'Our army did nothing but play at prison-bars, and 'hide and seek with the enemy; but now ye have 'brought us colours, and standards, and prisoners.—

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Ad's

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Ad's my life, captain, get us but another marshal of France, and I'll go myself for a soldier——

Plume. Pray, Mr. Balance, how does your fair daughter?

Bal. Ah, captain! what is my daughter to a marshal of France! We're upon a nobler subject; I want to have a particular description of the battle of Hockley.

Plume. The battle, Sir, was a very pretty battle as any one should desire to see, but we were all so intent upon victory, that we never minded the battle: all that I know of the matter is, our general commanded us to beat the French, and we did so; and if he pleases but to say the word, we'll do it again. But pray, Sir, how does Mrs. Sylvia?

Bal. Still upon Sylvia! For shame, captain, you are engaged already, wedded to the war; victory is your mistress, and 'tis below a soldier to think of any other.

Plume. As a mistress, I confess; but as a friend, Mr. Balance——

Bal. Come, come, captain, never mince the matter, would not you debauch my daughter if you could?

Plume. How, Sir, I hope she is not to be debauched.

Bal. Faith, but she is, Sir; and any woman in England of her age and complexion, by a man of your youth and vigour. Look'e, captain, once I was young, and once an officer, as you are; and I can guess at your thoughts now, by what mine were then; and I remember very well, that I would have given one of my legs to have deluded the daughter of an old country gentleman, as like me as I was then like you.

Plume. But, Sir, was that country gentleman your friend and benefactor?

Bal. Not much of that.

Plume. There the comparison breaks: the favours, Sir, that——

Bal. Pho, pho, I hate set speeches: if I have done you any service, captain, it was to please myself. I love thee, and if I could part with my girl, you should have her as soon as any young fellow I know: but I hope you have more honour than to quit the service, and she more prudence than to follow the camp; but she's at her own disposal, she has fifteen hundred pounds in her pocket, and so——Sylvia, Sylvia.

[Calls.
Enter

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Enter Sylvia.

Syl. There are some letters, Sir, come by the post from London, I left them upon the table in your closet.

Bal. And here is a gentleman from Germany. [*Presenting Plume to her.*] Captain, you'll excuse me, I'll go and read my letters and wait on you.

Syl. Sir, you are welcome to England.

Plume. You are indebted to me a welcome, Madam, since the hopes of receiving it from this fair hand was the principal cause of my seeing England.

Syl. I have often heard that soldiers were sincere; shall I venture to believe public report?

Plume. You may, when 'tis back'd by private influence; for I swear, Madam, by the honour of my profession, that whatever dangers I went upon, it was with the hope of making myself more worthy of your esteem; and if ever I had thoughts of preserving my life, 'twas for the pleasure of dying at your feet.

Syl. Well, well, you shall die at my feet, or where you will; but you know, Sir, there is a certain will and testament to be made before-hand.

Plume. My will, Madam, is made already, and there it is; and if you please to open that parchment, which was drawn the evening before the battle of Hockstet, you will find whom I left my heir.

Syl. Mrs. Sylvia Balance.—[*Opens the will and reads.*] Well, captain, this is a handsome and a substantial compliment; but I can assure you, I am much better pleased with the bare knowledge of your intention, than I should have been in the possession of your legacy: but, methinks, Sir, you shou'd have left something to your little boy at the Castle.

Plume. That's home. [*Aside*] My little boy! Lack-a-day, Madam, that alone may convince you 'twas none of mine; why, the girl, Madam, is my serjeant's wife, and so the poor creature gave out that I was the father, in hopes that my friends might support her in case of necessity.—That was all, Madam—my boy, no, no, no.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Madam, my master has received some ill news from London, and desires to speak with you immediately, and he begs the captain's pardon, that he can't wait on him as he promised.

Plume.

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Plume. Ill news ! heavens avert it ! nothing could touch me nearer than to see that generous worthy gentleman afflicted : I'll leave you to comfort him, and be assured, that if my life and fortune can be any way serviceable to the father of my Sylvia, he shall freely command both.

Syl. The necessity must be very pressing that would engage me to endanger either. [Exeunt severally.]

S C E N E, *another Apartment.*

Enter Balance and Sylvia.

Syl. Whilst there is life, there is hope, Sir; perhaps my brother may recover.

Bal. We have but little reason to expect it ; the Doctor 'Killman' acquaints me here, that before this comes to my hands, he fears I shall have no son---Poor Owen !---but the decree is just ; I was pleas'd with the death of my father, because he left me an estate, and now I am punish'd with the loss of an heir to inherit mine ; I must now look upon you as the only hopes of my family, and I expect that the augmentation of your fortune will give you fresh thoughts and new prospects.

Syl. My desire in being punctual in my obedience, requires that you would be plain in your commands, Sir.

Bal. The death of your brother makes you sole heiress to my estate, which you know is about twelve hundred pounds a year : this fortune gives you a fair claim to quality and a title ; you must set a just value upon yourself, and, in plain terms, think no more of Captain Plume.

Syl. You have often commended the gentleman, Sir.

Bal. And I do so still, he's a very pretty fellow ; but though I lik'd him well enough for a bare son-in-law, I don't approve of him for an heir to my estate and family ; fifteen hundred pounds indeed I might trust in his hands, and it might do the young fellow a kindness, but,---od's my life, twelve hundred pounds a year, would ruin him, quite turn his brain---A captain of foot worth twelve hundred pounds a year ! 'tis a prodigy in nature ! Besides this, I have five or six thousand pounds in woods upon my estate ; Oh ! that would make him stark mad : or you must know, that all captains have a mighty
'aver-

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‘aversion to timber, they can’t endure to see trees stand--
 ‘ing. Then I should have some rogue of a builder,
 ‘by the help of his damn’d magic art, transform my
 ‘my noble oaks and elms into cornices, portals, fashies,
 ‘birds, beasts, and devils, to adorn, some maggotty,
 ‘new-fashion’d bauble upon the Thames; and then
 ‘you should have a dog of a gard’ner bring a *habeas*
 ‘*corpus* for my *terra firma*, remove it to Chelsea,
 ‘or Twickenham, and clap it into grass-plats and gravel-
 ‘walks.’

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Sir, here’s one with a letter below for your wor-
 ship, but he will deliver it into no hands but your own.

Bal. Come, shew me the messenger.

[Exit with Servant.]

Syl. Make the dispute between love and duty, and I am
 Prince Prettyman exactly.---If my brother dies; ah, poor
 brother! if he lives, ah, poor sister! ’tis bad both ways;
 I’ll try it again.---Follow my own inclinations and break
 my father’s heart; or obey his commands, and break my
 own? Worse and worse. Suppose I take it thus: A mo-
 derate fortune, a pretty fellow, and a pad; or, a fine
 estate, a coach-and-six, and an ass.——That will never
 do neither.

Enter Justice Balance, and a Servant.

Bal. Put four horses to the coach. *[To a servant,*
who goes out.] Ho, Sylvia.

Syl. Sir.

Bal. How old were you when your mother dy’d?

Syl. So young, that I don’t remember I ever had
 one, and you have been so careful, so indulgent to me
 since, that indeed I never wanted one.

Bal. Have I ever denied you any thing you ask’d
 of me?

Syl. Never, that I remember.

Bal. Then, Sylvia, I must beg, that once in your life,
 you would grant me a favour.

Syl. Why should you question it, Sir?

Bal. I don’t, but I wou’d rather counsel than com-
 mand. I don’t propose this with the authority of a pa-
 rent, but as the advice of your friend; that you would
 take the coach this moment and go into the country.

Syl.

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S. Does this advice, Sir, proceed from the contents of the letter you receiv'd just now?

Bal. No matter; I will be with you in three or four days, and then give you my reasons——But before you go, I expect you will make me one solemn promise.

Syl. Propose the thing, Sir.

Bal. That you will never dispose of yourself to any man without my consent.

Syl. I promise.

Bal. Very well, and to be even with you, I promise I never will dispose of you without your own consent; and so, Sylvia, the coach is ready; farewell. [*Leads her to the door, and returns.*] Now she's gone I'll examine the contents of this letter a little nearer. [*Reads.*

“S I R,

My intimacy with Mr. Worthy has drawn a secret from him that he had from his friend Captain Plume: and my friendship and relation to your family oblige me to give you timely notice of it. The captain has dishonourable designs upon my cousin Sylvia. Evils of this nature are more easily prevented than amended; and that you wou'd immediately send my cousin into the country, is the advice of,

Sir, your humble servant,

MELINDA.”

Why, the devil's in the young fellows of this age, they are ten times worse than they were in my time; had he made my daughter a whore, and forswore it like a gentleman, I cou'd almost have pardon'd it; but to tell tales before-hand is monstrous——Hang it, I can fetch down a woodcock or a snipe, and why not a hat and cockade? I have a case of good pistols, and have a good mind to try.

Enter Worthy.

Worthy! your servant.

Wor. I'm sorry, Sir, to be the messenger of ill-news.

Bal. I apprehend it, Sir; you have heard that my son Owen, is past recovery.

Wor. My letters say, he's dead, sir.

Bal. He's happy, and I am satisfied: the stroke of heav'n I can bear; but injuries from men, Mr. Worthy, are not so easily supported.

Wor.

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Wor. I hope, Sir, you're under no apprehensions of wrong from any body.

Bal. You know I ought to be.

Wor. You wrong my honour, in believing I could know any thing to your prejudice, without resenting it as much as you should.

Bal. This letter, Sir, which I tear in pieces to conceal the person that sent it, informs me, that Plume has a design upon Sylvia, and that you are privy to't.

Wor. Nay then, Sir, I must do myself justice, and endeavour to find out the author. [*Takes up a bit.*]
Sir, I know the hand, and if you refuse to discover the contents, Melinda shall tell me. [*Going.*]

Bal. Hold, Sir, the contents I have told you already, only with this circumstance, that her intimacy with Mr. Worthy had drawn the secret from him.

Wor. Her intimacy with me ! Dear Sir, let me pick up the pieces of this letter ; 'twill give me such a power over her pride, to have her own an intimacy under her hand---This was the luckiest accident ! [*Gathering up the letter.*] The aspersion, Sir, was nothing but malice ; the effect of a little quarrel between her and Mrs. Sylvia.

Bal. Are you sure of that, Sir ?

Wor. Her maid gave me the history of part of the battle just now, as she overheard it. But I hope, Sir, your daughter has suffer'd nothing upon the account.

Bal. No, no, poor girl ; she's so afflicted with the news of her brother's death, that to avoid company, she begg'd leave to go into the country.

Wor. And is she gone ?

Bal. I could not refuse her, she was so pressing ; the coach went from the door the minute before you came.

Wor. So pressing to be gone, Sir !—I find her fortune will give her the same airs with Melinda, and then Plume and I may laugh at one another.

Bal. Like enough ; women are as subject to pride as men are ; and why mayn't great women, as well as great men, forget their old acquaintance ?---But come, where's this young fellow ? I love him so well, it would break the heart of me to think him a rascal---I am glad my daughter's gone fairly off though. [*Aside.*] Where does the captain quarter ?

Wor.

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Wor. At Horton's ; I am to meet him there two hours hence, and we should be glad of your company.

Bal. Your pardon, dear Worthy, I must allow a day or two to the death of my son : ' The decorum of ' mourning ' is what we owe the world, because they ' pay it to us.' Afterwards, I'm your's over a bottle, or how you will.

Wor. Sir, I'm your humble servant. [*Exeunt apart.*]

S C E N E, *the Street.*

Enter Kite, with Costar Pearmain in one hand, and Thomas Appletree in the other, drunk.

Kite sings.

Our 'prentice Tom may now refuse
To wipe his scoundrel master's shoes ;
For now he's free to sing and play,
Over the hills and far away. — Over &c.

[*The mob sings the chorus.*]

We shall lead more happy lives,
By getting rid of brats and wives ;
That scold and brawl both night and day,
Over the hills and far away. — Over, &c.

Kite. Hey, boys ! Thus we soldiers live ! drink, sing, dance, play — We live, as one should say — we live — 'tis impossible to tell how we live — We are all princes — Why — why, you are a king — You are an emperor, and I'm a prince — now — an't we ?

Tho. No, serjeant, I'll be no emperor.

Kite. No !

Tho. I'll be a justice of peace.

Kite. A justice of peace, man !

Tho. Ay, wauns will I ; for since this pressing-act, they are greater than any emperor under the sun.

Kite. Done ; You are a justice of peace, and you are a king, and I am a duke, and a rum duke, an't I ?

Cost. Ay, but I'll be no king.

Kite. What then ?

Cost. I'll be a queen.

Kite. A queen !

Cost. Ay, of England, that's greater than any king of 'em all.

Kite. Bravely said, faith ; huzza for the queen. [*Huzzá.*]

C

But

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But heark'e, you, Mr. Justice, and, you, Mr. Queen, did you ever see the king's picture ?

Both. No, no, no.

Kite. I wonder at that ; I have two of 'em set in gold, and as like his Majesty, God bless the mark. See here, they are set in gold.

[Takes two broad pieces out of his pocket, gives one to each.]

Tho. The wonderful works of nature ! *[Looking at it.]*

Cost. What's this written about ? Here's a posy, I believe ; Ca-ro-lus---What's that, serjeant ?

Kite. O ! Carolus ?---Why Carolus is Latin for King George ; that's all.

Cost. 'Tis a fine thing to be a scollard---Serjeant, will you part with this ? I'll buy it on you, if it come within the compass of a crown.

Kite. A crown ! never talk of buying ; 'tis the same thing among friends, you know ; I'll present them to ye both : you shall give me as good a thing. Put 'em up and remember your old friend, when I am over the hills, and far away.

[They sing, and put up the money.]

Enter Plume singing.

Plume. Over the hills, and over the main,
To Flanders, Portugal, or Spain :
The king commands, and we'll obey,
Over the hills, and far away.

Come on, my men of mirth, away with it, I'll make one among ye : Who are these hearty lads ?

Kite. Off with your hats ; 'ounds off with your hats : This is the captain, the captain.

Tho. We have seen captains afore now, mun.

Cost. Ay, and lieutenant-captains too ; s'flesh, I'll keep on my nab.

Tho. And I've scarcely d'off mine for any captain in England : My vether's a freeholder.

Plume. Who are these jolly lads, serjeant ?

Kite. A couple of honest brave fellows that are willing to serve the king : I have entertain'd 'em just now, as volunteers, under your honour's command.

Plume. And good entertainment they shall have : Volunteers are the men I want, those are the men fit to make soldiers, captains, generals.

Cost. Wounds, Tummas, what's this ! are you listed ?

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Tho. Flesh! not I: Are you Costar?

Cost. Wounds, not I.

Kite. What! not lifted! ha, ha, ha; a very good jest, I'faith.

Cost. Come, Tummas, we'll go home.

Tho. Ay, ay, come.

Kite. Home! for shame, gentlemen, behave yourselves better before your captain: Dear Tummas, honest Costar.

Tho. No, no, we'll be gone.

Kite. Nay, then, I command you to stay: I place you both centinels in this place, for two hours; to watch the motion of St. Mary's clock, you; and you the motion of St. Chad's: and he that dares stir from his post till he be relieved, shall have my sword in his guts the next minute.

Plume. What's the matter, serjeant? I'm afraid you are too rough with these gentlemen.

Kite. I'm too mild, Sir! They disobey command, Sir, and one of 'em shou'd be shot for an example to the other.

Cost. Shot, Tummas?

Plume. Come, gentlemen, what's the matter?

Tho. We don't know! the noble serjeant is pleas'd to be in a passion, Sir,---but---

Kite. They disobey command, they deny their being lifted.

Tho. Nay, serjeant, we don't downright deny it neither; that we dare not do, for fear of being shot: But we humbly conceive, in a civil way, and begging your worship's pardon, that we may go home.

Plume. That's easily known. Have either of you receiv'd any of the king's money?

Cost. Not a brass farthing, Sir.

Kite. They have each of them receiv'd one-and-twenty shillings, and 'tis now in their pockets.

Cost. Wounds, if I have a penny in my pocket but a bent sixpence, I'll be content to be lifted and shot into the bargain.

Tho. And I: look ye here, Sir.

Cost. Nothing but the king's picture, that the serjeant gave me just now.

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Kite. See there, a guinea, one-and-twenty shillings ; t'other has the fellow on't.

Plume. The case is plain, gentlemen, the goods are found upon you : Those pieces of gold are worth one-and-twenty shillings each.

Cost. So it seems, that Carolus is one-and-twenty shillings in Latin.

Tho. 'Tis the same thing in Greek, for we are listed.

Cost. Flesh but we an't, Tummas : I desire to be carried before the mayor, captain.

[*Captain and Serjeant whisper the while.*]

Plume. 'I will never do, Kite—your damn'd tricks will ruin me at last—I won't lose the fellows though, if I can help it.—Well, gentlemen, there must be some trick in this ; my serjeant offers to take his oath that you are fairly listed.

Tho. Why, captain, we know that you soldiers have more liberty of conscience than other folks ; but for me or neighbour Costar here, to take such an oath, 'twould be downright perjury.

Plume. Look'e, rascal, you villain, if I find that you have impos'd upon these two honest fellows, I'll trample you to death, you dog—Come, how was't ?

Tho. Nay then, we'll speak ; your serjeant, as you say, is a rogue, an't like your worship, begging your worship's pardon—and —

Cost. Nay Tummas, let me speak ; you know I can read.—And so, Sir, he gave us those two pieces of money for pictures of the king, by way of a present.

Plume. How ? by way of a present ! the son of a whore ! I'll teach him to abuse honest fellows, like you ! scoundrel ! rogue ! villain !

[*Beats off the Serjeant, and follows.*]

Both. O brave noble captain ! huzza ; a brave captain, 'faith !

Cost. Now, Tummas, Carolus is Latin for a beating : This is the bravest captain I ever saw—Wounds, I've a month's mind to go with him.

Enter Plume.

Plume. A dog, to abuse two such honest fellows as you.—Look'e, gentlemen, I love a pretty fellow, I come among you as an officer to list soldiers, not as a kidnapper to steal slaves.

Cost.

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Cost. Mind that, Tummas.

Plume. I desire no man to go with me, but as I went myself: I went a volunteer, as you, or you, may do: for a little time carried a musket, and now I command a company.

Tho. Mind that, Costar: A sweet gentleman.

Plume. 'Tis true, gentlemen, I might take an advantage of you; the king's money was in your pockets, my serjeant was ready to take his oath you were listed; but I scorn to do a base thing, you are both of you at your liberty.

Cost. Thank you, noble captain—I cod, I can't find in my heart to leave him, he talks so finely.

Tho. Ay, Costar, would he always hold in this mind.

Plume. Come, my lads, one thing more I'll tell you: You're both young tight fellows, and the army is the place to make you men for ever: Every man has his lot, and you have yours. What think you now of a purse of French gold out of a Monsieur's pocket, after you have dash'd out his brains with the but-end of your firelock? eh?

Cost. Wauns! I'll have it. Captain---give me a shilling, I'll follow you to the end of the world.

Tho. Nay, dear Costar, do'na; be advis'd.

Plume. Here, my hero, here are two guineas for thee, as earnest of what I'll do farther for thee.

Tho. Do'na take it, do'na, dear Costar.

[Cries, and pulls back his arm.]

Cost. I wull—I wull—Waunds, my mind gives me that I shall be a captain myself—I take your money, Sir, and now I am a gentleman.

Plume. Give me thy hand, and now you and I will travel the world o'er, and command it wherever we tread—Bring your friend with you if you can. *[Aside.]*

Cost. Well, Tummas, must we part?

Tho. No, Costar, I cannot leave thee---Come, captain, I'll e'en go along too; and if you have two honefter simpler lads in your company than we two have been, I'll say no more.

Plume. Here, my lad. *[Gives him money.]* Now your name?

Tho. Tummas Appletree.

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Plume. And yours ?

Cost. Costar Pearmain.

Plume. Well said, Costar ! Born where ?

Tbo. Both in Herefordshire.

Plume. Very well. Courage, my lads——Now we'll
sing, Over the hills, and far away,
Courage, boys, tis one to ten
But we return all gentlemen ;
While conquering colours we display,
Over the hills and far away.

Kite, take care of 'em.

Enter Kite.

Kite. An't you a couple of pretty fellows now ! Here
you have complain'd to the captain, I am to be turn'd
out, and one of you will be serjeant. Which of you is
to have my halberd ?

Both Rec. I.

Kite. So you shall—in your guts—march, you sons
of whores. [Beats 'em off.

END of the SECOND ACT.

A C T III.

SCENE, *the Market-place.*

Enter Plume and Worthy.

WORTHY.

I Cannot forbear admiring the equality of our two for-
tunes : we love two ladies, they met us half way, and
just as we were upon the point of leaping into their arms,
fortune drops into their laps, pride possesses their hearts,
' a maggot fills their heads,' madness takes them by the
tails ; they snort, kick up their heels, and away they run.

Plume. And leave us here to mourn upon the shore—
A couple of poor melancholy monsters—What shall we
do ?

Wor. I have a trick for mine ; the letter, you know,
and the fortune teller.

Plume. And I have a trick for mine.

Wor. What is't ?

Plume. I'll never think of her again.

Wor.,

Wor. No!

Plume. No; I think myself above administering to the pride of any woman, were she worth twelve thousand a year; and I ha'n't the vanity to believe I shall ever gain a lady worth twelve hundred. The generous good-natur'd Sylvia, in her smock, I admire: but the haughty, and scornful Sylvia, with her fortune, I despise.—What sneak out of town, and not so much as a word, a line, a compliment!—'Sdeath! how far off does she live! I'll go and break her windows.

Wor. Ha, ha, ha! ay, and the window-bars too to come at her. Come, come, friend, no more of your rough military airs.

Enter Kite.

Kite. Captain, captain, Sir! look yonder, she's a coming this way. 'Tis the prettiest, cleanest, little tit!

Plume. Now, Worthy, to shew you how much I am in love—here she comes: but, Kite, what is that great country-fellow with her?

Kite. I can't tell, Sir.

Enter Rose, followed by her brother Bullock, with chickens on her arm in a basket.

Rose. Buy chickens, young and tender chickens, young and tender chickens.

Plume. Here, you chickens.

Rose. Who calls?

Plume. Come hither, pretty maid.

Rose. Will you please to buy, Sir?

Wor. Yes, child, we'll both buy.

Plume. Nay, Worthy, that's not fair, market for yourself.—Come, child, I'll buy all you have.

Rose. Then all I have is at your service. [*Curtesies.*]

Wor. Then must I shift for myself, I find. [*Exit.*]

Plume. Let me see; young and tender, you say.

[*Chucks her under the chin.*]

Rose. As ever you tasted in your life, Sir.

Plume. Come, I must examine your basket to the bottom, my dear.

Rose. Nay, for that matter, put in your hand; feel, Sir; I warrant my ware is as good as any in the market.

Plume. And I'll buy it all, child, were it ten times more.

Rose.

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Rose. Sir, I can furnish you.

Plume. Come then, we won't quarrel about the price, they're fine birds—Pray what's your name, pretty creature?

Rose. *Rose.* Sir. My father is a farmer within three short mile o'the town: we keep this market; I sell chickens, eggs, and butter, and my brother Bullock there sells corn.

Bull. Come, sister, haste, we shall be late home.

[Whistles about the stage.]

Plume. Kite! *[Tips him the wink, he returns it.]* Pretty Mrs. *Rose*—you have—let me see—how many?

Rose. A dozen, Sir, and they are richly worth a crown.

Bull. Come, Rouse, I sold fifty strake of barley to-day in half this time; but you will higgle and higgle for a penny more than the commodity is worth.

Rose. What's that to you, oaf? I can make as much out of a groat, as you can out of four-pence, I'm sure—The gentleman bids fair, and when I meet with a chapman, I know how to make the best of him—And so, Sir, I say, for a crown-piece the bargain's yours.

Plume. Here's a guinea, my dear.

Rose. I can't change your money, Sir.

Plume. Indeed, indeed, but you can—my lodging is hard by, chicken, and we'll make change there.

[Goes off, she follows him.]

Kite. So, Sir, as I was telling you, I have seen one of these hussars eat up a ravelin for his breakfast, and afterwards pick'd his teeth with a palisado.

Bull. Ay, you soldiers see very strange things; but pray, Sir, what is a rabelin?

Kite. Why, 'tis like a modern minc'd pye, but the crust is confounded hard, and the plumbs are somewhat hard of digestion.

Bull. Then your palisado, pray what may he be? Come, Rouse, pray ha' done.

Kite. Your palisado is a pretty sort of bodkin, about the thickness of my leg.

Bull. That's a fib, I believe. *[Aside.]* Eh! where's Rouse, Rouse, Rouse? S'flesh where's Rouse gone?

Kite. She's gone with the captain.

Bull.

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Bull. The captain! Wauns, there's no pressing of women, sure.

Kite. But there is, sure.

Bull. If the captain shou'd press Rouse, I shou'd be ruin'd—Which way went she? Oh, the devil take your rabelins and palisadoes.

Kite. You shall be better acquainted with them, honest Bullock, or I shall miss of my aim.

Enter Worthy.

Wor. Why thou art the most useful fellow in nature to your captain: admirable in your way, I find.

Kite. Yes, Sir, I understand my business, I will say it.

Wor. How came you so qualify'd?

Kite. You must know, Sir, I was born a gipsy, and bred among that crew till I was ten years old, there I learn'd canting and lying. I was bought from my mother, Cleopatra, by a certain nobleman, for three pistoles, 'who, liking my beauty, made me his page;' there I learn'd impudence and pimping. I was turn'd off for wearing my lord's linen, and drinking my lady's ratafia; and turn'd bailiff's follower; there I learn'd bullying and swearing. I at last got into the army, and there I learn'd whoring and drinking—So that if your worship pleases to cast up the whole sum, viz. canting, lying, impudence, pimping, bullying, swearing, whoring, drinking; and a halbert, you will find the sum total amount to a recruiting serjeant.

Wor. And pray what induc'd you to turn soldier?

Kite. Hunger and ambition. The fears of starving, and hopes of a truncheon, led me along to a gentleman; with a fair tongue, and fair perriwig, who loaded me with promises; but 'gad it was the lightest load that ever I felt in my life—He promised to advance me, and indeed he did so—to a garrer in the Savoy. I asked him why he put me in prison; he call'd me lying dog, and said I was in garrison; and, indeed, 'tis a garrison that may hold out till doomsday before I should desire to take it again. But here comes justice Balance.

Enter Balance and Bullock.

Bal. Here, you serjeant, where's your captain? Here's a poor foolish fellow comes clamouring to me with a complaint,

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plaint, that your captain has press'd his sister; do you know any thing of this matter, Worthy?

Wor. Ha, ha, ha! I know his sister is gone with Plume to his lodging, to sell him some chickens.

Bal. Is that all? The fellow's a fool.

Bull. I know that, an't like your worship; but if your worship pleases to grant me a warrant to bring her before your worship, for fear of the worst.

Bal. Thou'rt mad, fellow; thy sister's safe enough.

Kite. I hope so too.

[*Aside.*

Wor. Hast thou no more sense, fellow, than to believe that the captain can list women?

Bull. I know not whether they list them, or what they do with them, but I'm sure they carry as many women as men with them out of the country.

Bal. But how came you not to go along with your sister?

Bull. Lord, Sir, I thought no more of her going than I do of the day I shall die: but this gentleman here, not suspecting any hurt neither, I believe—you thought no harm, friend, did you?

Kite. Lack-a-day, Sir, not I——only that, I believe, I shall marry her to-morrow.

Bal. I begin to smell powder. Well, friend, but what did that gentleman with you?

Bull. Why, Sir, he entertain'd me with a fine story of a great sea-fight between the Hungarians, I think it was, and the Wild-Irish.

Kite. And so, Sir, while we were in the heat of battle—the captain carry'd off the baggage.

Bal. Serjeant, go along with this fellow to your captain, give him my humble service, and desire him to discharge the wench, though he has listed her.

Bull. Ay, and if she ben't free for that, he shall have another man in her place.

Kite. Come, honest friend, you shall go to my quarters instead of the captain's.

[*Aside.*

[*Exeunt Kite and Bullock.*

Bal. We must get this mad captain his complement of men, and send him packing, else he'll over-run the country.

Wor.

Wor. You see, Sir, how little he values your daughter's disdain.

Bal. I like him the better. I was just such another fellow at his age. 'I never set my heart upon any woman so much as to make myself uneasy at the disappointment : but what was very surprising, both to myself and friends, I chang'd o'th' sudden, from the most fickle lover, to the most constant husband in the world.'—But how goes your affair with Melinda ?

Wor. Very slowly. 'Cupid had formerly wings, but I think, in this age, he goes upon crutches ; or I fancy, Venus had been dallying with her cripple Vulcan when my amour commenc'd, which has made it go on so lamely ;' my mistress has got a captain too, but such a captain !—As I live, yonder he comes.

Bal. Who ? that bluff fellow in the fash ! I don't know him.

Wor. But I engage he knows you, and every body at first sight ; his impudence were a prodigy, were not his ignorance proportionable ; he has the most universal acquaintance of any man living, for he won't be alone, and nobody will keep him company twice ; then he's a Cæsar among the women, *veni, vidi, vici*, that's all. If he has but talk'd with the maid, he swears he has lain with the mistress : but the most surprising part of his character is his memory, which is the most prodigious, and the most trifling in the world.

Bal. 'I have met with such men ; and I take this good-for-nothing memory to proceed from a certain contexture of the brain, which is purely adapted to impertinences, and there they lodge secure, the owner having no thoughts of his own to disturb them. I have known a man, as perfect as a chronologer, as to the day and year of most important transactions, but be altogether ignorant in the causes or consequences of any one thing of moment.' I have known another acquire so much by travel, as to tell you the names of most places in Europe, with their distances of miles, leagues, or hours, as punctually as a post-boy ; but for any thing else, as ignorant as the horse that carries the mail.

Wor. This is your man, Sir, add but the traveller's pri-

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privilege of lying, and even that he abuses; this is the picture, behold the life.

Enter Brazen.

Braz. Mr. Worthy, I'm your servant, and so forth,
——Hark'e, my dear.

Wor. Whispering, Sir, before company, is not manners, and when nobody's by, tis foolish.

Braz. Company! *Mort de ma vie!* I beg the gentleman's pardon——who is he?

Wor. Ask him.

Braz. So I will. My dear, I am your servant, and so forth——your name, my dear.

Bal. Very laconic, Sir.

Braz. Laconic! A very good name, truly. I have known several of the Laconics abroad. Poor Jack Laconic! he was killed at the battle of Landen. I remember that he had a blue ribbor in his hat that very day, and after he fell, we found a piece of neat's tongue in his pocket.

Bal. Pray, Sir, did the French attack us, or we them, at Landen?

Braz. The French attack us! Oons, Sir, are you a Jacobite?

Bal. Why that question?

Braz. Because none but a Jacobite cou'd think that the French durst attack us—No, Sir, we attack'd them on the——I have reason to remember the time, for I had two-and-twenty horses kill'd under me that day.

Wor. Then, Sir, you must have rid mighty hard.

Bal. Or, perhaps, Sir, like my countrymen, you rid upon half a dozen horses at once.

Braz. What do ye mean, gentlemen? I tell you they were kill'd, all torn to pieces by cannon-shot, except six I stak'd to death upon the enemies *chevaux de frise*.

Bal. Noble captain, may I crave your name?

Braz. Brazen, at your service.

Bal. Oh, Brazen, a very good name. I have known several of the Brazens abroad.

Wor. Do you know one captain Plume, Sir?

Braz. Is he any thing related to Frank Plume, in Northamptonshire?—Honest Frank! many, many a dry bottle have we crack'd hand to fist. You must have
known

known his brother Charles, that was concerned in the India company; he marry'd the daughter of old Tongue-Pad, the master in chancery, a very pretty woman, only she squinted a little; she died in child-bed of her first child, but the child surviv'd: 'twas a daughter, but whether it was call'd Margaret or Margery, upon my soul, I can't remember. [*Looking on his watch.*] But, gentlemen, I must meet a lady, a twenty thousand pounder, presently, upon the walk by the water—Worthy, your servant; Laconic, yours. [*Exit.*]

Bal. If you can have so mean an opinion of Melinda, as to be jealous of this fellow, I think she ought to give you cause to be so.

Wor. I don't think she encourages him so much for gaining herself a lover, as to set up a rival. Were there any credit to be given to his words, I should believe Melinda had made him this assignation. I must go see; Sir, you'll pardon me. [*Exit.*]

Bal. Ay, ay, Sir, you're a man of business—But what have we got here?

Enter Rose singing.

Rose. And I shall be a lady, a captain's lady, and ride single upon a white horse with a star, upon a velvet side-saddle; and I shall go to London, and see the tombs, and the lions, and the king and queen. Sir, an please your worship, I have often seen your worship ride through our grounds a hunting, begging your worship's pardon. Pray what may this lace be worth a yard? [*Shewing some lace.*]

Bal. Right Mechlin, by this light! Where did you get this lace, child?

Rose. No matter for that, Sir; I came honestly by it.

Bal. I question it much. [*Aside.*]

Rose. And see here, Sir, a fine Turkey-shell snuff-box, and fine mangere; see here, [*Takes snuff affectedly.*] The captain learnt me how to take it with an air.

Bal. Oh, ho, ! the captain! Now the murder's out. And so the captain taught you to take it with an air?

Rose. Yes, and give it with an air too. Will your worship please to taste my snuff? [*Offers the box affectedly.*]

Bal. You are a very apt scholar, pretty maid. And pray, what did you give the captain for these fine things?

Rose. He's to have my brother for a soldier, and two

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or three sweethearts I have in the country ; they shall all go with the captain. Oh, he's the finest man, and the humblest withal. Would you believe it, Sir ? He carried me up with him to his own chamber, with as much fam-mam-mil-yararality as if I had been the best lady in the land.

Bal. Oh, he's a mighty familiar gentleman, as can be.

Enter Plume singing.

Plume. But it is not so
With those that go,
Thro' frost and snow——
Most apropos,
My maid with the milking-pail.

[Takes hold of Rose.

How, the justice ! then I'm arraign'd, condemn'd, and executed.

Bal. Oh, my noble captain.

Rose. And my noble captain too, Sir.

Plume. 'Sdeath, child, are you mad ?—Mr. Balance, I am so full of business about my recruits, that I ha'n't a moment's time to—I have just now three or four people to——

Bal. Nay, captain, I must speak to you——

Rose. And so must I too, captain.

Plume. Any other time, Sir——I cannot for my life, Sir——

Bal. Pray, Sir——

Plume. Twenty thousand things—I wou'd—but—now, Sir, pray—Devil take me—I cannot—I must——

[Breaks away.

Bal. Nay, I'll follow you.

[Exit.

Rose. And I too.

[Exit.

SCENE, *the walk by the Severn side.*

Enter Melinda, and her maid Lucy.

Mel. And, pray, was it a ring, or buckle, or pendants, or knots ; or in what shape was the almighty gold transform'd, that has brib'd you so much in his favour ?

Luc. Indeed, Madam, the last bribe I had from the captain, was only a small piece of Flanders lace for a cap.

Mel. Ay, Flander's lace is as constant a present from officers to their women, as something else is from their women

women to them. They every year bring over a cargo of lace, to cheat the king of his duty, and his subjects of their honesty.

Luc. They only barter one sort of prohibited goods for another, Madam.

Mel. Has any of 'em been bartering with you, Mrs. Pert, that you talk so like a trader?

Luc. Madam, you talk as peevish to me, as if it were my fault; the crime is none of mine, though I pretend to excuse it: though he should not see you this week, can I help it? But as I was saying, Madam, his friend, Captain Plume, has so taken him up these two days.

Mel. Psha! would his friend, the captain, were ty'd upon his back; I warrant, he has never been sober since that confounded captain came to town. The devil take all officers, I say; they do the nation more harm by debauching us at home, than they do good by defending us abroad. No sooner a captain comes to town, but all the young fellows flock about him, and we can't keep a man to ourselves.

Luc. One would imagine, Madam, by your concern for Worthy's absence, that you should use him better when he's with you.

Mel. Who told you, pray, that I was concern'd for his absence? I'm only vex'd that I've had nothing said to me these two days; one may like the love, and despise the lover, I hope; as one may love the treason, and hate the traitor. Oh! here comes another captain, and a rogue that has the confidence to make love to me; but, indeed, I don't wonder at that, when he has the assurance to fancy himself a fine gentleman.

Luc. If he should speak o'th' affignation, I should be ruin'd.

[*Aside.*]

Enter Brazen.

Braz. True to the touch, faith! [*Aside.*] Madam, I am your humble servant, and all that, Madam. A fine river this same Severn—Do you love fishing, Madam?

Mel. 'Tis a pretty melancholy amusement for lovers.

Braz. I'll go buy hooks and lines presently; for you must know, Madam, that I have serv'd in Flanders against the French, in Hungary against the Turks, and in Tangier against the Moors, and I was never so much in love

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before ; and, split me, Madam, in all the campaigns I ever made, I have not seen so fine a woman as your ladyship.

Mel. And from all the men I ever saw, I never had so fine a compliment : but you soldiers are the best bred men, that we must allow.

Braz. Some of us, Madam : but there are brutes among us too ; very sad brutes ; for my own part, I have always had the good luck to prove agreeable. I have had very considerable offers, Madam—I might have married a German princess, worth fifty thousand crowns a year, but her stove disgusted me. The daughter of a Turkish bashaw fell in love with me too, when I was a prisoner among the infidels ; she offered to rob her father of his treasure, and make her escape with me : but I don't know how, my time was not come ; hanging and marriage, you know, go by destiny ; fate has reserv'd me for a Shropshire lady worth twenty thousand pounds : Do you know any such person, Madam ?

Mel. Extravagant coxcomb ! [*Aside.*] To be sure, a great many ladies of that fortune would be proud of the name of Mrs. Brazen.

Braz. Nay, for that matter, Madam, there are women of very good quality of the name of Brazen.

Enter Worthy.

Mel. Oh, are you there, gentleman !—Come, captain, we'll walk this way ; give me your hand.

Braz. My hand, heart's blood and guts are at your service. Mr. Worthy, your servant, my dear.

[*Exit leading Melinda.*]

Wor. Death and fire ! this is not to be borne.

Enter Plume.

Plume. No more it is, faith.

Wor. What ?

Plume. The March beer at the Raven. I have been doubly serving the king, raising men, and raising the excise. Recruiting and elections are rare friends to the excise.

Wor. You a'n't drunk.

Plume. No, no, whimsical only ; I could be mighty foolish, and fancy myself mighty witty. Reason still keeps its throne, but it nods a little, that's all.

Wor.

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Wor. Then you're just fit for a frolic.

Plume. As fit as close pinnors for a punk in the pit.

Wor. There's your play then; recover me that vessel from that Tangerine.

Plume. She's well rigg'd, but how is she mann'd?

Wor. By Captain Brazen, that I told you of to-day; she is call'd the Melinda, a first rate, I can assure you; she sheer'd off with him just now, on purpose to affront me; but according to your advice I would take no notice, because I would seem to be above a concern for her behaviour; but have a care of a quarrel.

Plume. No, no, I never quarrel with any thing in my cups but an oyster wench, or a cook maid; and if they ben't civil, I knock 'em down. But heark'e, my friend, I'll make love, and I must make love—I tell you what, I'll make love like a platoon.

Wor. Platoon! How's that?

Plume. I'll kneel, stoop, and stand, 'Faith; most ladies are gain'd by platooning.

Wor. Here they come; I must leave you. [Exit.

Plume. So! now must I look as sober, and as demure, as a whore at a christening.

Enter Brazen and Melinda.

Braz. Who's that, Madam?

Mel. A brother officer of yours, I suppose, Sir.

Braz. Ay—my dear. [To Plume.

Plume. My dear. [Run and embrace.

Braz. My dear boy, how is't? Your name, my dear? If I be not mistaken I have seen your face.

Plume. I never saw yours in my life, my dear—But there's a face well known, as the sun's, that shines on all, and is by all ador'd.

Braz. Have you any pretensions, Sir?

Plume. Pretensions!

Braz. That is, Sir, have you ever serv'd abroad?

Plume. I have serv'd at home, Sir; for ages serv'd this cruel fair; and that will serve the turn, Sir.

Mel. So, between the fool and the rake, I shall bring a fine spot of work upon my hands. I see Worthy yonder; I could be content to be friends with him, would he come this way. [Aside.

Braz. Will you fight for the lady, Sir?

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Plume. No, Sir, but I'll have her notwithstanding.

Thou peerless princess of Salopian's plains,

Envy'd by nymphs, and worshipp'd by the swains—

Braz. 'Oons, Sir, not fight for her!

Plume. Pr'ythee be quiet—I shall be out—

Behold, how humbly does the Severn glide,

To greet thee, princess of the Severn side.

Braz. Don't mind him, Madam—If he were not so well dress'd I shou'd take him for a poet: but I'll shew you the difference presently. Come, Madam, we'll place you between us, and now the longest sword carries her.

[*Draws.*]

Mel. [*Sbrisking.*]

Enter Worthy.

Oh, Mr. Worthy, save me from these madmen.

[*Exit with Worthy.*]

Plume. Ha, ha, ha, Why don't you follow, Sir, and fight the bold ravisher?

Braz. No, Sir, you are my man.

Plume. I don't like the wages, I won't be your man.

Braz. Then you're not worth my sword.

Plume. No! Pray what did it cost?

Braz. It cost me twenty pistoles in France, and my enemies thousands of lives in Flanders.

Plume. Then they had a dear bargain.

Enter Sylvia in man's apparel.

Syl. Save ye, save ye, gentlemen.

Braz. My dear, I'm yours.

Plume. Do you know the gentleman?

Braz. No, but I will presently—Your name, my dear?

Syl. Wilful; Jack Wilful, at your service.

Braz. What, the Kentish Wilfuls, or those of Staffordshire?

Syl. Both, Sir, both; I'm related to all the Wilfuls in Europe, and I'm head of the family at present.

Plume. Do you live in this country, Sir?

Syl. Yes, Sir, I live where I stand; I have neither home, house, nor habitation, beyond this spot of ground.

Braz. What are you, Sir?

Syl. A rake.

Plume. In the army, I presume:

Syl.

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Syl. No, but I intend to list immediately. Look'e, gentlemen, he that bids the fairest, has me.

Braz. Sir, I'll prefer you, I'll make you a corporal this minute.

Plume. Corporal ! I'll make you my companion, you shall eat with me.

Braz. You shall drink with me.

Plume. You shall lie with me, you young rogue.

[*Kisses.*]

Braz. You shall receive your pay, and do no duty.

Syl. Then you must make me a field officer.

Plume. Pho, pho, pho, I'll do more than all this, I'll make you a corporal, and give you a brevet for serjeant.

Braz. Can you read and write, Sir ?

Syl. Yes.

Braz. Then your business is done—I'll make you chaplain to the regiment.

Syl. Your promises are so equal, that I'm at a loss to chuse ; there is one Plume, that I hear much commended, in town ; pray which of you is Captain Plume ?

Plume. I am Captain Plume.

Braz. No, no, I am Captain Plume.

Syl. Hey day !

Plume. Captain Plume, I'm your servant, my dear.

Braz. Captain Brazen, I'm yours.—The fellow dares not fight.

[*Aside.*]

Enter Kite.

Kite. Sir, if you please—— [Goes to whisper Plume.]

Plume. No, no, there's your captain. Captain Plume, your serjeant has got so drunk, he mistakes me for you.

Braz. He's an incorrigible sot. Here, my Hector of Holborn, here's forty shillings for you.

Plume. I forbid the banns. Look'e, friend, you shall list with Captain Brazen.

Syl. I will see Captain Brazen hang'd first ; I will list with Captain Plume ; I am a free-born Englishman, and will be a slave my own way. Look'e, Sir, will you stand by me ? [To Braz.]

Braz. I warrant you, my lad.

Syl. Then I will tell you, Captain Brazen, [To Plume.] that you are an ignorant, pretending, impudent coxcomb.

Braz. Ay, ay, a sad dog.

Syl.

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Syl. A very sad dog; give me the money, noble Captain Plume.

Plume. Then you won't list with Captain Brazen?

Syl. I won't.

Braz. Never mind him, child, I'll end the dispute presently. Hark'e, my dear.

[Takes Plume to one side of the stage and entertains him in dumb show.]

Kite. Sir, he in the plain coat is Captain Plume, I am his serjeant, and will take my oath on't.

Syl. What, you are Serjeant Kite?

Kite. At your service.

Syl. Then I would not take your oath for a farthing.

Kite. A very understanding youth of his age! Pray, Sir, let me look you full in your face.

Syl. Well, Sir, what have you to say to my face?

Kite. The very image of my brother; two bullets of the same caliver were never so like: sure it must be Charles; Charles——

Syl. What d'ye mean by Charles?

Kite. The voice too, only a little variation in *F faut* flat. My dear brother, for I must call you so, if you should have the fortune to enter into the most noble society of the sword, I bespeak you for a comrade.

Syl. No, Sir, I'll be the captain's comrade, if any body's.

Kite. Ambition there again! 'Tis a noble passion for a soldier; by that I gain'd this glorious halbert. Ambition! I see a commission in his face already: pray, noble captain, give me leave to salute you.

[Offers to kiss her.]

Syl. What, men kiss one another.

Kite. We officers do, 'tis our way; we live together like man and wife, always either kissing or fighting; but I see a storm coming.

Syl. Now, serjeant, I shall see who is your captain by your knocking down the other.

Kite. My captain scorns assistance, Sir.

Braz. How dare you contend for any thing, and not dare to draw your sword? But you are a young fellow, and have not been much abroad; I excuse that; but
pr'ythee

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pr'ythee resign the man, pr'ythee do ; you are a very honest fellow.

Plume. You lie ; and you are a son of a whore.

[*Draws, and makes up to Brazen.*]

Braz. Hold, hold, did not your refuse to fight for the lady ?

[*Retiring.*]

Plume. I always do ; but for a man I'll fight knee-deep ; so you lie again. [*Plume and Brazen fight a traverse or two about the stage ; Sylvia draws, and is held by Kite, who sounds to arms with his mouth ; takes Sylvia in his arms, and carries her off the stage.*]

Braz. Hold ! Where's the man ?

Plume. Gone.

Braz. Then what do we fight for ? [*Puts up.*] Now let's embrace, my dear.

Plume. With all my heart, my dear. [*Putting up.*] I suppose Kite has lifted him by this time. [*Embraces.*]

Braz. You are a brave fellow , I always fight with a man before I make him my friend ; and if once I find he will fight, I never quarrel with him afterwards. And now I'll tell you a secret, my dear friend, that lady we frightened out of the walk just now I found in bed this morning, so beautiful, so inviting ; I presently lock'd the door—but I'm a man of honour—but I believe I shall marry her nevertheless—Her twenty thousand pounds ; you know, will be a pretty conveniency. I had an assignation with her here, but your coming spoil'd my sport. Curse you, my dear ; but don't do so agen——

Plume. No, no, my dear, men are my business at present.

[*Exeunt.*]

END of the THIRD ACT.

A C T IV.

SCENE, *the walk continues.*

Enter Rose and Bullock, meeting.

ROSE.

WHERE have you been, you great booby ? You are always out of the way in the time of preferment.

Bull. Preferment ! who should prefer me ?

Rose.

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Rose. I would prefer you ! Who should prefer a man but a woman ? Come, throw away that great club, hold up your head, cock your hat and look big.

Bull. Ah, Rouse, Rouse, I fear somebody will look big sooner than folk think of. Here has been Cartwheel your sweetheart, what will become of him ?

Rose. Look'e, I'm a great woman, and will provide for my relations. I told the captain how finely he play'd upon the tabor and pipe, so he sat him down for drum-major.

Bull. Nay, sister, why did not you keep that place for me ? You know I have always lov'd to be a drumming, if it were but on a table, or on a quart pot.

Enter Sylvia.

Syl. Had I but a commission in my pocket, I fancy my breeches would become me as well as any ranting fellow of 'em all ; for I take a bold step, a rakish tois, a smart cock, and an impudent air, to be the principal ingredients in the composition of a captain. What's here, *Rose*, my nurse's daughter ! I'll go and practise. Come, child, kiss me at once. [*Kisses Rose.*] And her brother too ! Well, honest Dungfork, do you know the difference between a horse and a cart, and a cart horse, eh ?

Bull. I presume that your worship is a captain, by your cloaths and your courage.

Syl. Suppose I were, would you be contented to list, friend ?

Rose. No, no, though your worship be a handsome man, there be others as fine as you ; my brother is engag'd to Captain Plume.

Syl. Plume ! do you know Captain Plume ?

Rose. Yes, I do, and he knows me. He took the ribbands out of his shirt sleeves, and put them into my shoes. See there—I can assure you that I can do any thing with the captain.

Bull. That is, in a modest way, Sir. Have a care what you say, Rouse ; don't shame your parentage.

Rose. Nay, for that matter, I am not so simple as to say that I can do any thing with the captain, but what I may do with any body else.

Syl. So !—And pray what do you expect from this captain, child ?

Rose.

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Rose. I expect, Sir!—I expect—but he order'd me to tell nobody—But suppose that he should propose to marry me?

Syl. You should have a care, my dear; men will promise any thing before-hand.

Rose. I know that; but he promis'd to marry me afterwards.

Bull. Wauns, Rouse, what have you said?

Syl. Afterwards! After what?

Rose. After I had sold my chickens—I hope there's no harm in that.

Enter Plume.

Plume. What, Mr. Wilful, so close with my market woman!

Syl. I'll try if he loves her. [*Aside.*] Close, Sir, ay, and closer yet, Sir. Come, my pretty maid, you and I will withdraw a little.

Plume. No, no, friend, I ha'n't done with her yet.

Syl. Nor have I begun with her, so I have as good a right as you have.

Plume. Thou'rt a bloody impudent fellow!

Syl. Sir, I would qualify myself for the service.

Plume. Hast thou really a mind to the service?

Syl. Yes, Sir; so let her go.

Rose. Pray, gentlemen, don't be so violent.

Plume. Come, leave it to the girl's own choice. Will you belong to me, or to that gentleman?

Rose. Let me consider; you're both very handsome.

Plume. Now the natural inconstancy of her sex begins to work.

Rose. Pray, Sir, what will you give me?

Bull. Dunna be angry, Sir, that my sister should be mercenary, for she's but young.

Syl. Give thee, child! I'll set thee above scandal, you shall have a coach with six before, and six behind; an equipage to make vice fashionable, and put virtue out of countenance.

Plume. Pho, that's easily done; I'll do more for thee; child, I'll buy you a furbelow-scarf, and give you a ticket to see a play.

Bull. A play! Wauns, Rouse, take the ticket, and let's see the show.

Syl.

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Syl. Look'e, captain, if you won't resign, I'll go list with Captain Brazen this minute.

Plume. Will you list with me if I give up my title ?

Syl. I will.

Plume. Take 'her, I'll change a woman for a man at any time.

Rose. I have heard before, indeed, that you captains us'd to sell your men.

Bull. Pray, captain, do not send Rouse to the Western Indies.

Plume. Ha, ha, ha, West-Indies ! No, no, my honest lad, give me thy hand ; nor you, nor she, shall move a step farther than I do. This gentleman is one of us, and will be kind to you, Mrs. Rose.

Rose. But will you be so kind to me, Sir, as the captain would ?

Syl. I can't be altogether so kind to you, my circumstances are not so good as the captain's ; but I'll take care of you, upon my word.

Plume. Ay, ay, we'll all take care of her ; she shall live like a princess, and her brother here shall be—What would you be ?

Bull. Oh, Sir ! If you had not promis'd the place of drum-major.

Plume. Ay, that is promis'd : but what think you of barrack-master ? You are a person of understanding, and barrack-master you shall be. —But what's become of this same Cartwheel you told me of, my dear ?

Rose. We'll go fetch him—Come, brother barrack-master—We shall find you at home, noble captain ?

[*Exeunt Rose and Bullock.*]

Plume. Yes, yes ; and now, Sir, here are your forty shillings.

Syl. Captain Plume, I despise your listing money ; if I do serve, 'tis purely for love—of that wench, I mean —For you must know, that, among my other fallies, I've spent the best part of my fortune in search of a maid, and could never find one hitherto ; so you may be assured I'd not sell my freedom under a less purchase than I did my estate—So before I list, I must be certify'd that this girl is a virgin.

Plume. Mr. Wilful, I can't tell you how you can be
certi-

certify'd in that point till you try ; but upon my honour, she may be a vestal, for ought that I know to the contrary. I gain'd her heart, indeed, by some trifling presents and promises, and knowing that the best security for a woman's heart is her person, I would have made myself master of that too, had not the jealousy of my impertinent landlady interposed.

Syl. So you only want an opportunity for accomplishing your designs upon her.

Plume. Not at all ; I have already gain'd my ends, which were only the drawing in one or two of her followers. ' The women you know are the loadstones every where ; gain the wives, and you are caress'd by the husbands ; please the mistress, and you are valu'd by the gallants ; secure an interest with the finest women at court, and you procure the favour of the greatest men ;' kiss the prettiest country wenches, and you are sure of lifting the lustiest fellows. ' Some people call this artifice, but I term it stratagem, since it is so main a part of the service ; besides, the fatigue of recruiting is so intolerable, that unless we could make ourselves some pleasure amidst the pain, no mortal man would be able to bear it.

Syl. Well, Sir, I am satisfied, as to the point in debate ; but now let me beg you to lay aside your recruiting airs, put on the man of honour, and tell me plainly, what usage I must expect when I am under your command ?

Plume. ' You must know, in the first place then, I hate to have gentlemen in my company, they are always trouble and expensive, sometimes dangerous ; and 'tis a constant maxim amongst us, that those who know the least, obey the best. Notwithstanding all this, I find something so agreeable about you, that engages me to court your company ; and I can't tell how it is, but I should be uneasy to see you under the command of any body else.'—Your usage will chiefly depend upon your behaviour ; only this you must expect, that if you commit a small fault, I will excuse it ; if a great one, I'll discharge you ; for something tells me, I shall not be able to punish you.

Syl. And something tells me, that if you do discharge me,

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me, 'twill be the greatest punishment you can inflict ; for were we this moment to go upon the greatest dangers in your profession, they would be less terrible to me, than to stay behind you——And now your hand, this lifts me——And now you are my captain.

Plume. Your friend. [*Kisses her.*] 'Sdeath ! There's something in this fellow that charms me.

Syl. One favour I must beg——This affair will make some noise, and I have some friends that would censure my conduct, if I threw myself into the circumstance of a private centinel of my own head——I must therefore take care to be impress'd by the act of parliament ; you shall leave that to me.

Plume. What you please as to that——Will you lodge at my quarters in the mean time ? You shall have part of my bed.

Syl. Oh, fie ! lie with a common soldier ! Would not you rather lie with a common woman ?

Plume. No, faith, I'm not that rake that the world imagines. I've got an air of freedom, which people mistake for lewdness in me, as they mistake formality in others for religion——The world is all a cheat ; only I take mine, which is undesign'd, to be more excusable than theirs, which is hypocritical : I hurt nobody but myself, they abuse all mankind——Will you lie with me ?

Syl. No, no, captain, you forget Rose ; she's to be my bedfellow, you know.

Plume. I had forgot : pray be kind to her.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

Enter Melinda and Lucy.

Mel. 'Tis the greatest misfortune in nature for a woman to want a confidant : we are so weak, that we can do nothing without assistance, and then a secret racks us worse than the cholic——I am at this minute so sick of a secret, that I'm ready to faint away——Help me, Lucy.

Lucy. Bless me, Madam ! What's the matter ?

Mel. Vapours only ; I begin to recover——If Sylvia were in town, I could heartily forgive her faults for the ease of discovering my own.

Lucy. You are thoughtful, Madam ! Am not I worthy to know the cause ?

Mel.

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Mel. You are a servant, and a secret may make you faucy.

Lucy. Not unless you should find fault without a cause.

Mel. Cause or not cause, I must not lose the pleasure of chiding when I please. Women must discharge their vapours somewhere; and before we get husbands, our servants must expect to bear with 'em.

Lucy. Then, Madam, you had better raise me to a degree above a servant. You know my family, and that five hundred pounds would set me upon the foot of a gentlewoman, and make me worthy the confidence of any lady in the land; besides, Madam, 'twill extremely encourage me in the great design I now have in hand.

Mel. I don't find that your design can be of any great advantage to you; 'twill please me, indeed, in the humour I have, of being reveng'd on the fool for his vanity of making love to me, so I don't much care, if I do promise you five hundred pounds upon my day of marriage.

Lucy. That is the way, Madam, to make me diligent in the vocation of a confident, which, I think, is generally to bring people together.

Mel. Oh, Lucy! I can hold my secret no longer. You must know, that hearing of a famous fortune-teller in town, I went disguis'd, to satisfy a curiosity which has cost me dear. The fellow is certainly the devil, or one of his bosom-favourites: he has told me the most surprizing things of my past life.

Lucy. Things past, Madam, can hardly be reckon'd surprizing, because we know them already. Did he tell you any thing surprizing that was to come?

Mel. One thing very surprizing: he said, I should die a maid!

Lucy. Die a maid! Come into the world for nothing! — Dear Madam, if you should believe him, it might come to pass; for the bare thought on't might kill one in four-and-twenty hours — And did you ask him any questions about me?

Mel. You! Why I pass'd for you.

Lucy. So, 'tis I that am to die a maid — But the devil

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was a liar from the beginning; he can't make me die a maid—I've put it out of his power already. [*Aside.*]

Mel. I do but jest. I would have pass'd for you, and call'd myself Lucy; but he presently told me my name, my quality, my fortune, and gave me the whole history of my life. He told me of a lover I had in this country, and described Worthy exactly; but in nothing so well as in his present indifference—I fled to him for refuge here, to-day, he never so much as encourag'd me in my fright, but coldly told me, that he was sorry for the accident, because it might give the town cause to censure my conduct, excus'd his not waiting on me home, made me a careless bow, and walk'd off—'Sdeath! I cou'd have stab'd him, or myself, 'twas the same thing—Yonder he comes—I will so use him!

Lucy. Don't exasperate him; consider what the fortune-teller told you. Men are scarce, and, as times go, it is not impossible for a woman not to die a maid.

Enter Worthy.

Mel. No matter.

Wor. I find she's warm'd; I must strike while the iron is hot—You've a great deal of courage, Madam, to venture into the walks where you were so lately frightened.

Mel. And you have a quantity of impudence to appear before me, that you so lately have affronted.

Wor. I had no design to affront you, nor appear before you either, Madam. I left you here, because I had business in another place, and came hither, thinking to meet another person.

Mel. Since you find yourself disappointed, I hope you'll withdraw to another part of the walk.

Wor. The walk is broad enough for us both. [*They walk by one another, he with his hat cock'd, she fretting and tearing her fan.*] Will you please to take snuff, Madam? [*He offers her his box, she strikes it out of his hand; while he is gathering it up, Brazen enters and takes her round the waist, she cuffs him.*]

Brazen. What, here before me, my dear?

Mel. What means this insolence?

Luc. Are you mad? Don't you see Mr. Worthy?

[*To Brazen.*]

Brazen. No, no; I'm struck blind—Worthy! odds! well

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well turn'd—My mistress has wit at her fingers ends—
Madam, I ask your pardon, 'tis our way abroad—Mr.
Worthy, you're the happy man.

Wor. I don't envy your happiness very much, if the
lady can afford no other sort of favours but what she has
bestow'd upon you.

Mel. I'm sorry the favour miscarry'd, for it was de-
sign'd for you, Mr. Worthy ; and be assur'd, 'tis the last
and only favour you must expect at my hands.—Cap-
tain, I ask your pardon. *[Exit with Lucy.]*

Braz. I grant it—You see, Mr. Worthy, 'twas
only a random shot ; it might have taken off your head
as well as mine. Courage, my dear, 'tis the fortune
of war ; but the enemy has thought fit to withdraw, I
think.

Wor. Withdraw ! Oons, Sir ! What d'ye mean by
withdraw ?

Braz. I'll shew you.

[Exit.]

Wor. She's lost, irrecoverably lost, and Plume's ad-
vice has ruin'd me. 'Sdeath ! Why should I, that knew
her haughty spirit, be ruled by a man that's a stranger to
her pride ?

Enter Plume.

Plume. Ha, ha, ha, a battle royal ! Don't frown so,
man, she's your own, I'll tell you : I saw the fury of
her love, in the extremity of her passion. The wildness
of her anger is a certain sign that she loves you to mad-
ness. That rogue Kite began the battle with abundance
of conduct, and will bring you off victorious, my life
on't : he plays his part admirably ; she's to be with him
again presently.

Wor. But what could be the meaning of Brazen's fa-
miliarity with her ?

Plume. You are no logician, if you pretend to draw
consequences from the actions of fools—' There's no ar-
guing by the rule of reason, upon a science without
' principles, and such is their conduct'—Whim, unac-
countable whim, hurries 'em on, like a man drunk with
brandy before ten o'clock in the morning—But we lose
our sport ; Kite has open'd above an hour ago ; let's away.

[Exeunt.]

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SCENE, *a Chamber; a table with books and globes.*

Kite, disguis'd in a strange habit, sitting at a table.

Kite. [Rising.] By the position of the heavens, gain'd from my observation upon these celestial globes, I find that Luna was a tide-waiter; Sol, a surveyor; Mercury, a thief; Venus, a whore; Saturn, an alderman; Jupiter, a rake; and Mars, a serjeant of grenadiers—and this is the system of Kite the conjurer.

Enter Plume and Worthy.

Plume. Well, what success?

Kite. I have sent away a shoemaker and a taylor already; one's to be a captain of marines, and the other a major of dragoons—I am to manage them at night—Have you seen the lady, Mr. Worthy?

Wor. Ay, but it won't do—Have you shew'd her her name, that I tore off from the bottom of the letter?

Kite. No, Sir, I reserve that for the last stroke.

Plume. What letter?

Wor. One that I would not let you see, for fear that you should break windows in good earnest. Here, captain, put it into your pocket-book, and have it ready upon occasion.

[Knocking at the door.]

Kite. Officers, to your posts. Tycho, mind the door.

[Exeunt Plume and Worthy. Servant opens the door.]

Enter a Smith.

Smi. Well, master, are you the cunning man?

Kite. I am the learned Copernicus.

Smi. Well, master, I'm but a poor man, and I can't afford above a shilling for my fortune.

Kite. Perhaps that is more than 'tis worth.

Smi. Look ye, doctor, let me have something that's good for my shilling, or I'll have my money again.

Kite. If there be faith in the stars, you shall have your shilling forty fold—Your hand, countryman—you're by trade a smith.

Smi. How the devil should you know that?

Kite. Because the devil and you are brother-tradef-men—You were born under Forceps.

Smi. Forceps, what's that?

Kite. One of the signs. There's Leo, Sagittarius, Forceps, Furns, Dixnaude, Namur, Brussels, Charle-roy,

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roy, and so forth—Twelve of 'em—let me see—did you ever make any bombs or cannon-bullets?

Smi. Not I.

Kite. You either have, or will—The stars have decreed, that you shall be—I must have more money, Sir—Your fortune's great.

Smi. Faith, doctor, I have no more.

Kite. Oh, Sir, I'll trust you, and take it out of your arrears.

Smi. Arrears! What arrears?

Kite. The five hundred pound that is owing to you from the government.

Smi. Owning me!

Kite. Owning you, Sir—Let me see your t'other hand—I beg your pardon, it will be owing to you: and the rogue of an agent will demand fifty per cent. for a fortnight's advance.

Smi. I'm in the clouds, doctor, all this while.

Kite. Sir, I am above 'em, among the stars—In two years, three months, and two hours, you will be made captain of the forges to the grand train of artillery, and will have ten shillings a day, and two servants—'Tis the decree of the stars, and of the fix'd stars, that are as immovable as your anvil—Strike, Sir, while the iron is hot—Fly, Sir, be gone.

Smi. What, what would you have me do, doctor? I wish the stars would put me in a way for this fine place.

Kite. The stars do—let me see—ay, about an hour hence, walk carelessly into the market-place, and you will see a tall, slender gentleman, cheap'ning a pennyworth of apples, with a cane hanging upon his button; this gentleman will ask you what's o'clock—he's your man, and the maker of your fortune; follow him, follow him—And now go home, and take leave of your wife and children—An hour hence exactly is your time.

Smi. A tall, slender gentleman, you say, with a cane. Pray, what sort of head has the cane?

Kite. An amber head, with a black ribbon.

Smi. And pray, of what employment is the gentleman?

Kite.

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' *Kite*. Let me see ; he's either a collector of the ex-
' cise, or a plenipotentiary, or a captain of grenadiers—
' I can't tell exactly which—but he'll call you honest
' —your name is——

' *Smi*. Thomas.

' *Kite*. He'll call you honest Tom.

' *Smi*. But how the devil should he know my name ?

' *Kite*. Oh, there are several sorts of Toms——Tom
' o'Lincoln, Tom-tit, Tom Tell-troth, Tom a Bedlam,
' and Tom Fool——Be gone——An hour hence pre-
' cisely. [Knocking at the door.

' *Smi*. You say, he'll ask me what's o'clock ?

' *Kite*. Most certainly——And you'll answer you
' don't know——And be sure you look at St. Mary's
' dial ; for the sun won't shine, and if it should, you
' won't be able to tell the figures.

' *Smi*. I will, I will.

[Exit.

' *Plume*. Well done, conjurer, go on and prosper.

[Behind.

' *Kite*. As you were.

' *Enter a Butcher.*

' What, my old friend Pluck, the butcher !——I of-
' fered the surly bull-dog five guineas this morning, and
' he refus'd it. [Aside.

' *But*. So, Mr. Conjurer, here's half a crown——
' And now you must understand——

' *Kite*. Hold, friend, I know your business beforehand—

' *But*. You're devilish cunning then, for I don't well
' know it myself.

' *Kite*. I know more than you, friend——You have
' a foolish saying, that such a one knows no more than
' the man in the moon : I tell you, the man in the moon
' knows more than all the men under the sun. Don't
' the moon see all the world ?

' *But*. All the world see the moon, I must confess.

' *Kite*. Then she must see all the world, that's certain
' ——Give me your hand——You're by trade, either a
' butcher or a surgeon.

' *But*. True, I am a butcher.

' *Kite*. And a surgeon you will be ; the employments
' differ only in the name——He that can cut up an ox,

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‘ may dissect a man; and the same dexterity that cracks a marrow bone, will cut off a leg or an arm.

‘ *But.* What d’ye mean, doctor, what d’ye mean?

‘ *Kite.* Patience, patience, Mr. Surgeon General; the stars are great bodies, and move slowly.

‘ *But.* But what d’ye mean by surgeon general, doctor?

‘ *Kite.* Nay, Sir, if your worship won’t have patience, I must beg the favour of your worship’s absence.

‘ *But.* My worship! my worship? But why my worship?

‘ *Kite.* Nay then, I have done. [Sirs.]

‘ *But.* Pray, doctor——

‘ *Kite.* Fire and fury, Sir! [*Rises in a passion.*] Do you think the stars will be hurried? Do the stars owe you any money, Sir, that you dare to dun their lordships at this rate?——Sir, I am porter to the stars, and I am ordered to let no dun come near their doors.

‘ *But.* Dear doctor, I never had any dealing with the stars; they don’t owe me a penny——But since you are their porter, please to accept of this half-crown to drink their healths, and don’t be angry.

‘ *Kite.* Let me see your hand then once more—— Here has been gold——Five guineas, my friend, in this very hand this morning.

‘ *But.* Nay, then he is the devil——Pray, doctor, were you born of a woman? Or, did you come into the world of your own head?

‘ *Kite.* That’s a secret——This gold was offered you by a proper handsome man, call’d Hawk, or Buzzard, or——

‘ *But.* Kite, you mean.

‘ *Kite.* Ay, ay, Kite.

‘ *But.* As errant a rogue as ever carried a halberd. The impudent rascal would have decoyed me for a soldier.

‘ *Kite.* A soldier! a man of your substance for a soldier! Your mother has an hundred pound in hard money, lying at this minute in the hands of a mercer, not forty yards from this place.

‘ *But.* Oons! and so she has, but very few know so much.

‘ *Kite.* I know it, and that rogue, what’s his name,
‘ Kite

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' Kite knew it, and offer'd you five guineas to list, because he knew your poor mother would give the hundred for your discharge.

' *But.* There's a dog now——'Sflesh, doctor, I'll give you t'other half-crown, and tell me that this same Kite will be hang'd.

' *Kite.* He's in as much danger as any man in the county of Salop.

' *But.* There's your fee——but you have forgot the surgeon general all this while.

' *Kite.* You put the stars in a passion; [*Looks on his Books.*] but now they are pacified again——Let me see, did you never cut off a man's leg?

' *But.* No.

' *Kite.* Recollect, pray.

' *But.* I say, no.

' *Kite.* That's strange, wonderful strange; but nothing is strange to me, such wonderful changes have I seen——The second, or third, ay, the third campaign that you make in Flanders, the leg of a great officer will be shattered by a great shot, you will be there accidentally, and with your cleaver chop off the limb at a blow. In short, the operation will be performed with so much dexterity, that with general applause you will be made surgeon general of the whole army.

' *But.* Nay, for the matter of cutting off a limb, I'll do't, I'll do't with any surgeon in Europe; but I have no thoughts of making a campaign.

' *Kite.* You have no thoughts! What's matter for your thoughts, the stars have decreed it, and you must go.

' *But.* The stars decree it! Oons, Sir, the justices can't press me.

' *Kite.* Nay, friend, 'tis none of my business, I have done; only mind this, you'll know more an hour and half hence; that's all, farewell.

' *But.* Hold, hold, doctor——Surgeon general! What is the place worth, pray?

' *Kite.* Five hundred pounds a year, besides guineas for claps.

' *But.* Five hundred pounds a year!——An hour and a half hence, you say.

Kite.

Kite. Pr'ythee, friend, be quiet, don't be troublesome; here's such a work to make a booby butcher accept of five hundred pounds a year——But if you must hear it——I'll tell you in short, you'll be standing in your stall an hour and half's hence, and a gentleman will come by with a snuff-box in his hand, and the tip of his handkerchief hanging out of his right pocket; he'll ask you the price of a loin of veal, and at the same time stroak your great dog upon the head, and call him Chopper.

But. Mercy on us! Chopper is the dog's name.

Kite. Look'e there——what I say is true——things that are to come, must come to pass——Get you home, sell off your stock, don't mind the whining and the sniveling of your mother and your sister; women always hinder preferment---make what money you can, and follow that gentleman; his name begins with a P,——mind that——There will be the barber's daughter too, that your promised marriage to——she will be pulling and hauling you to pieces.

But. What, know Sally too? He's the devil, and he needs must go that the devil drives. [*Going.*]——The tip of his handkerchief out of his left pocket.

Kite. No, no, his right pocket; if it be the left, 'tis none of the man.

But. Well, well, I'll mind him. [*Exit.*]

Plume. The right pocket, you say.

[*Behind with his pocket-book.*]

Kite. I hear the rustling of silks. [*Knocking.*] Fly, Sir, 'tis Madam Melinda.

Enter Melinda and Lucy.

Kite. Tycho, chairs for the ladies.

Mel. Don't trouble yourself, we sha'n't stay, doctor.

Kite. Your ladyship is to stay much longer than you imagine.

Mel. For what?

Kite. For a husband——For your part, Madam, you won't stay for a husband. [*To Lucy.*]

Luc. Pray, doctor, do you converse with the stars, or the devil?

Kite. With both; when I have the destinies of men in search,

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search, I consult the stars; when the affairs of women come under my hands, I advise with my t'other friend.

Mel. And have you raised the devil upon my account?

Kite. Yes, Madam, and he's now under the table.

Luc. Oh, heavens protect us! Dear Madam, let's be gone.

Kite. If you be afraid of him, why do you come to consult him?

Mel. Don't fear, fool; do you think, Sir, that because I'm a woman I'm to be fooled out of my reason, or frightened out of my senses! Come, shew me this devil.

Kite. He's a little busy, at present; but when he has done he shall wait on you.

Mel. What is he doing?

Kite. Writing your name in his pocket-book.

Mel. Ha, ha! my name! Pray, what have you or he to do with my name?

Kite. Look'e, fair lady, the devil is a very modest person, he seeks nobody, unless they seek him first; he's chain'd up, like a mastiff, and can't stir, unless he be let loose.——You come to me to have your fortune told——Do you think, Madam, that I can answer you of my own head? No, Madam, the affairs of women are so irregular, that nothing less than the devil can give any account of them. Now to convince you of your incredulity, I'll shew you a trial of my skill. Here, you Cacademo del Plumo, exert your power, draw me this lady's name, the word Melinda, in proper letters and characters of her own hand-writing——Do it at three motions——one——two——three——'tis done——Now, Madam, will you please to send your maid to fetch it?

Luc. I fetch it! the devil fetch me if I do.

Mel. My name in my own hand writing! that would be convincing indeed.

Kite. Seeing 'is believing. [*Goes to the table, and lifts up the carpet.*] Here, Tre, Tre, poor Tre, give me the bone, firrah. There's your name upon that square piece of paper, behold——

Mel. 'Tis wonderful! My very letters to a tittle!

Luc. 'Tis like your hand, Madam, but not so like your hand neither; and now I look nearer, 'tis not like your hand at all.

Kite.

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Kite. Here's a chamber-maid now will out-lie the devil!

Luc. Look'e, Madam, they shan't impose upon us; people can't remember their hands no more than they can their faces—Come, Madam, let us be certain, write your name upon this paper, then we'll compare the two hands. [*Takes out a paper, and folds it.*]

Kite. Any thing for your satisfaction, Madam—Here's pen and ink.

[*Melinda writes, Lucy holds the paper.*]

Luc. Let me see it, Madam: 'tis the same—the very same—But I'll secure one copy for my own affairs. [*Aside.*]

Mel. This is demonstration.

Kite. 'Tis so, Madam—The word demonstration comes from Dæmon the father of lies.

Mel. Well, doctor, I'm convinced; and now, pray, what account can you give of my future fortune?

Kite. Before the sun has made one course round this earthly globe, your fortune will be fix'd for happiness or misery.

Mel. What! so near the crisis of my fate!

Kite. Let me see—About the hour of ten to-morrow morning, you will be saluted by a gentleman, who will come to take his leave of you, being designed for travel; his intention of going abroad is sudden, and the occasion a woman. Your fortune and his are like the bullet and the barrel, one runs plump into the other—In short, if the gentleman travels, he will die abroad; and if he does, you will die before he comes home.

Mel. What sort of a man is he?

Kite. Madam, he's a fine gentleman, and a lover; that is, a man of very good sense, and a very great fool.

Mel. How is that possible, doctor?

Kite. Because, Madam—because it is so—A woman's reason is the best for a man's being a fool.

Mel. Ten o'clock, you say?

Kite. Ten—about the hour of tea-drinking throughout the kingdom.

Mel. Here doctor. [*Gives money.*] Lucy, have you any questions to ask?

Luc. Oh, Madam! a thousand.

Kite. I must beg your patience till another time; for I expect

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expect more company this minute; besides, I must discharge the gentleman under the table.

Luc. O pray, Sir, discharge us first?

Kite. Tycho, wait on the ladies down stairs.

[*Exeunt Melinda and Lucy.*]

Enter Worthy and Plume.

Kite. Mr. Worthy, you were pleas'd to wish me joy to-day, I hope to be able to return the compliment to-morrow.

Wor. I'll make it the best compliment to you that ever I made in my life, if you do; but I must be a traveller; you say?

Kite. No farther than the chops of the channel, I presume, Sir.

Plume. That we have concerted already. [*Knocking hard.*] Hey day! you don't profess midwifry, doctor?

Kite. Away to your ambuscade.

[*Exeunt Worthy and Plume.*]

Enter Brazen.

Braz. Your servant, my dear.

Kite. Stand off, I have my familiar already.

Braz. Are you bewitch'd, my dear?

Kite. Yes, my dear: but mine is a peaceable spirit, and hates gunpowder. Thus I fortify myself; [*Draws a circle round him.*] and now, captain, have a care how you force my lines.

Braz. Lines! What dost talk of lines! You have something like a fishing-rod there, indeed; but I come to be acquainted with you, man.—What's your name, my dear?

Kite. Conundrum.

Braz. Conundrum? Rat me, I knew a famous doctor in London of your name—Where were you born?

Kite. I was born in Algebra.

Braz. Algebra! 'Tis no country in Christendom, I'm sure, unless it be some place in the highlands in Scotland.

Kite. Right,—I told you I was bewitch'd.

Braz. So am I, my dear; I am going to be marry'd—I have had two letters from a lady of fortune that loves me to madness, fits, cholic, spleen, and vapours—shall I marry her in four-and-twenty hours, ay, or no?

Kite. Certainly.

Braz.

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Braz. Gadso, ay——

Kite. —— Or no—But I must have the year and the day of the month when these letters were dated.

Braz. Why, you old bitch, did you ever hear of love-letters dated with the year and day of the month? Do you think billet-doux are like bank-bills?

Kite. They are not so good, my dear—but if they bear no date, I must examine the contents.

Braz. Contents! That you shall, old boy; here they be both.

Kite. Only the last you receiv'd, if you please. [*Takes the letter.*] Now, Sir, if you please to let me consult my books for a minute, I'll send this letter inclos'd to you with the determination of the stars upon it to your lodgings.

Braz. With all my heart—I must give him—[*Puts his hands in his pockets.*] Algebra! I fancy, doctor, 'tis hard to calculate the place of your nativity—Here:—[*Gives him money.*] And if I succeed, I'll build a watch-tower on the top of the highest mountain in Wales for the study of astrology, and the benefit of the Comendrams.

[*Exit.*]

Enter Plume and Worthy.

Wor. O doctor! that letter's worth a million; let me see it; and now I have it, I'm afraid to open it.

Plume. Pho! let me see it. [*Opening the letter.*] If she be a jilt.—Damn her, she is one—There's her name at the bottom on't.

Wor. How! Then I'll travel in good earnest—By all my hopes, 't's Lucy's hand.

Plume. Lucy's!

Wor. Certainly—'Tis no more like Melinda's character than black is to white.

Plume. Then 'tis certainly Lucy's contrivance to draw in Brazen for a husband—But are you sure 'tis not Melinda's hand?

Wor. You shall see; where's the bit of paper I gave you just now, that the devil writ Melinda upon?

Kite. Here, Sir.

Plume. 'Tis plain they are not the same; and is this the malicious name that was subscribed to the letter, which made Mr. Balance send his daughter into the country.

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Wor. The very same; the other fragments I shew'd you just now I once intended for another use; but, I think, I have turn'd it now to a better advantage.

Plume. But 'twas barbarous to conceal this so long, and to continue me so many hours in the pernicious heresy of believing that angelic creature could change: Poor Sylvia!

Wor. Rich Sylvia you mean, and poor captain, ha, ha, ha!---Come, come, friend, Melinda is true, and shall be mine; Sylvia is constant, and may be yours.

Plume. No, she's above my hopes—But for her sake I'll recant my opinion of her sex.

By some the sex is blam'd without design,	}
Light, harmless censure, such as yours and mine,	
Sallies of wit, and vapours of our wine.	}
Others the justice of the sex condemn,	
And wanting merit to create esteem,	}
Would hide their own defects by censuring them.	
But they secure in their all-conquering charms,	
Laugh at the vain efforts of false alarms;	
He magnifies their conquests who complains,	
For none would struggle were they not in chains.	

[*Exeunt.*]

END of the FOURTH ACT.

A C T V.

SCENE, *Justice Balance's House.*

Enter Balance and Scale.

SCALE.

I Say, 'tis not to be borne, Mr. Balance.

Bal. Look'e, Mr. Scale, for my own part, I shall be very tender in what regards the officers of the army; they expose their lives to so many dangers for us abroad, that we may give them some grains of allowance at home.

Scale. Allowance! this poor girl's father is my tenant; and, if I mistake not, her mother nursed a child for you.—Shall they debauch our daughters to our faces.

Bal.

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Bal. Consider, Mr. Scale, that were it not for the bravery of these officers, we should have French dragoons among us, that would leave us neither liberty, property, wives, nor daughters.—Come, Mr. Scale, the gentlemen are vigorous and warm, and may they continue so; the same heat that stirs them up to love, spurs them on to battle: you never knew a great general in your life that did not love a whore. This I only speak in reference to Captain Plume—for the other spark I know nothing of.

Scale. Nor can I hear of any body that does—Oh, here they come.

Enter Sylvia, Bullock, Rose, Prisoners, Constable and Mob.

Const. May it please your worships, we took them in the very act, *re infecta*, Sir—The gentleman, indeed, behav'd himself like a gentleman; for he drew his sword and swore, and afterwards laid it down and said nothing.

Bul. Give the gentleman his sword again—Wait you without. [*Exeunt Constable and Watch.*] I'm sorry, Sir, [*To Sylvia.*] to know a gentleman upon such terms, that the occasion of our meeting should prevent the satisfaction of an acquaintance.

Syl. Sir, you need make no apology for your warrant, no more than I shall do for my behaviour—My innocence is upon an equal foot with your authority.

Scale. Innocence! have you not seduc'd that young maid?

Syl. No, Mr. Goosecap, she seduc'd me.

Bul. So she did, I'll swear—for she propos'd marriage first.

Bal. What, then you are marry'd, child? [*To Rose.*

Rose. Yes, Sir, to my sorrow.

Bal. Who was witness?

Bull. That was I—I danc'd, threw the stocking, and spoke jokes by their bedside, I'm sure.

Bal. Who was the minister?

Bull. Minister! We are foldiers, and want no minister.—They were marry'd by the articles of war.

Bal. Hold thy prating, fool—Your appearance, Sir, promises some understanding; pray, what does this fellow mean?

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Syl. He means marriage, I think—but that you know is so odd a thing, that hardly any two people under the sun agree in the ceremony; some make it a sacrament, others a convenience, and others make it a jest; but among soldiers 'tis most sacred—Our sword, you know, is our honour, that we lay down—The hero jumps over it first, and the amazon after---Leap rogue, follow whore---the drum beats a ruff, and so to bed; that's all; the ceremony is concise.

Bull. And the prettiest ceremony, so full of pastime and prodigality.—

Bal. What! Are you a soldier?

Bull. Ay, that I am---Will your worship lend me your cane, and I'll shew you how I can exercise.

Bal. Take it. [*Strikes him over the head.*] Pray, Sir, what commission may you bear? [*To Sylvia.*]

Syl. I'm call'd captain, Sir, by all the coffee-men, drawers, whores, and groom-porters in London; for I wear a red coat, a sword, a piquet in my head, and dice in my pocket.

Scale. Your name, pray, Sir?

Syl. Captain Pinch: I cock my hat with a pinch, I take snuff with a pinch, pay my whores with a pinch: in short, I can do any thing at a pinch, but fight and fill my belly.

Bal. And pray, Sir, what brought you into Shropshire?

Syl. A pinch, Sir: I know you country gentlemen want wit, and you know that we town gentlemen want money, and so—

Bal. I understand you, Sir---Here, constable—

Enter Constable.

Take this gentleman into custody till farther orders.

Rose. Pray, your worship, don't be uncivil to him, for he did me no hurt; he's the most harmless man in the world, for all he talks so.

Scale. Come, come, child, I'll take care of you.

Syl. What, gentlemen, rob me of my freedom and my wife at once! 'Tis the first time they ever went together.

Bal. Hark'e, constable.

[*Whispers him.*
Const.]

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Const. It shall be done, Sir---Come along, Sir.

[*Exeunt* Constable, Bullock, and Sylvia.

Bal. Come, Mr. Scale, we'll manage the spark presently. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, Melinda's Apartment.

Enter Melinda and Worthy.

Mel. So far the prediction is right, 'tis ten exactly. [*Aside.*] And pray, Sir, how long have you been in this travelling humour?

Wor. 'Tis natural, Madam, for us to avoid what disturbs our quiet.

Mel. Rather the love of change, which is more natural, may be the occasion of it.

Wor. To be sure, Madam, there must be charms in variety, else neither you nor I should be so fond of it.

Mel. You mistake, Mr. Worthy, I am not so fond of variety as to travel for't, nor do I think it prudence in you to run yourself into a certain expence and danger, in hopes of precarious pleasure, 'which, at best, never ' answer expectation, as it is evident, from the example ' of most travellers, that long more to return to their own ' country, than they did to go abroad.'

Wor. What pleasures I may receive abroad are indeed uncertain; but this I am sure of, I shall meet with less cruelty among the most barbarous of nations than I have found at home.

Mel. Come, Sir, you and I have been jangling a great while; I fancy if we made our accounts, we should the sooner come to an agreement.

Wor. Sure, Madam, you won't dispute your being in my debt—My fears, sighs, vows, promises, assiduities, anxieties, jealousies, have run on for a whole year without any payment.

Mel. A year! Oh, Mr. Worthy! What you owe to me is not to be paid under a seven years servitude. How did you use me the year before! when, taking the advantage of my innocence and necessity, you would have made me your mistress, that is, your slave—Remember the wicked insinuations, artful baits, deceitful arguments, cunning pretences; then your impudent behaviour, loose expressions, familiar letters, rude visits; remember those, those, Mr. Worthy.

Wor.

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Wor. I do remember, and am sorry I made no better use of 'em. [*Aside.*] But you may remember, Madam, that—

Mel. Sir, I'll remember nothing---'Tis your interest that I should forget. You have been barbarous to me, I have been cruel to you; put that and that together, and let one balance the other---Now, if you will begin upon a new score, lay aside your adventuring airs, and behave yourself handsomely till Lent be over; here's my hand, I'll use you as a gentleman should be.

Wor. And if I don't use you as a gentlewoman should be, may this be my poison. [*Kissing her hand.*

Enter a servant.

Ser. Madam, the coach is at the door.

Mel. I am going to Mr. Balance's country-house to see my cousin Sylvia; I have done her an injury, and can't be easy till I've ask'd her pardon.

Wor. I dare not hope for the honour of waiting on you.

Mel. My coach is full; but if you'll be so gallant as to mount your own horse and follow us, we shall be glad to be overtaken; and if you bring Captain Plume with you, we sha'n't have the worse reception.

Wor. I'll endeavour it. [*Exit, leading Melinda.*

SCENE, the Market-place.

Enter Plume and Kite.

Plume. A baker, a taylor, a smith, butchers, carpenters, and journeymen shoemakers, in all thirty-nine---
'I believe the first colony planted in Virginia had not
'more trades in their company than I have in mine.'

Kite. The butcher, Sir, will have his hands full; for we have two sheep-stealers among us---I hear of a fellow too committed just now for stealing of horses.

Plume. We'll dispose of him among the dragoons---
Have we never a poulterer among us?

Kite. Yes, Sir, the king of the gypsies is a very good one, he has an excellent hand at a goose or a turkey---
Here's Captain Brazen, Sir; I must go look after the men.

Enter Brazen, reading a letter.

Braz. Um, um, um, the canonical hour---Um, um, very well---My dear Plume give me a buss.

Plume.

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Plume. Half a score, if you will, my dear. What hast got in thy hand, child?

Braz. 'Tis a project for laying out a thousand pounds.

Plume. Were it not requisite to project first how to get it in?

Braz. You can't imagine, my dear, that I want twenty thousand pounds; I have spent twenty times as much in the service---' Now, my dear, pray advise me---my head runs much upon architecture---shall I build a privateer or a play-house?

Plume. An odd question---a privateer or a play-house! 'Twill require some consideration---Faith I am for a privateer.

Braz. I am not of your opinion, my dear; for, in the first place, a privateer may be ill built.

Plume. And so may a play-house.

Braz. But a privateer may be ill mann'd.

Plume. And so may a play-house.

Braz. A privateer may run upon the shallows.

Plume. Not so often as a play house.

Braz. But you know a privateer may spring a leak.

Plume. And I know that a playhouse may spring a great many.

Braz. But suppose the privateer come home with a rich booty, we should never agree about our shares.

Plume. 'Tis just so in a play-house---So, by my advice, you shall fix upon a privateer.

Braz. Agreed.'---But if this twenty thousand pounds should not be in specie---

Plume. What twenty thousand?

Braz. Heark'e---

[*Whispers.*]

Plume. Marry'd!

Braz. Presently, we're to meet about half a mile out of town at the water-side---and so forth---[*Reads.*] "For fear I should be known by any of Worthy's friends, you must give me leave to wear my mask till after the ceremony, which will make me for ever yours"---Look'e there, my dear dog.

[*Shows the bottom of the letter to Plume.*]

Plume. Melinda! And by this light, her own hand! Once more, if you please, my dear---Her hand exactly. ---Just now, you say?

Braz.

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Braz. This minute, I must be gone.

Plume. Have a little patience, and I'll go with you.

Braz. No, no, I see a gentleman coming this way that may be inquisitive; 'tis Worthy, do you know him?

Plume. By sight only.

Braz. Have a care, the very eyes discover secrets.

[*Exit.*

Enter Worthy.

Wor. To boot and saddle, captain; you must mount.

Plume. Whip and spur Worthy, or you won't mount.

Wor. But I shall, Melinda and I are agreed; she's gone to visit Sylvia, we are to mount and follow; and could we carry a parson with us, who knows what might be done for us both?

Plume. Don't trouble your head, Melinda has secured a parson already.

Wor. Already! Do you know more than I?

Plume. Yes, I saw it under her hand——Brazen and she are to meet half a mile hence at the water-side, there to take boat, I suppose to be ferry'd over to the Elyfian fields; if there be any such thing in matrimony.

Wor. I parted with Melinda just now; she assured me she hated Brazen, and that she resolved to discard Lucy for daring to write letters to him in her name.

Plume. Nay, nay, there's nothing of Lucy in this——I tell ye, I saw Melinda's hand, as surely as this is mine.

Wor. But I tell you she's gone this minute to Justice Balance's country-house.

Plume. But I tell you, she's gone this minute to the water-side.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Madam Melinda has sent word, that you need not trouble yourself to follow her, because her journey to justice Balance's is put off, and she's gone to take the air another way.

[*To Worthy.*

Wor. How! her journey put off?

Plume. That is, her journey was a put-off to you.

Wor. 'Tis plain, plain——But how, where, when is she to meet Brazen?

Plume. Just now, I tell you, half a mile hence; at the water-side.

Wor. Up or down the water?

Plume.

Plume. That I don't know.

Wor. I'm glad my horses are ready—Jack, get 'em out.

Plume. Shall I go with you?

Wor. Not an inch---I shall return presently. [*Exit.*]

Plume. You'll find me at the hall; the justices are sitting by this time, and I must attend them.

SCENE, a court of Justice: Balance, Scale and Scruple upon the Bench: Constable, Kite, Mob.

Kite and Constable advance.

Kite. Pray, who are those honourable gentlemen upon the bench?

Const. He in the middle is Justice Balance, he on the right is Justice Scale, and he on the left is Justice Scruple, and I am Mr. Constable; four very honest gentlemen.

Kite. O dear Sir, I am your most obedient servant: [*Saluting the Constable.*] I fancy, Sir, that your employment and mine are much the same; for my business is to keep people in order, and if they disobey, to knock them down; and then we are both staff-officers.

Const. Nay, I'm a serjeant myself---of the militia---Come, brother, you shall see me exercise. Suppose this a musket: Now I am shouldered.

[*Puts his staff on his right shoulder.*]

Kite. Ay, you are shouldered pretty well for a constable's staff; but for a musket, you must put it on the other shoulder, my dear.

Const. Adso, that's true!--Come, now give the word of command.

Kite. Silence.

Const. Ay, ay, so we will---we will be silent.

Kite. Silence, you dog, silence!

[*Strikes him over his head with his halberd.*]

Const. That's the way to silence a man with a witness. What do you mean, friend?

Kite. Only to exercise you, Sir.

Const. Your exercise differs so much from ours, that we shall ne'er agree about it; if my own captain had given me such a rap, I had taken the law of him.

Enter Plume.

Bal. Captain, you're welcome.

Plume. Gentlemen, I thank you.

Scru. Come, honest captain, sit by me. [*Plume ascends and*

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and sits upon the bench.] Now produce your prisoners.—
Here, that fellow there, set him up. Mr. Constable,
what have you to say against this man?

Const. I have nothing to say against him an please you.

Bal. No; what made you bring him hither?

Const. I don't know, an please your worship.

Scale. Did not the contents of your warrant direct you
what sort of men to take up?

Const. I can't tell, an please ye; I can't read.

Scru. A very pretty constable truly. I find we have
no business here.

Kite. May it please the worshipful bench, I desire to
be heard in this case, as being the council for the king.

Bal. Come, Serjeant, you shall be heard, since nobody
else will speak; we won't come here for nothing.

Kite. This man is but one man, the country may spare
him, and the army wants him; besides, he's cut out by
nature for a grenadier; he's five feet ten inches high;
he shall box, wrestle, or dance the Cheshire round with
any man in the country; he gets drunk every sabbath-
day, and he beats his wife.

Wife. You lie, firrah, you lie; an please your wor-
ship, he's the best natur'd, pains-taking st man in the pa-
rish, witness my five poor children;

Scru. A wife, and five children! You constable, you
rogue, how durst you impress a man that has a wife and
and five children?

Scale. Discharge him, discharge him.

Bal. Hold, gentlemen. Hearn'e, friend, how do you
maintain your wife and five children?

Plume. They live upon wildfowl and venison, Sir; the
husband keeps a gun, and kills all the hares and partridges
within five miles round.

Bal. A gun; nay if he be so good at gunning, he shall
have enough on't. He may be of use against the French,
for he shoots flying, to be sure.

Scru. But his wife and children, Mr. Balance.

Wife. Ay, ay, that's the reason you would send him
away; you know I have a child every year, and you are
afraid that they should come upon the parish at last.

Plume. Look'e there, gentlemen, the honest woman
has spoke it at once, the parish had better maintain five
children this year, than six or seven the next, That
fellow

fellow upon this high feeding, may get you two or three beggars at a birth.

Wife. Look'e, Mr. Captain, the parish shall get nothing by sending him away, for I won't lose my teeming-time, if there be a man left in the parish.

Bal. Send that woman to the house of correction—and the man——

Kite. I'll take care of him, if you please.

[*Takes him down.*]

Scale. Here, you constable, the next. Set up that black-fac'd fellow, he has a gun-powder look; what can you say against this man, constable.

Const. Nothing, but that he is a very honest man.

Plume. Pray, gentlemen, let me have one honest man in my company, for the novelty's sake.

Bal. What are you, friend?

Mob. A collier, I work in the coal pits.

Scru. Look'e, gentlemen, this fellow has a trade, and the act of parliament here expresses, that we are to impress no man that has any visible means of a livelihood.

Kite. May it please your worship, this man has no visible means of a livelihood, for he works under ground.

Plume. Well said, Kite; besides the army wants miners.

Bal. Right, and had we an order of government for't we could raise you in this and the neighbouring county of Stafford, five hundred colliers that would run you under-ground like moles, and do more service in a siege than all the miners in the army.

Scru. Well, friend, what have you to say for yourself?

Mob. I'm married.

Kite. Lack-a-day, so am I.

Mob. Here's my wife, poor woman.

Bal. Are you married, good woman?

Wom. I'm married in conscience.

Kite. May it please your worship, she's with child in conscience.

Scale. Who married you, mistress?

Wom. My husband. We agreed that I should call him husband, to avoid passing for a whore; and that he should call me wife, to shun going for a soldier.

G

Scru.

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Scru. A very pretty couple ! Pray, captain, will you take them both ?

Plume. What say you, Mr. Kite, will you take care of the woman ?

Kite. Yes, Sir, she shall go with us to the sea-side, and there if she has a mind to drown herself, we'll take care that nobody shall hinder her.

Bal. Here, constable, bring in my man. [*Exit Const.*] Now, captain, I'll fit you with a man such as you never lifted in your life. [*Enter Const. and Syl.*] Oh, my friend Pinch ; I'm very glad to see you.

Syl. Well, Sir, and what then ?

Scale. What then ! Is that your respect to the bench ?

Syl. Sir, I don't care a farthing for you nor your bench neither.

Scru. Look'e, gentlemen, that's enough ; he's a very impudent fellow and fit for a soldier.

Scale. A notorious rogue, I say, and very fit for a soldier.

Const. A whore-master, I say, and therefore fit to go.

Bal. What think you, captain ?

Plume. I think he's a very pretty fellow, and therefore fit to serve.

Syl. Me for a soldier ! Send your own lazy, lubberly sons at home ; fellows that hazard their necks every day in the pursuit of a fox, yet dare not peep abroad to look an enemy in the face.

Const. May it please your worships, I have a woman at the door to swear a rape against this rogue.

Syl. Is it your wife or daughter, bobby ? I ravish'd 'em both yesterday.

Bal. Pray, captain, read the articles of war, we'll see him lifted immediately.

Plume. [*Reads.*] Articles of war against mutiny and desertion, &c.

Syl. Hold, Sir—Once more, gentlemen, have a care what you do, for you shall severely smart for any violence you offer to me ; and you, Mr. Balance, I speak to you particularly, you shall heartily repent it.

Plume. Look'e, young spark, say but one word more, and I'll build a horse for you as high as the ceiling, and make

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make you ride the most tiresome journey that ever you made in your life.

Syl. You have made a fine speech, good Captain Huffcap; but you had better be quiet, I shall find a way to cool your courage.

Plume. Pray, gentlemen, don't mind him, he's distracted.

Syl. 'Tis false. I am descended of as good a family as any in your county; my father is as good a man as any upon your bench, and I am heir to twelve hundred pounds a year.

Bal. He's certainly mad. Pray, captain, read the articles of war.

Syl. Hold, once more. Pray, Mr. Balance, to you I speak, suppose I were your child, would you use me at this rate?

Bal. No, faith, were you mine, I would send you to Bedlam first, and into the army afterwards.

Syl. But consider my father, Sir, he's as good, as generous, as brave, as just a man as ever served his country; I'm his only child; perhaps the loss of me may break his heart.

Bal. He's a very great fool if it does. Captain, if you don't list him this minute, I'll leave the court.

Plume. Kite, do you distribute the levy money to the men while I read.

Kite. Ay, Sir. Silence, gentlemen.

[Plume reads the articles of war.]

Bal. Very well; now, captain, let me beg the favour of you; not to discharge this fellow upon any account whatsoever. Bring in the rest.

Const. There are no more, an't please your worship.

Bal. No more! there were five two hours ago.

Syl. 'Tis true, Sir, but this rogue of a constable let the rest escape for a bribe of eleven shillings a man, because, he said, the act allowed him but ten, so the odd shilling was clear gains.

All Just. How!

Syl. Gentlemen, he offered to let me go away for two guineas, but I had not so much about me; this is truth, and I'm ready to swear it.

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Kite. And I'll swear it; give me the book, 'tis for the good of the service.

Mob. May it please your worship, I gave him half a crown to say that I was an honest man; but now, since that your worships have made me a rogue, I hope I shall have my money again.

Bal. 'Tis my opinion that this constable be put into the captain's hands, and if his friends don't bring four good men for his ransom by to-morrow night, Captain, you shall carry him to Flanders.

Scale. Scru. Agreed, agreed,

Plume. Mr. Kite, take the constable into custody.

Kite. Ay, ay, Sir. [*To the Constable.*] Will you please to have your office taken from you? Or will you handsomely lay down your staff, as your betters have done before you? [*Constable drops his staff.*]

Bal. Come, gentlemen, there needs no great ceremony in adjourning this court. Captain, you shall dine with me.

Kite. Come, Mr. Militia Serjeant, I shall silence you now, I believe, without your taking the law of me.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, the fields.

Enter Brazen, leading in Lucy mask'd.

Braz. The boat is just below here.

Enter Worthy with a case of pistols under his arm.

Wor. Here, Sir, take your choice.

[*Going between 'em, and offering them.*]

Braz. What, Pistols! Are they charged, my dear?

Wor. With a brace of bullets each.

Braz. But I'm a foot officer, my dear, and never use pistols, the sword is my way, and I won't be put out of my road to please any man.

Wor. Nor I neither; so have at you. [*Cocks one pistol.*]

Braz. Look'e, my dear, I don't care for pistols.—

Pray, oblige me, and let us have a bout at sharps; damn it, there's no parrying these bullets.

Wor. Sir, if you ha'n't your belly full of these, the sword shall come in for second course.

Braz. Why then, fire and fury! I have eaten smoke from the mouth of a cannon, Sir; don't think I fear powder,

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* powder, for I live upon't. Let me see: [*Takes one.*]

* And now, Sir, how many paces distance shall we fire?

* *Wor.* Fire you when you please, I'll reserve my shot till I am sure of you.

* *Braz.* Come, where's your cloak?

* *Wor.* Cloak! What d'ye mean?

* *Braz.* To fight upon; I always fight upon a cloak, 'tis our way abroad.

* *Luc.* Come, gentlemen, I'll end the strife. [*Unmasks.*]

* *Wor.* Lucy! take her.

* *Braz.* The devil take me if I do — Huzza! [*Fires his pistol.*] D'ye hear, d'ye hear, you plaguy harridon, how those bullets whistle? Suppose they had been lodg'd in my gizzard.

* *Luc.* Pray, Sir, pardon me.

* *Braz.* I can't tell, child, till I know whether my money is safe. [*Searching his pockets.*] Yes, yes, I do pardon you; but if I had you at the Rose tavern, Covent-Garden, with three or four hearty rakes, and three or four smart napkins, I would tell you another story, my dear. [*Exit.*]

* *Wor.* And was Melinda privy to this?

* *Luc.* No, Sir, she wrote her name upon a piece of paper at the fortune-teller's last night, which I put in my pocket, and so writ above it to the captain.

* *Wor.* And how came Melinda's journey put off?

* *Luc.* At the town's end she met Mr. Balance's steward, who told her, that Mrs. Sylvia was gone from her father's, and nobody could tell whither.

* *Wor.* Sylvia gone from her father's! This will be news to Plume. Go home, and tell your lady how near I was being shot for her. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, a room in Balance's house.

Enter Balance and Steward.

Stew. We did not miss her till the evening, Sir; and then searching for her in the chamber that was my young master's, we found her cloaths there; but the suit that your son left in the press when he went to London, was gone.

Bal. The white trim'd with silver?

Stew. The same.

Bal. You ha'n't told that circumstance to any body?

Stew. To none but your worship.

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Bal. And be sure you don't. Go into the dining-room, and tell Captain Plume that I beg to speak with him.

Stew. I shall.

[*Exit.*

Bal. Was ever man so imposed upon! I had her promise, indeed, that she would never dispose of herself without my consent—I have consented with a witness, given her away as my act and deed—And this, I warrant, the captain thinks will pass. No, I shall never pardon him the villany, first of robbing me of my daughter, and then the mean opinion he must have of me, to think that I could be so wretchedly imposed upon; her extravagant passion might encourage her in the attempt, but the contrivance must be his—I'll know the truth presently.

Enter Plume.

Pray, captain, what have you done with our young gentleman soldier?

Plume. He's at my quarter's, I suppose, with the rest of my men.

Bal. Does he keep company with the common soldiers?

Plume. No, he's generally with me.

Bal. He lies with you, I presume.

Plume. No, faith, I offered him part of my bed—but the young rogue fell in love with Rose, and has lain with her, I think, since she came to town.

Bal. So that between you both, Rose has been finely manag'd.

Plume. Upon my honour, Sir, she had no harm from me.

Bal. All's safe, I find—Now, captain, you must know, that the young fellow's impudence in court was well grounded; he said, I should heartily repent his being listed, and so I do from my soul.

Plume. Ay! for what reason?

Bal. Because he is no less than what he said he was, born of as good a family as any in this county, and he is heir to twelve hundred pounds a year.

Plume. I'm very glad to hear it—for I wanted but a man of that quality to make my company a perfect representative of the whole commons of England.

Bal. Won't you discharge him?

Plume.

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Plume. Not under a hundred pounds sterling.

Bal. You shall have it, for his father is my intimate friend.

Plume. Then you shall have him for nothing.

Bal. Nay, Sir, you shall have your price.

Plume. Not a penny, Sir; I value an obligation to you, much above an hundred pounds.

Bal. Perhaps, Sir, you shan't repent your generosity—Will you please to write his discharge in my pocket-book? [*Gives his book.*] In the mean time we'll send for the gentleman. Who waits there?

Enter a Servant.

Go to the captain's lodging, and enquire for Mr. Wilful, tell him his captain wants him here immediately.

Ser. Sir, the gentleman's below at the door, enquiring for the captain.

Plume. Bid him come up. Here's the discharge, Sir.

Bal. Sir, I thank you—'Tis plain he had no hand in't. [*Afide.*]

Enter Sylvia.

Syl. I think, captain, you might have us'd me better than to leave me yonder among your swearing, drunken crew; and you, Mr. Justice, might have been so civil as to have invited me to dinner, for I have eaten with as good a man as your worship.

Plume. Sir, you must charge our want of respect upon our ignorance of your quality---but now you are at liberty---I have discharg'd you.

Syl. Discharg'd me!

Bal. Yes, Sir, and you must once more go home to your father.

Syl. My father! Then I am discovered—Oh, Sir, [*Kneeling.*] I expect no pardon.

Bal. Pardon! No, no, child, your crime shall be your punishment; here, captain, I deliver her over to the conjugal power for her chastisement. Since she will be a wife, be you a husband, a very husband—When she tells you of her love, upbraid her with her folly; be modishly ungrateful, because she has been unfashionably kind; and use her worse than you would any body else, because you can't use her so well as she deserves.

Plume. And are you, Sylvia, in good earnest?

Syl.

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Syl. Earnest ! I have gone too far to make it a jest, Sir.

Plume. And do you give her to me in good earnest ?

Bal. If you please to take her, Sir.

Plume. Why then I have saved my legs and arms, and lost my liberty ; secure from wounds, I am prepared for the gout ; farewell subsistence, and welcome taxes---Sir, my liberty, and the hopes of being a general, are much dearer to me than your twelve hundred pounds a year---But to your love, Madam, I resign my freedom, and to your beauty my ambition---greater in obeying at your feet, than commanding at the head of an army.

Enter Worthy.

Wor. I am sorry to hear, Mr. Balance, that your daughter is lost.

Bal. So am not I, Sir, since an honest gentleman has found her.

Enter Melinda.

Mel. Pray, Mr. Balance, what's become of my cousin Sylvia !

Bal. Your cousin Sylvia is talking yonder with your cousin Plume.

Mel. And Worthy. How !

Syl. Do you think it strange, cousin, that a woman should change ; but, I hope, you'll excuse a change that has proceeded from constancy ; I alter'd my outside, because I was the same within ; and only laid by the woman to make sure of my man ; that's my history.

Mel. Your history is a little romantic, cousin ; but since success has crown'd your adventures, you will have the world on your side, and I shall be willing to go with the tide, provided you'll pardon an injury I offer'd you in the letter to your father.

Plume. That injury, Madam, was done to me, and the reparation I expect shall be made to my friend ; make Mr. Worthy happy, and I shall be satisfy'd.

Mel. A good example, Sir, will go a great way---when my cousin is pleas'd to surrender, 'tis probable I sha'n't hold out much longer.

Enter Brazen.

Braz. Gentlemen, I am yours---Madam, I am not yours.

Mel. I'm glad on't, Sir.

Braz.

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Braz. So am I—You have got a pretty house here, Mr. Laconick.

Bal. 'Tis time to right all mistakes——My name, Sir, is Balance.

Braz. Balance! Sir, I am your most obedient---I know your whole generation---had not you an uncle that was governor of the Leeward Islands some years ago?

Bal. Did you know him?

Braz. Intimately, Sir---He play'd at billiards to a miracle---You had a brother too that was a captain of a fireship---poor Dick---he had the most engaging way with him of making punch---and then his cabin was so neat---but his poor boy Jack was the most comical bastard---Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, a pickled dog, I shall never forget him..

Plume. Well, captain, are you fix'd in your project yet? Are you still for the privateer?

Braz. No, no---I had enough of a privateer just now; I had like to have been picked up by a cruiser under false colours, and a French pickaroon, for ought I know.'

Plume. Have you got your recruits, my dear?

Braz. Not a stick, my dear.

Plume. Probably, I shall furnish you.

Enter Rose and Bullock.

Rose. Captain, captain, I have got loose once more, and have persuaded my sweetheart Cartwheel to go with us; but you must promise not to part with me again.

Syl. I find, Mrs. Rose has not been pleas'd with her bedfellow.

Rose. Bedfellow! I don't know whether I had a bedfellow or not.

Syl. Don't be in a passion, child, I was as little pleas'd with your company as you could be with mine.

Bull. Pray, Sir, donna be offended at my sister, she's something under bred; but if you please I'll lie with you in her stead.

Plume. I have promised, Madam, to provide for this girl; now will you be pleased to let her wait upon you? or shall I take care of her?

Syl. She shall be my charge, Sir; you may find it business enough to take care of me.

Bull.

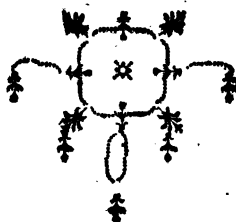
B. THE RECRUITING OFFICER.

Bull. Ay, and of me, captain; for wauns! if ever you lift your hand against me, I'll desert——

Plume. Captain Brazen shall take care o'that: My dear, instead of the twenty thousand pounds you talk'd of, you shall have the twenty brave recruits that I have raised at the rate they cost me——My commission I lay down, to be taken up by some braver fellow, that has more merit and less good fortune——whilst I endeavour, by the example of this worthy gentleman, to serve my king and country at home.

With some regret I quit the active field,
Where glory, full reward for life, does yield;
But the recruiting trade, with all its train
Of endless plague, fatigue, and endless pain,
I gladly quit, with my fair spouse to stay,
And raise recruits the matrimonial way.

[*Bowen*]



E P I L O G U E.

ALL ladies and gentlemen, that are willing to see the comedy call'd the Recruiting Officer, let them repair To-morrow night, by six o'clock, to the sign of the Theatre Royal in Drury Lane, and they shall be kindly entertain'd.—

*We scorn the vulgar ways to bid you come,
Whole Europe now obeys the call of drum.
The soldier, not the poet, here appears,
And beats up for a corps of volunteers:
He finds that music chiefly does delight ye,
And therefore chuses music to invite ye.*

*Beat the grenadeer's march——Row, row, tow——
Gentlemen, this piece of musick, call'd an Overture to a Battle, was compos'd by a famous Italian master, and was perform'd with wonderful success, at the great Operas of *Vigo*, *Schellenberg*, and *Blenheim*; it came off with the applause of all Europe, excepting France; the French found it a little too rough for their delicatess.*

*Some that have acted on these glorious stages,
Are here to witness to succeeding ages,
No music like the grenadier's engages.* }

*Ladies, we must own, that this music of ours is not altogether so soft as Bonancini's; yet we dare affirm, that it has laid more people asleep than all the *Camilla's* in the world; and you'll condescend to own, that it keeps one awake better than any opera that ever was acted.*

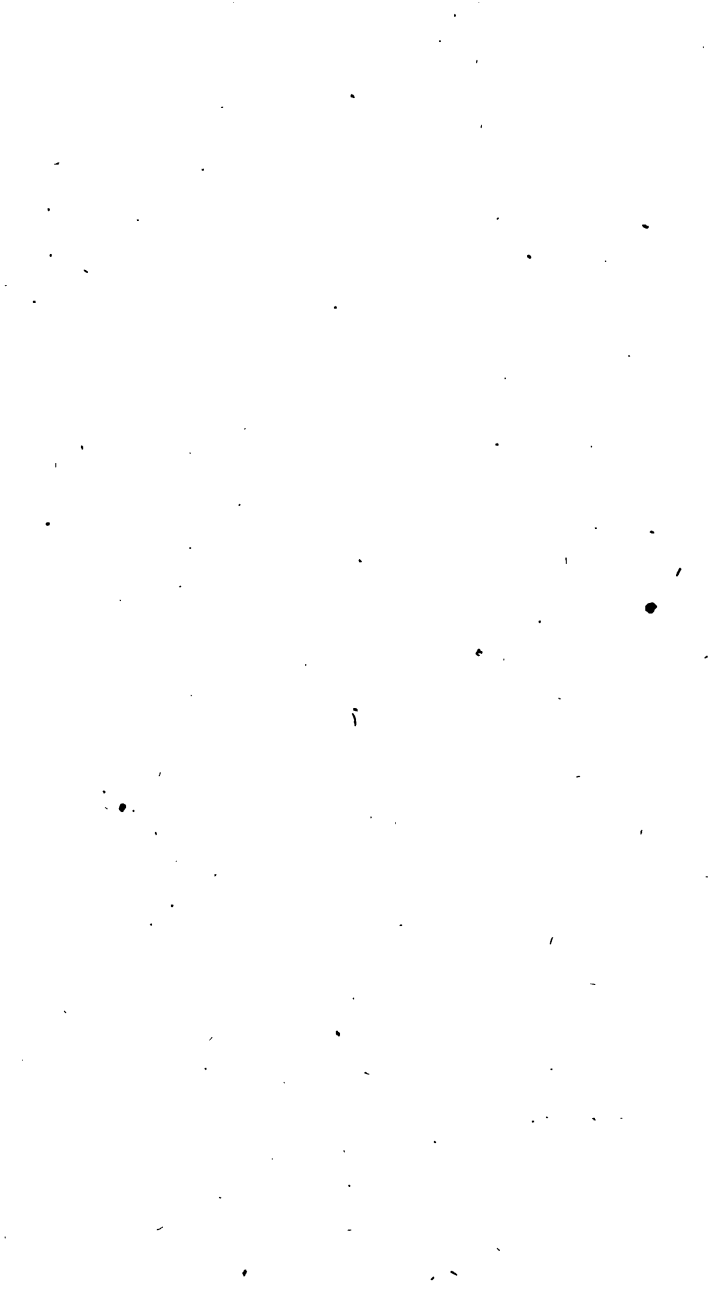
The grenadeer's march seems to be a composition excellently adapted to the genius of the English; for no music was ever follow'd so far by us, nor with so much alacrity; and with all deference to the present subscription, we must say, that the grenadeer's march has been subscrib'd for by the whole grand alliance; and we presume to inform the ladies, that it always has the pre-eminence abroad, and is constantly heard by the tallest, handsomest men in the whole army. In short,

Short, to gratify the present taste, our author is now adapting some words to the grenadier's march, which he intends to have perform'd to-morrow:; if the lady, who is to sing it, should not happen to be sick.

*This he concludes to be the surest way
To draw you hither; for you'll all obey
Soft music's call, tho' you should damn his play.*

}



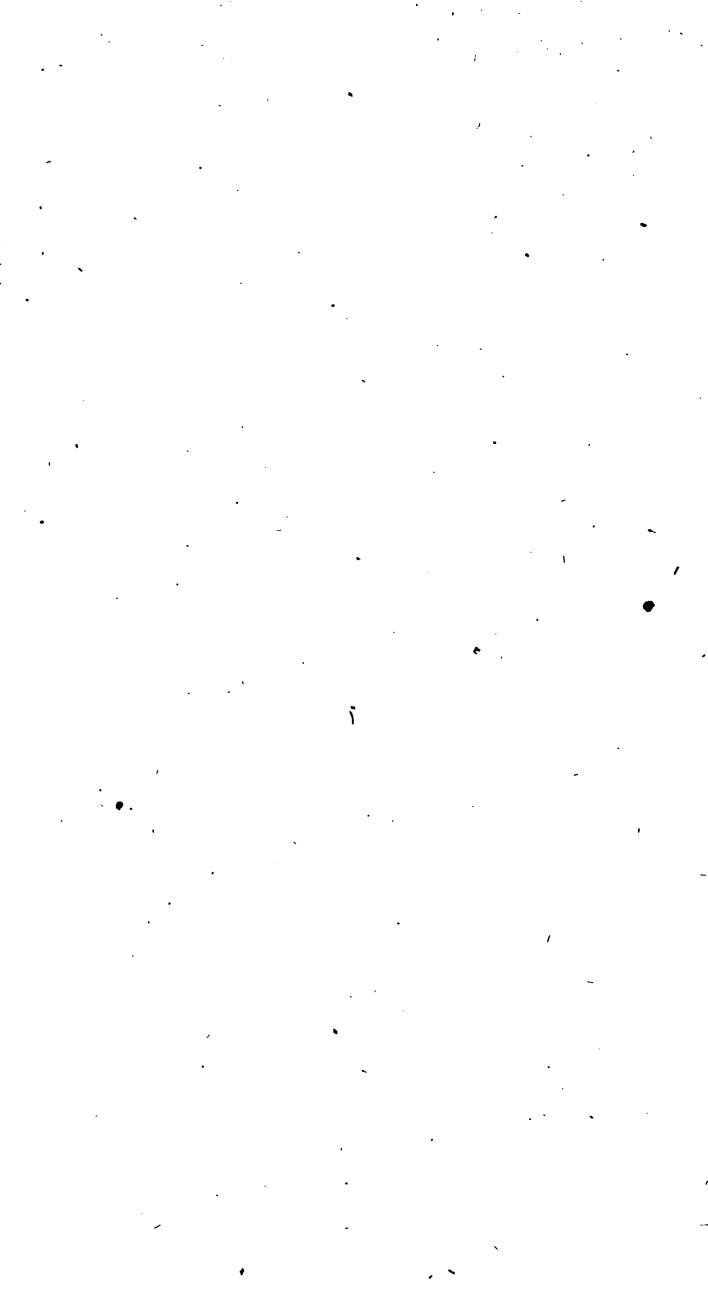


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